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CHEQUER-WORK.

CHEQUER-WORK.

BY

THOMAS G. APPLETON,

AUTHOR OF "A SHEAF OF PAPERS," "A NILE JOURNAL," "SYRIAN SUNSHINE," "WINDFALLS."

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TO H. W. LONGFELLOW.

Dear Henry: —

Allow me, a laborer of the eleventh hour, to dedicate to you, who have cultivated for so long and with such honor the field of letters, these improvisations, in token of our life-long intimacy, sympathetic and without a cloud.

I.

THE ARTIST OF TANAGRA.

Καλὰ γέρεια εἰσομένα
Ταναγρίδεσσι λευκοπέπλοις.
μέγα δ' ἐμὴ γέγαθε πόλις
λιγουροκωτίλης ἐνοπῆς.

CORINNA OF TANAGRA.

CHEQUER-WORK.

I.

THE ARTIST OF TANAGRA.

TWO things there are in the world which keep it for ever fresh and young,—love and the spring-time; and when they come together, as they like to do, the old wrinkled planet looks new again. Its brooklets leap, its birds sing, its sunshine smiles, as if only youth counted for any thing.

All heroes and all heroines are young. When we are strong and happy, youth comes back to us as if with wings. Every day has a life of its own, and it dies at midnight. Every human creature lives but a day, and sleep tolls for him its pass-

ing bell. We are *ephemeridæ*, and there is nothing old, really, but the scene of our existence. Therefore it is as easy to imagine that morning in Bœotia, more than four hundred years before the Saviour came to give to all things a look unseen before, as it is to imagine a Bœotian morning of to-day.

Spring-time in Greece is lovely: while it is far enough to the north to give us a sense of delight in the mellowing days, it is southward enough to keep from man's nerves those shocks of discord which the recurrence of chill and frost bring to us in New England. There is a sense of security in its possession; the enamelled scarf of Flora is not twitched from before our eyes, nor her lovely locks loaded with snow. Thus the movement of water, the invitation of the flowers, drew the Bœotians from their little town of Tanagra to the fields and hillsides in that spring so long ago.

The feeling for nature, if not the means of its expression, was already implanted in man, though in a far simpler and less complex fashion than with us. And so the good Bœotians walked smiling past the budding groves where they thought a slim nymph might hide behind the willow-

trunks, and along the sweet-smelling fields, which Demeter was sowing with little peaceful sword-blades, — and felt their happiness without analyzing it.

Bœotia then was a pastoral country, and a pastoral and agricultural life has something of the sweet steadfastness of growing things, the tranquillity and fixedness of hills and groves. Athens was on fire with mental activity; men ripened in its dazzling sunshine as the wheat on the sunny banks of the Asopus. Rumors of the great men's thoughts and actions, the echo of which reaches to our day, came to them from time to time. The richest citizens, visiting Athens, had climbed by the new steps of the Propylæa to where they found Phidias surrounded by groups of men, to whom, with an unrolled scroll upon his knees, he was explaining with what simplicity, with what harmonious unity, should be constructed the home he was preparing for that pure and difficult goddess who loved Athens better than all the world beside. Some told of a majestic man whose scarlet tunic edged with gold gave him a look of authority, to whom all turned their faces as he spoke; and they had seen sometimes at his side, with a yearning, unsatisfied expression cloud-

ing her faultless features, a stately creature who might have passed with the vulgar for Athené herself, come to mingle counsel with encouragement to all the great men toiling in her service. And the news of the majestic forms, divine and human, which Phidias and his school had set up filled with a noble envy the men and women of Bœotia, who, though thought dull by the sprightlier brains of Athens, still had that love of the beautiful, that worship of the omnipresent *Καλόν* without which they held the world to be but a brute mass of meaningless matter.

Everywhere then in Greece the nerves of men thrilled, and thrilled only, to the Good and Excellent. The vigorous physique given by winds which blew from Thrace was not melted into indolence, but softened into sensibility by the breezes which wooed it from the Ægean. The mask of creation smiled to them with the serenity of a God. Its expression was not convulsed and distorted by the thought of sin as we understand it. Æschylus and Sophocles show us the struggle in man's heart towards an ideal higher than the naïve cosmogony of Hesiod could furnish; the tragedy of human life they noticed with shuddering horror, and attributed to no God who could wear for

his raiment beauty and grace, but to an implacable Fate, the foe to symmetric living, that mystery of discord in a world which their conscience told them should be wholly lovely, and not, as would the Christian's conscience, wholly sinless.

Tanagra was not thirty miles from Athens, but the world was not then mad with locomotion, and thus, near as it was to the eye of Greece, the brain of Europe, it could create and keep a life of its own, with habits and customs which separated it from its neighbors. How hard it is to understand, here and now, in America, where the railroad, steamer, and telegraph have melted a whole continent into a tedious unity of customs and manners, that in that little space between the bounding seas, states like Sparta, Bœotia, Lacedæmon, and Athens, could retain their separate life, their separate genius, and a patriotic ardor which brought into conflict too often, alas! these little groups of men and cities. It is as if we were looking at nations through a microscope, to see such mighty passions, such mighty efforts, in a space which the map shows to us as so insignificant. It reminds one of the contest between rival ant-hills. What heroic efforts, what terrible onslaughts between these creatures scarcely vis-

ible to man! And yet is it their smallness which makes us such supercilious observers? The ants and many a kindred race of insects seem on fire with genius. Their stratagems, their manœuvres, we can admire without understanding them. How superior seems their endowment to the bulkier creatures of the fields and woods! The larger the animal, the stupider, would seem to be the rule. Had whales or elephants the genius of ants, the world would be convulsed with their struggles. So in that little microcosm of Hellas, we must study, as with a lens, the niceties of tribal life. The world now is in a position somewhat to do this; we know so many links of the chain, we can almost infer the nature of those that are lost. We have but to erase from that overwritten palimpsest the surface record, to find, hidden below, what will make intelligible that Eastern march of emigration, what it brought and what it left, when, as at Byzantium and Sardis, each *étape* was marked by a city. All Asia Minor must be uncovered.

The Greeks, like all great races, were mingled of many strands. Each fetched its blood, its habit, its faith, into the peninsula. As a caravan of children might bring its stock of toys into

a common nursery, so these various and mingling tribes brought their many gods into a common enclosure. We cannot understand Tooke's Pantheon, with its formidable accumulation of gods and goddesses, their many names, their many adventures, their many aliases, if we suppose all this emanated from one Greek brain, or one Greek faith. They made a common nursery of all their little dolls; and as children, by making believe very much, get a faith in theirs, so these childlike ancients found a home in their superstition for all these gods. It was by an extension of the imaginative faculty, not by a purification of conscience, that they reached their heaven. And is it not plain that if they bowed with smiling courtesy to Zeus, Heré, and the rest, their minds could not at the same time be travailing for a spiritual condition, and hold that trust which was not faith, in the gods which each tribe derived from its fathers.

In fact, theirs was not so much a religion at all, as a pretty substitute for one. It fitted into this world, embellished, ennobled it. But its "reversion in the skies" was of the feeblest. How beautiful is the attitude of the Greek towards death. The sculpture of many tombs near Athens, lately

discovered, shows this. The dignity of manhood is preserved. "Farewell, dear one," is what each bereaved survivor says to his escaping friend. There is nothing of that debasing terror which makes many a modern human soul a cavern of darkness, where echoes only the jeer of some cruel fiend; but, looking at them, we are reminded of the story of the sailor, who by the laws of the service was condemned to death for striking his captain, who had wronged him. The judge, with his black cap on, said, "Prisoner, the law has condemned you. It remains to secure God's forgiveness, if not, you will be punished for ever and ever." To which the unquailing sailor replied cheerfully, "And if I am, my lord, I hope I shall be able to bear it." Yet that is just what the old-fashioned Christian did not want to hear his brother man say of himself.

We have said that the good people of Tanagra were enjoying the sunshine of the early spring a many years ago. The groups were not wholly masculine as they would have been farther East; but women and children mingled in the throng. The dress of these latter was of that simple sort with which Greek sculpture has made us familiar; of fine and costly tissues there were not many, —

the luxuries of Phœnicia did not greatly abound in the rural districts of Hellas, — but here and there, upon swan-like necks and snowy wrists, sparkled a jewel, or some Egyptian emblem, an intaglio from Nineveh, or a reproduction of its style, hinting at a relation with the far East, which the current legends of the place scarcely explained. From little shell-like ears, rings of gold depended. Much attention seemed paid to the hair. It was carefully, even coquettishly, dressed, in many ways, — sometimes the chestnut locks, closely packed, were divided as with furrows; often the hair was simply gathered in a knot behind, or worn upon the top of the head; at times it was half-hidden by a wreath of roses, or wholly so by a hood or a light cap resembling that of Phrygia. The dress consisted of light materials of wool and linen, — a scarf was wound about the waist, or a shawl-like breadth of drapery, in the folds of which the arms, from the elbow to the wrist, rested comfortably; unless they were carried behind their backs, giving a twist to the peplum which brought out in horizontal folds the curves of their graceful figures. This drapery round the shoulders was varied with skilful coquetry, and its horizontal lines gave great value

to the straight folds of the long skirts which fell to their feet. The feet were often covered with clumsy shoes fit for country walking, but at times one could see something like a slipper with its sole of lively red. As a nun will move with a chastened meekness which expresses itself in her abashed face and deprecating action, these free children of Hellas, whose religion was devotion to the principle of beauty, moved with an unconscious charm which penetrated from within through every gesture.

The women of Tanagra were famous for their good looks. They knew this well themselves, and the confidence thus inspired added a saucy charm which was felt by most visitors. The life led there was what the French commonly call *une vie plantureuse*. The Bœotians held heavy feasts, believing in creature comforts, and were the only Greeks who habitually ate meat. Their houses were larger than those of their neighbors, and every thing indicated that they had the best of grounds for adoring their good Demeter who enriched their fields from her overflowing horn of plenty.

There had been a fête to this goddess the day before, and many young girls had left the gar-

lands they had worn, still in their hair; and the young men, in the tidiness and care of their costume, showed that they also had been participators. Some carried the double flute, with the mouth-piece, the use of which can yet be found on Arcadian hill-sides. Some groups, led by a flute, would sing in chorus as they walked with interlacing arms, and as here and there, a word fell upon the ear, in praise of the goddess and the bounty of the year, it seemed to all an invocation suited to the happy spring-time, a prelude to those breadths of golden grain which would enrich the plain below.

A man from Athens could have understood the conversation which buzzed around him, but he would have noticed a *patois* which made this Greek speech awkward and unfamiliar. He would have noticed with amusement the interest betrayed in pursuits so foreign to his own, that self-esteem, that confidence in their own gods and heroes, which was so marked a feature of Grecian egotism, that it survives to the present day, and whose natural language of vanity astonishes the stranger, if he happen now to arrive on some fête-day, when the modern Greek, like a golden pheasant, is strutting in all

the splendor of his Sunday garb. The Athenian would have peeped under the broad-brimmed hats of the women, suspended almost like parasols above their heads, or looked inquiringly into the honest unshaven faces of the men, crowned almost every one with the broad cap, a button on top, such as is now worn as a survival, one supposes, in the Pyrenees, there called a *berêt*, among the Basques, and reaching its farthest flight northward as the Glengarry cap. Ancient coins show us that such a cap was worn in Ætolia, and very likely throughout Greece, by shepherds and farmers. The hard work of the fields must be done under a sun whose rays demand such shelter as the men and women of Tanagra had, and the girls, like modern Spanish ladies, manœuvred a heart-shaped fan, probably of palm-leaf, with a coquetry which grows no weaker as the world grows older. If we, like the supposed Athenian, could have looked upon these joyous groups, we should have been struck through with a feeling of sympathy, a discovery of the brotherhood with perished races for which dull historical books had hardly prepared us.

We say the supposed Athenian, and such an Athenian really was there. He had come on

some matter which was a secret as yet between himself and the priests of the temple of Delium on the seashore five miles beyond Tanagra. It was whispered that perhaps his errand was from the great Pericles to the chief priest, concerning a promised statue, by one of the Athenian sculptors, of the god Apollo, to whom the temple of Delium was dedicated. Whatever his errand was, he had fulfilled it, and was now wandering, free from care, among these good country-folks, and drawing into his broad chest that perfume of the fields which the dusty and crowded Athens could not furnish. As he moved, nature seemed to do him homage. It seemed as if they both understood each other, that they both tried to live a common life, — the one faithful to the law of increase and decrease, of usefulness steeped in beauty, of a power beneficent yet imposing, which hovered, a mystery to man, in woods and waters; and the other a servant to that power, following in the footsteps of his mistress, with beauty for his guide and instructor.

As the Athenian paused to consider the harmony of the lines where the hills and plain mingled with the horizon, glancing from time to time at the gesticulating and buzzing groups as

they sauntered to and fro, his eye was rivetted, he knew not why, upon the face of one who had escaped from the crowd, and was moving in apparent dejection down towards the banks of the Asopus. It was the beautiful face of a young man clouded with discouragement, a face which interested him exceedingly, and which he felt that he had seen before. Was it, thought he to himself, in some previous condition of existence, — all life being, as some think, but a recurrence in endless revolution, — or was it some face which he had seen before on earth with the same interest as now, though when or where he could not remember. As he sought the solution, his spirit seemed to escape from him, wafted in search, and he stood still and immovable, while the hum of the swarming throngs faded into silence, and the landscape swam before his unseeing eyes; a day-dream from which he recovered with a start, and smiling to himself, wrapped in his chlamys, slowly retired.

The yóung man who descended the hill did not move at random. Lovers have a secret intelligence of each other's movements like the divination of birds; but now divination was not needed, for Eucharis had seen a fair girl leave the throng,

going toward the river bank. A delicious unrest, a longing for solitude, a hatred of the unsympathetic crowd, not to speak of the sweet influences of the spring, had led her footsteps thither. Her mantle was drawn closely around her, and her little Phrygian cap restrained her abundant locks, as she slowly swung a wreath which she had taken from the head of one of the companions of her promenade. Eucharis was not long in finding her, seated on the river's bank, having thrown aside her peplum and fan, scattering the leaves of her garland into the stream, watching these little boats as they danced in the sunshine, encountered each other with a shock like triremes, then submerged, coloring the wave as they sank, or with better fortune sailing proudly out of sight. Eucharis sat silent for a while by her side, watching the rosy galleys as she did, till at length, taking care to select a stout and curving rose-leaf, he said, "There, dear one; I entrust to Flora and the spring the bark which shall carry to a happy haven our love."

Well pleased, she replied, "I accept the omen, and I offer to Demeter this votive garland; I pray that she will make your omen of happy augury, and grant that amid the treasure of her

fields she will bring to bloom and fruition the blossom of our love to which the winter we have passed has been so adverse."

"It is well," said Eucharis, "to do this, for every thing is an omen to those who know how to read the will of the gods. Nor have I been unthoughtful of them till now. Have I not, in Delium's temple, bent in entreaty to Phœbus-Apollo, and sought from him the strength to encounter repulse, and the encouragement which the mighty god loves to bestow on his votaries? Have I not urged him to turn aside, in your father's heart, the scorn and indifference with which he regards me? Have I not besought him to guide my genius and make it worthy at last to fashion the images of the gods themselves, while, content with my more modest art, I only recreate in little the townsfolk, keeping their look, their gesture, their attire, as best I can. Have you heard that Colophon the wealthy grazier ordered before he died that my little figures of his relatives and friends should be buried with him in his tomb? He said they were the images of those he had loved on earth, and that he wished to keep them by him as company in the solitude of the grave. Your father disdains my work, and

reproaches me with its triviality. Had I the marble of Pentelicus, perhaps I might, as they do at Athens, shape it into beauty and grandeur. But I consider myself fortunate in discovering that bed of fine clay, which allows me to copy from the life our good Bœotians. Who knows, but when bronze shall have melted in the furnace, and marble be shattered to dust, my little figures may not carry to distant ages an idea of the happy lives we lead here to-day! For the chance of this I have with care just finished figures of you and myself, with the hope that, if good fortune do not allow our lives here to be blended, we may still live in this representation appealing to the sympathy of lovers through all time. In my own figure I have been unable to conceal the despondency I feel. My eyes dare not contemplate the life-giving heavens, but peruse in sorrow the earth. My long chlamys almost hides my figure, that cloak in which I have so often worked, twisting the tenacious earth till my fingers ached, and smoothing with my wooden tool the delicate curves of cheek and neck, while trembling with emotion. And to you I have sought to give that air of sprightly sauciness, that irrepressible gayety which is such a delight, as you know, to my more serious

temperament. Your confidence, your alertness, are as a spur to my uncertain plans. Through your whole figure, as smiling as mine is despondent, there breathes that serenity and cheer which I hope to make the complement of my life, and without which, ambition seems empty of hope, and the future colorless."

"Yes, dear Eucharis, I accept no omen but a happy one. I know that my father will relent. Your genius will do this, and the gods shall favor us. Why are beauty and genius given to man, if he stumble and fail? If you dare to distrust the heavenly influences, I do not. I feel even now that the sky is clearing about us; and that the spring will bring with the music of the birds and the blooming of the flowers, an unfolding to completeness of love's bud which we have hidden, through storm and trouble, so closely in our hearts. See! the galley of rose-leaf, to which we have entrusted our hopes! watch it, and mark how, avoiding all collision with others, the treacherous dimple of the banks, the braided and headlong ripple beyond the osiers, it has sailed uninjured on, and now swims there far down to a peaceful anchorage in that belt of joyous sunshine which rules across the wave as with a bar of gold!

"Come, let us no longer despair, but return, for there may be something preparing for us, to make good the augury to which we have entrusted our love."

As they went, all happy influences streamed around them. Apollo went before mantling them with the showers of his golden arrows. Flora sowed the carpet at their feet with a lace of flowers, tossing and bending as they walked. A zephyr blew across the ripples of her chestnut hair, and into the hollow of her ear of ivory, little puffs, little whispers, of affectionate encouragement. The spirit of the hour shot through them both, doubling the vivacity of their pulses, and making elastic with promise the longing of their breasts.

Soon it was that they found themselves upon the terrace, so lately alive with fluttering robes and the sound of voices, but now empty and vacant in the keen sunshine. Only in the shadow of a distant street could be seen a stately figure moving onward. It was the hour usual for their repast with the men of Tanagra, that repast so succulent, so abundant, that the rumor of its *gourmandise* has reached even to our day.

Eucharis, as would a modern lover, escorted

his beloved to the house of her father, and then withdrew to his own home to fetch the portrait figures of them both, of which he had already spoken as something which might mitigate the indifference of that father whom he feared.

The houses of Tanagra were generally built of wood. They were very often two stories high, or even higher, each story supported by solid beams. It is probable that this wood was often carved and ornamented. The people whose original statue of Pallas Athené was certainly of wood, and was thought to have fallen from Heaven, could not have made this, their only specimen of wood-carving. In those early days, as in all new countries, wood abounded, and the plane-tree, the olive, and the oak, and on the loftier wooded summits the tribe of *abies* were not infrequent. Bricks the Greeks did not use, or we should find, as at Rome and in Egypt, those shapeless mounds which fortunately do not deface the lovely lines of Grecian landscape. If bricks, however, had been at all used in Greece, it would seem the most natural that they should be found at Tanagra, where a serviceable clay was already turned to profit by our friend Eucharis.

But of whatever material, the houses of Tan-

agra were of generous size, and the hospitality there was counted upon by visitors as a thing made sure of. Therefore the mysterious stranger, whom we left, lost in a day-dream, after his intelligent scrutiny of the landscape and the Bœotian belles, when he drew up before the front of one of the most spacious houses of the place, wore that expression of content with all things which often betrays the probability of a generous meal. He did not stop long to consider the exquisite carving upon a beam of cedar of vine-tendrils, with their leaves and bunches, nor one or two defaced heads of Chimæras and men let into the wall, evidently valued for their age, and looked at with the same superstitious reverence with which we moderns behold all trophies of the past. But after making his presence known, he was shown by a slave across a spacious court, supported by cedar-beams, into a room on the farthest side of the house, aloof from the noise and dust of the street, and which was pleasant to its owner, as it overlooked, a little, one of the many farms of the landed proprietor Crasippus, who in the *deme* in which he lived, was counted one of its richest citizens.

When in the presence of the proprietor, the

stranger drew from his breast a tablet upon which were written certain words which produced a great effect upon the farmer and his assembled family. Europe had in those early days asserted itself in contradistinction to Asia by its more modern treatment of women and the family. They were not hidden in seraglios nor wholly immured in the *gynæcia*, though one of the wisest of the Greeks said a good woman should be little seen and never talked of. And though the emancipated *hetiræ* fascinated by a conversational skill denied to more virtuous matrons, still, especially in the country, were found a social intercourse and freedom in domestic relations which made the family much what it is in Christendom to-day.

Therefore the ladies beamed upon the stranger and in the face of the younger there was a wistful expression, as if something she knew of him agitated the current of her thoughts. There was an appeal in her beautiful blue eyes as if she guessed that somehow he was the master of her destiny.

Crasippus was exuberant. He expanded with all the complacency of a happy host who receives a distinguished guest. He insisted on pouring a

libation before one of the little bronze household gods, securing thus the good-will of the tutelary genius. At the same time, Myrta placed upon the crisp, short locks of the handsome stranger a wreath of roses, smiling to think of the happy omen the rose-leaf galley of the morning had brought to her.

The repast after that went on triumphantly; the guest, whose appetite fatigue and the country air made keen, had no need to affect to do justice to the bountiful dinner. His host saw with eyes which glistened with pleasure that his substantial comforts were understood and enjoyed, and pouring full beakers all round out of a graceful flask, from which, with a dexterous turn of the wrist, he expelled the sealing turpentine, he exclaimed, —

"Here's to the artist's friend and guardian of the great city; Honor and Homage to the divine Pallas Athené. I hope you like our small wine of Tanagra, which, though heady, is justly celebrated; but this flask comes from farther south, where Apollo shoots through with sweetness the vineyards of Samos. I have in my cellar other vintages and other wine, but none which I consider better than this."

Bending, after a trial, with due appreciation, the stranger said, —

"It is perfect, and the goddess should be well pleased to be remembered in such a wine as this."

Suddenly Myrta rose and disappeared. Presently she returned, leading an abashed youth who held somewhat awkwardly, with his left hand, his Bœotian cap before him, while in the hollow of the other arm was carried a parcel folded in a linen cloth. As he saw him, the stranger started, and exclaimed, "I know it now, — by Heré! and I will tell you where I have seen your face before. It was at our great festival of the Olympian games, when, after the dust and glorious fury of the chariot races, I saw you tossing the *discus* with such grace and vigor, that I thought to myself such a youth with such action, in marble, would be a statue I am sure the Greeks could not despise. And therefore this morning, when I watched you so sadly descending to your little river, I half remembered you; I knew the face, but could not recall where, or when, I had seen it before."

As he spoke, a lightning glance was exchanged between Eucharis and Myrta; and Myrta's face was flushed with blushes, as she thought how

possibly the stranger might have discovered her also, and guessed the motive of her lover's visit to the river. To hide his confusion she said with impatience, "Why do you delay to show to my father and our guest, who I am sure will be merciful in his judgment, the little figures of yourself and me, which you have just taken from the oven?"

As she said this, Eucharis disclosed from its covering and placed upon the table two little statuettes in terra-cotta, — a kind of work with which the stranger seemed wholly unacquainted. "By Zeus!" he said, "and have you artists in Bœotia? Calamis I have heard of, and indeed seen beautiful things by him; and is this his work?"

With a loud laugh, the broad-breasted farmer interrupted his guest, crying, —

"By no sculptor, by no artist are they made, but by this shamefaced boy, who makes these foolish effigies in earth, which tickle the vanity and bad taste of our poor country-folks, so that they not only stuff their houses with them, but, in disrespect to the gods, carry them with them in their fondness, sometimes, to the tomb. We have heard that you Athenians call us men of Bœotia

dull; and I suppose this folly of ours is one more proof of the justice of your opinion. But let me show you others that the young rogue has made; for my daughter persuades me to buy them, and, indeed, I think myself they are pleasant to look upon: Myrta, fetch them."

To which, with palpable alacrity, the fair girl assented.

"But why," continued the farmer, "does not this young man do like the great men in Athens, — neglect such poor subjects for his toil as plain citizens, their wives and daughters, fashioned from the dust of the earth, and endeavor in the nobler material, marble, to give us the awful forms of the most high gods, such as they are when assembled on Olympus, and not such perishable trifles!"

To which, after pausing to regard for a moment with affectionate interest the downcast face of the young man, the stranger replied. There was a tenderness in his voice, a sympathy in his gaze, for which all were wholly unprepared; the heart of Eucharis leaped tumultuously as the words of praise fell upon his ear, while there hovered above the white brow of Myrta a lambent flame of happy enthusiasm and increasing wonder and

delight; nor had the stranger proceeded far with his words of comfort before, unable to control herself, she fell upon his arm, and, weeping, buried there her face in the folds of his ephestrois; then, throwing back her head, fixed on his such star-like eyes of adoring gratitude that the stranger paused, and placing his hand upon her head, which trembled to the touch, he added, "And you think through me Athené speaks? You think she has sent me as her messenger? You think the garland of roses which I wear in her honor has something of happy augury in its leaves, and that through her grace I can bring a joy unknown before into this friendly household, whose kindness I shall not soon forget?"

Then turning with a certain authority towards the staring and perplexed farmer, he continued in these words: —

"You think lightly of these statues and of their maker; of their littleness, their poor material, and the homeliness, simplicity, and triviality of the subjects of which they treat. You ask for marble; but is there a quarry of it here at Tanagra as there is at Pentelicus? You call these trifles perishable. You do not know that nothing so endures as this baked earth, that when

the noblest works in bronze and marble may have perished, perfect as when leaving their artist's hand, their colors fresh as we see them now, these slighted proofs of the artistic feeling and genius of Greece may remain perhaps their only monument! And you do not know that a legend from beyond Byzantium, hoary with the knowledge of the fathers of the world, says that of this earth man himself was made, and we ourselves talk of the Earth's repeopling through the stones which Deucalion threw behind him. If there be a thing of earth which is everlasting, it is the clay of which these figures are made; and if it be that man's spirit is immortal, it could not be confided while here to any thing fitter than the dust of that all engendering mother whose children we are. As to your wish that my young friend here should astonish us with the images of the gods whom he has never seen, if the great sculptors of Athens could in their works be as sure of their resemblance to the great ones of Olympus as you are of the truth to their originals of these little Bœotian men and women, they were indeed happy.

"Yes, the young man here has done what he could with the material at his hand, and done it

well. He has trusted to Nature and his true eye, and Athené is content. She asks of her children no impossibility; modest as to you seems this work, be satisfied, because in it is the soul of a true artist. If you think I speak too strongly or with too much presumption, you must all learn that I have the right to say to this young man, 'Be not discouraged, my brother, by a neglect which your genius does not deserve. Your townsmen and you yourself will have a better opinion of these figures after this. Give me your hand, my brother, and be of good cheer, for I, who encourage you, am Phidias.'"

After this one can easily imagine that all went well with the lovers. The provinces do not dare to believe in their geniuses till the central city authorizes it. The fact that the great Phidias had visited Tanagra, receiving the hospitality of one of its considerable townsmen, that he had spoken well of the wine of Tanagra, and that he had given his great authority to the excellence of their sculptor's works, flew like the wind from side to side through the town. Many amateurs declared that the opinion of Phidias had always been their own, that they had moderated a too warm expression of admiration for fear of injur-

ing the young man, and that it was easy to see that this new kind of art was the simplest and best of all.

Eucharis became a general favorite, and when he appeared at the cock-fights, of which the people of Tanagra were fond, he was received with acclamations. Such in the olden time was the homage paid to any one who surpassed others in the pursuit of the beautiful.

The coldness with which Crasippus had regarded his future son-in-law melted before the smile of Phidias. He was himself apparently unconscious of the change, but it was complete. He vaunted everywhere the genius and beauty of his daughter's lover, and proclaimed himself the first to discover the merits of an artist of whom Tanagra was proud. He made himself the centre of the interest which gathered about their young genius. Through his influence was realized all that Phidias had predicted. In every house were found these little specimens of domestic portraiture, nor were the people content only to admire them during life, but took them down into that darkness of the tomb, where Hope almost seems expiring, to encourage and comfort them by their society.

Crasippus announced to all that he intended a magnificent wedding, which should conjoin his happiness and glory with those of his illustrious son-in-law. He hinted in a prudent whisper that he had every reason to hope that his great friend Phidias would manage to escape from his labors at Athens, to be present at the ceremony.

The priests of Delium were pleased to give significance to an occasion which they deemed important, and the architheorist authorized a modest use of his theory with choregic hymns, and all that religion connected with illustrious nuptials. And in the procession which made a fête-day for Tanagra, some of the prettiest statuettes of Eucharis were carried by fair-haired boys in white tunics, as if journeying upon a litter. So small were the children, and so tiny the litter, that the little figures seemed to live, as they stood or reclined in attitudes familiar to the spectators. In honor of the handsome bridegroom, the verses which we have prefixed to our tale, celebrating her native town, by Corinna, were sung, followed by a few well-known lines of hers in praise of the discus, which were appreciated by all. As this music reached him, Eucharis, proudly smiling, turned his face to Myrta's,

and then noticed for the first time that she had fastened in her hair a simple rose-leaf which, perhaps unobserved by others, meant to him very much. He saw in it the happy augury they had hoped for, the galley of their common fortunes, unharmed by rock or breaker, moving placidly onward in the sunshine towards that great ocean of the future in which all lives are lost.

NOTE. — The illustrations, head of a youth and wild boar, are from photographs of the two sides of an Ætolian coin in the author's possession.

II.

THE LOVE OF THE FIRST-RATE.

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A DISPOSITION to be satisfied with only the best in the departments of Art, Music, and Literature, would seem to be a praiseworthy condition of the mind. To aim at achieving the best, no one has ever denied to be admirable. To hold one's ideal as high as possible is to nourish the soul with lofty thinking and an ever-ascending scale of desire.

Certainly if there be an evil in such high ambition, it is not liable to overtake people of commonplace character and ordinary training. Critics have often said that Boston has something of this grave pretension; that it is never content and happy unless it has submitted to it works which have passed through the fire, which have withstood the flaming test of severe criticism, and come out the brighter for the trial.

In fact, some people say that nothing is ever now produced quite good enough for Boston. Shakespeare and Walter Scott and Milton and Flaxman may do; but they are of the past, and the present cannot furnish any thing worthy of the noble rage of Boston's æsthetic hunger.

That this love of first-rateness has done much for the city in every way cannot be denied. Where it has not quite attained to it, it has at least heartily struggled for it. From its Public Library and Museum of Fine Arts, of both of which it is justly proud, down to the humblest of the many useful institutions which belt its suburbs, this spirit of upward endeavor has been for a great deal. It is unquestionably this ardent, this passionate quest of excellence which has had much to do with the name it has achieved of the "modern Athens." That architectural and artistic perfection which bloomed to the wonder of the world in consummate expressions of grace and beauty, that more than century-flowering plant, our rugged soil is unfriendly to. But if our conditions, through race and climate, are less favorable to certain ends than befriended our ancient namesake, still the temper of the town has always been resolute and sleepless to follow in her footsteps.

Not only here is the best English written in America by poets whose thoughts seem to have clarified themselves in the pure sky of Attica, but the thunder of the rostrum, as well as its music from the lips of a Webster and an Everett, echo with something of the classic perfection of Demosthenes and the silver-tongued orators of Greece.

If the harsh northern wave will not break upon its rugged shore with the soft murmur of the Ægean, if the many laughters of the sea of Homer are saddened to a graver refrain, still the sea is there, — the mother of great thoughts, the inspirer of poetry and wild adventure. The very air, in its crystal purity, reminds the traveller of the sky of Hellas; but it has not for us that soft veil of tender sunshine through which all forms seem beautiful, and beautiful ones are made doubly so. The purity is here, too great even; for the distance asserts itself with a startling audacity. Forms are well defined, but are not lovely, in the unmitigated clearness; but enough of the brightness of the sunshine, enough of the purity of the air of Greece, is here, to match the claims of our new city to be, in somewhat, a representative of her enchanting sister.

Even the faults of the two cities have something in common. Boston is no more negligent to hear of something new than was Athens. A mobility of mind, a perpetual activity, the crowning of a brief favorite, and soon the weariness of possession, an analytical love for the solution of all truth, and yet every mental vagary submissive before the tribunal of unalloyed common sense, — these they both have somewhat in common.

Even the form of the land on which the cities stand is not without a certain resemblance. If we have not the broad and lofty platform from which the Parthenon could catch the first greeting and the last farewell of the Delphian Apollo, still, in humble guise, our chief building crowns a central summit, and from its gilded dome, eastward and westward, as day comes or goes, shoots a radiant star of brightness which is really beautiful. Our harsh seasons do not invite philosophers to linger under the trees of our malls as could Plato and his band in shades of the Academy. Our Frog-pond certainly is no Ilyssus, but we have a *bema* in Faneuil Hall. And does not the grasshopper, which the Athenian ladies loved and wore in their hair, dance in the wind at its top? But the philosophers and wise men in our rigorous

climate must seek for their listeners the comfortable shelter of the lecture-room. Is not this passion for lecturing and being lectured to a truly Athenian peculiarity? Where else do you find it? Go to Paris, and you may discover a dozen or two dreary and weary scholars following the words of men whose reputation fills the world. Go to Oxford, and you may witness a learned professor discoursing to empty benches, but here, the last Athenians, like Mr. Cook, will expound the ways of God to man to a ravished auditory, or the scientist who exhibits an enlarged ascidian on his screen will see the joy of knowledge shining in a thousand eyes.

If we cared to subtilize on such resemblances, we might find in that poised balance of the faculties, that enthroning of reason above the childish mistakes of fanaticism, in that Christianity which, without pomp of crozier or vestment, finds the reasonable God of Unitarianism the natural expression of its sedate maturity, and that hospitable indifference of Greece to foreign gods, that pantheistic worship of a Deity, who mixes with all life, — something more than an accidental resemblance.

The Greeks, careless of possessions, living in

the open air, found a divinity in the harmonious shapes of things; their Panthêism sought a personage where we breathe but an essence. Over all, nature, their gods, themselves, they threw the mantle of beauty. Had we lived then in Athens, we might have done as they. Out of the double germ of race and environment is the thought of man shaped; a Greek here would be forced to give that attention to the importance of property which the cheap dress, the poor house, the simple meal of his climate did not suggest. It has been thought that mind, like water, rises to the same level when fed from the same heavenly summits. Japan by herself, taking in succession all the steps to a consummate civilization, may pass for a proof of this. She thought out the same thing as others, when having the same trained faculties to think with. It could not be a plagiarism, neither is it ever mechanical identity. Though she may clothe her men in armor, arm them with spear and bow and arrow, though she may house them in citadels with moat and drawbridge, and cut, as in a Gothic castle, embrasures for defence in her turreted walls, yet all remains Japanese, though so startlingly reminding us of what Europe thought its own.

This influence of environment is so subtle, that the attentive and practised traveller recognizes slight differences everywhere, — each city has its special sky and cloud, its quality of sunshine and its characteristic rigors. He can calculate beforehand, and put on for the time his Rome, his Paris, his Vienna, as he might a garment which he knows.

Certainly, in this matter, Boston can find for the traveller a very extraordinary coat of its own. If he find it comfortable one day, very likely it may be to him quite the reverse the next. The sky has a humor of its own, and is endless in its surprises. That "old Probability" should have wrested from the weather-clerk so much of his secret must produce great discouragement in high quarters; but even "old Prob" can never familiarize us with such variation as makes the conservatism of habit, the studied sequence of thoughts and feelings an impossibility. Some English traveller has spoken of our "mad climate." In March it certainly is madder than any of its hares; and even quicksilver seems scarcely rapid enough to follow its gambits.

A bright English woman, speaking of London, said, "We do not here have any climate, only

weather;" inversely it may be said of Boston, that it has not any weather, only climate.

Hogarth seriously believed that the curved and easily flowing line he drew upon a palette was the line of beauty. May not this zigzag of our weather, this awkward and intrusive divergence of direction, explain how our love of the beautiful here is molested and disturbed, how our manners have neither the sweet repose nor the graceful *abandon* of Eastern people, how our very courtesy is best expressed when tempered by pity, and how a general upsetting of old beliefs and old habits is easy where incessant change is the law of nature and our environment?

Some years ago, a minister to London, Mr. Stevenson, remarked to Mr. Sumner, "I have heard of the Athens of America, but I have never met any of the Athenians;" and yet Sumner was a very good Athenian himself. He lived in the region where high purposes are bred from high thoughts. He had a love of moral beauty such as had the favored scholars who listened to Socrates. And do not our ears tingle yet with the musical cadences of the many children of Harvard, which echoed from the pulpit and the rostrum in the days when eloquence had power to move men's souls?

When Philip came, Demosthenes was silent for ever; and never again, we fear, will the air of New England coin itself into beauty and power as once it did from the lips of Webster, Everett, and Choate.

This movement, this rush of life, which will not delay though advance be loss, makes us sigh, as we glance at the possible future of Boston. There is a cruel similitude between the growth of a man and a nation; neither can go backward. Both look upon the illusive, shining hours of youth's glorious dawn with regretful fondness. But they neither can be young again. Every other change is possible but that of recovery. Hence the regrets of the world for its lost opportunities have the passionate personality of an individual conscience. Had not that glorious but objectionable scholar of Socrates, Alcibiades, mad with youth and spirits, learning from his teacher only enough to mock at what others revered, had he not insulted by caricature the mysteries of Eleusis, the fate of the world might have been changed. Perhaps even that youth of Greece, which so largely was the world's youth, might have kept its brightness through the prosperity of Athens. What fatal star drove this bril-

liant genius into repeated exile, and, by his recall from Sicily to Athens, removed the one man who might have averted the impending catastrophe, and by a success which before had followed him like his shadow, have Grecianized Europe, and, like some light-handed Hermes, led her along a a path of brightness, and saving it perhaps for ever from the brutal grasp of Rome's gauntleted hand ?

Some have thought that the heart of the Eleusinian mysteries was an appeal to man's spiritual nature, something which reached beyond his intellect and imagination to the soul, that soul which was getting born into the world, and which was so soon to find, in answer to its immortal thirst, a fountain springing in that East whence had come always the nourishment for man's inner nature. It would seem almost as if the death penalty must be paid by Athens for her outrage of the sacredest thing the gods had given it, and that, too, from a scholar of him whom the oracle had called the wisest of men, and whose life was so important to us that a spiritual guide was appointed to him, telling him when to act and when to forbear, and which, by its silence at the great consummation, authorizes our belief in the

well-doing of the thousand martyrs who have given their lives for the truth. Napoleon insulted the Pope, and through him the guardians of religion, and he never prospered afterward. Alcibiades slew Athens, and half the hopes of man, by an outrage which reminds one of the mysterious penalties against "him who sins against the Holy Ghost."

Like an ember dying into ashes, we can seem to see the slow withdrawing of that beacon light which shone like a point of dazzling brightness against the blackness of the surrounding world, that gleam in the eyes of Athené, fading into sorrowful extinction, and hear below the dull roar of the triumphant barbarian. With what a pathos in their faces must the best Athenians have met, feeling that their hearts were gone out of them! How they must have wept as they thought of those better days when the parsley was green which cooled the fever of the Olympian game, and when the olive which Athené held sparkled through its tender green with the dew of life's morning. Such is the cruel law of this world. Nations promise in the bud, burst into bloom, fill the world with their fragrance, and swiftly wither away.

Have our good people much thought how true to this law has been the fate of our New England Athens? Have they considered how the little candle the pilgrim brought to brighten the wilderness expanded and shone till it filled the sky with its splendor, and as its light fell upon the open Bible, promised here a secure haven for every endangered truth? A light which no Roman prelate, no imperial power, should dare to touch, and serving, while it freed the spirit, as a beacon light to the thronging nations, with the additional boon of the prizes of unrestricted labor.

Perhaps this bloom of New England thought is the latest truth has fostered in the world's garden. How important, how lovely in this flowering, we can see, when we place the words "liberty of thought" beside those others, "political liberty." Thought inoculates the world from a point in its surface and through the contagion of a few; the heavenly virus of right government and right thinking reaches through the breadth of America in every drop of New England blood, and has virtue enough to modify, if not eradicate, the old diseases of intolerance and bigotry. And we know whence came this healing force, who bore

it hither, and who distributed it. With such knowledge must not the children of the elected ones feel a pride of which they are not ashamed? Is not the arrogance of New England, so irritating, at the Capitol, to those owning no such parentage, inevitable? Without this asperity of virtue, could the Puritan child fitly remember the fathers? With a standard so high, with a jealousy of all forms of base control, inherited from those who found home unholy if tainted by a tyrant's presence, can they do less than utter a perpetual protest against an invasion, on all sides, of corruption and time-serving, of cheap motives and unblushing fraudulency!

This Puritan aspiration, seeking the highest things, disdainful of earth, if heaven invite it, has evidently much to do with that love of the First-Rate which is the subject of our story. The mind gets sharply critical when the conditions of indolent satisfaction are wanting. There are people here who simply cannot enjoy. They are not mellow and foolish enough for that. The strain of their blood does not permit it. Neither does the condition of their digestion. Their intelligence may assent to the excellence of an entertainment, but they put no heartiness into it.

Perhaps their love of the First-Rate is but a climbing for that prize at the pole's top which they may find, when won, no more satisfying to their unpractised appetite than were all lesser trophies. Some one once said, "Women love to sauce their pleasures with a sense of duty." So does a New Englander, and it is greatly to his credit, if not to his own satisfaction, that he does so.

There is always a struggle in Boston between the contending champions of the beautiful. The town will break up into camps; scholars, regimented like soldiers, march under opposing flags, and the goddess they all worship shows a different face on every banner. The Italian disciple looks with scorn upon the blue eyes and flaxen hair that shines from the banner of the German votary. The schools of Paris, Munich, and Rome clash like cymbals, nor is their music always perfect harmony.

Nullius addictus jurare in verba magistri

is a legend which neither party cares to assume to itself. The indolent acceptance, the Catholic breadth which naturally belong to man's plastic, artistic side, are exchanged for a partisanship which reminds one of the *nuances* of the old

doctrinal theology. The gate to the palace Beautiful, and the gate to Heaven, seem to them both to be passed only by a watchword given by the master to his little band of followers.

We must not laugh at this too much, for these antagonisms are in our blood. We must be patient with ourselves, and yet amid these many cries, the tossing of these many banners, how New England is surging forward in a direction the fathers never pointed out! No pendulum ever hung a second in conflict with the law of gravity without rejoicing in the curving descent which sent it for a second as high on the opposite side. By the law of reaction, the Puritan fathers gave us Unitarianism, and now they are giving us that worship of the beautiful they neglected or abhorred. To the lover of human nature nothing is more interesting than the play of these old well-known forces in a new direction. A deacon on a bender inspires a double interest in the mood of mind he is leaving behind, and the one to which he is aspiring. So do we witness with wondering sympathy these Puritan children, hunting the shy goddess through every obscure retreat, grappling with the technicalities of color and expression, and, like an Adam sketching in

Paradise, unashamed of the nakedness which to Eden was no exposure; brave little hearts, brave little hands, they bear their cross as unflinchingly as did the early martyrs; and they shall be rewarded as such earnest spirits should be. Our bleak New England Athens shall be the softer and sweeter for their coming. They shall dress the angles of our too busy life with garlands which the muses shall furnish; they shall temper work with leisure, selfishness with liberality; and mitigate life with something which the seasons here do not bring to us.

But unfortunately we must not always suppose that this love of the first-rate is purely a capacity for enjoyment of only the highest things. It may be rather a difficulty of enjoyment of any thing. It is through the judgment that the taste is reached. What that condemns as second-class, it would be improper to delight in. Consequently we hear the plea of superiority at once set up for the successful claimant of our attention. Music must be not only delightful harmony, but it must have a lofty moral intention which purifies while it elevates us. The painter whose method is approved must so absorb to himself all excellence, that other methods, other artists, are

ignored or condemned. Criticism, instead of taking the shape of explanation of the merits of a work, confines itself to a notice of its demerits. With some people, criticism is considered sound in proportion as it is severe. It is probable that at last the atrabilious critic loses his power of enjoyment, the sense of happiness, before good work; and he teaches his readers to share his condition.

It might have been safely predicted that "Punch and Judy" would not have crossed the water with the Puritans. That Italian vagabond, modified by English brutality, would seem to be the embodiment in little of all the Puritans struck at through the theatre. His box contained but one personage in whom a Puritan could find interest; and he was treated with an indecorum which was worse than blasphemous. The advent here of Punch was long delayed. But at last his merry squeak was heard crossing the ocean, and he has for some years set up his tent upon our beautiful Common. The Irishman, in coming to America, is said to part with his careless merriment and his fun. A vote sobers him. And so, perhaps, the squeak of Mr. Punch has lost something of its impudent and confident attractiveness. Nor is he

shown to uproarious children before sunny balconies, but holds a kind of state within the branching mall. The faces of the spectators then are worth studying. They will not easily surrender. They seem to wish seriously to know what it is all about. Every philanthropist in the crowd is of course agonized to witness the hard knocks that irrepressible club bestows on either side. The wise man considers this junction of hilarity with murder as strangely suggestive of Henry the Eighth, and his puppets. It seems to him the bottom fact of the English character, and he goes away highly philosophical and despondent. You will also notice that when the hat goes round there is not much put into it. Why should not they all get the best of a bargain which was so inchoate?

We have referred above to the law of the flowering of a city or nation as short. The common period of this extraordinary productiveness is about a hundred years. So it has been everywhere, from the days of Pericles to those of Elizabeth, from the time of Michel Angelo to that of Rembrandt. And may we not justly fear that we are now seeing the "bright consummate flower" of New England's civilization? Have

we sap still running which has not expressed yet itself in flower and fruit through the last hundred years ?

Mr. Charles Darwin once said in a letter that he thought there were clustered round Harvard University enough minds of ability to furnish forth all England's universities. We honor and admire that glorious galaxy of wits, that constellation whose brightness reaches so far. But it cannot shine for ever, nor is it likely that the heavens can furnish forth readily a substitute for its loss. The great names of New England from beyond the boundaries of Harvard, from Jonathan Edwards and Channing in the past to Morse and Bryant, do we not seem to see them written, tableted on the leaves of that great tree of Culture whose roots are dark with Puritan anguish and struggle, but whose clustered fruits now hang, ripe and radiant, before the gazing nations.

Slow be the destiny, reluctant the hand which shall touch with extinction the masters of the hour, the leaders in thought, the almoners of the muses. And while they yet stay with us, let us salute them reverentially, happy to know that they are ours, and sorrowful with the thought that Nature may not readily recover such again.

III.

UNA REPLICA.

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WE were a party accidentally collected at one of the summer hotels which fringe the coast of New England. Strangers at first, we had got shaken together comfortably, and learned the art of making ourselves as helpful and satisfactory a society as if we had been old friends. We formed plans together, and got to know each other's strong points; and while the lovers of the sea would be bobbing for perch or cod, those who had less confidence in the strength of their stomachs were contriving inland excursions, or instructing the young ladies in the mysteries of water-colors. When the elements of such a part are happily constituted, not only they fit together charmingly, but the hour of parting leaves a long regret behind it.

In the evening, infatuated lovers of chess or

bézique would pursue their pleasure in the glare of candles, unheedful of their buzzing and vigilant enemy overhead. But the larger groups in the shadow of the veranda would watch the diamond-spark of the far light-house flash and fail, or listen drowsily to the mellow monotony of waves, whose lines of foam, ebbing from the rocks in the twilight, the eye could scarcely follow.

To fill up the hollow night with interest, tales were told, old adventures narrated, and as we grew more intimate, personal incidents would risk a confidence which, it was felt, friendship could not abuse.

Among our number were a handsome couple, the man an American, but the lady French, who, from the day of their arrival, had intrigued us all. The man had not quite that positive practical air which we expect in our countrymen, for there was a dash of romance and enthusiasm in his large gray eye, which shone at its fullest as it looked into the clear, courageous one of his companion. The lady had an olive complexion and dark, firmly planted hair, and was dressed so as slightly to suggest an old-time beauty of the days of the Grand Monarque.

We all longed to know more about them, but

dared not ask; but one day, they had been on a rather long excursion, to a neighboring town, to examine, in one of the old colonial houses, a picture with which both their lives had been connected. Their visit kindled in them so strong a feeling of common interest, brought back so vividly the days of the past, that, most unexpectedly we got what we desired. When we had all assembled in the dusk of the piazza, and inquiries had been made as to the pleasure of their excursion and its object, suddenly the moon sailed from behind a promontory, and threw to our feet such a trail of splendor, that we burst into exclamations of admiration.

But to the French lady it seemed to make a personal appeal, to be her moon and not ours, for turning quickly to her husband she exclaimed: "See! Stephen, there is our moon, as we have loved her, when she travelled with Gabrielle, a lamp to light her across that dreadful waste."

After this, there was little difficulty made in getting us an explanation. So after a modest preface, excusing himself as if he felt the moon's command too much when added to our desire, her husband gave us the following narrative: —

I tell it, as he did, in the first person.

Man floods with life the objects which daily surround him: not only do living things, the flowers of his garden, the trees of his lawn, seem to be a part of himself, but even inanimate objects share in his magnetism; not only the flower which he loves, the tree whose stateliness adds a dignity to his life, but the book, the picture, furniture of his house, are bathed in his personality, and each, after acquaintance, seems an extension of himself. The thousand converging rays from the heart and brain, which make for him what he calls *home*, surround his life as with an atmosphere in which he breathes and is happy. The vitality of a person is in some degree to be measured by the character and interest of these surroundings. When we see a house studiously bare of beauty, with few objects in it to charm or delight one, it is reasonable to suppose the inhabitant to live in this stifling atmosphere of denial, for want of heart enough to gather to himself objects of desire and affection.

To enter some rooms is like entering a tomb. The dweller there is alive after his fashion; but he is self-centred, impoverished of imagination, dull to suggestion, if he can so abide and be happy. Other houses repeat, as from a thousand

mirrors, the preferences, the taste, the individuality of their occupants: before they have entered the room, we vaguely feel their presence, and sympathize with that life of which they make a part. Nor is this dower of selection the peculiarity of the rich. The poor can show it in their humble way as well as the affluent. The climbing vine, the cheap flower-pot, crowned by the favorite posy of its owner, the select chromolith.; the photograph recalling a scene or a person long loved; a care in the dressing of the room with suitable color; and the pride of preferred stuffs or papers, — may show as intelligent expression of taste, in its modest way, as can the lordliest villa.

The bottom of the whole matter seems to be love. Rooms and houses which express this, we love too, and which we deny easily to ostentation and mere costliness. It seems as if not only was the marriage of the flesh and the spirit made in heaven, but that there existed between people of this feeling and material things, a bond which draws them together. A certain book, a certain picture, seems to have waited long, in silence and despondency, till its lover came, then for evermore they are married to his life, and share

in his being. And this is why a pang and shudder accompany the return to earth of the remains of those dear to us, and with whom our existence was mixed. It is felt by survivors, and follows the death agony at a sale where objects nearest and dearest are entrusted to strangers. There is nothing sadder than this parcelling of a complete life, these cold, unwonted hands touching things yet flooded with the affectionate care of their deceased possessor. We wish to think that these exiles from home must pine for the love they miss, and coldly return the coquetry of their new ravisher. This feeling makes part of the pathos with which we gaze into violated tombs, where haply we may behold in the yawning sarcophagus, the bronze mirror, the golden bracelet of the mother, and not far off, beside her child, the wreck of its former nursery,— its terra-cotta dolls and little go-cart, silly innocent toys, of a life quenched in its morning; and, still farther on, the bronze shield and sword, and the armor fallen from that once majestic manhood, and which called these others wife and child.

Not only does the hat a man wears get the shape of his head, but it seems to speak of him,

as does his cane, or the coat which he has often worn. On seeing them we seem to see him; the other hats and canes which we meet in an antechamber say to us nothing if we do not know their possessors.

Sometimes we will pause before this hat or cane, and a waft of additional intelligence will break like a side light into the recess where his memory is stored. What would we not have given to see the glove, the dress, and all the rest of the great ones whose words, whose deeds, still vibrate through the centuries. Beyond the Egyptian room in the Louvre there used to be the cocked hat of the Emperor Napoleon. There was magic in it; it seemed to radiate power and glory as from a sun. Beside it were the green coat, the breeches, the boots, of the great man; all hung over with interest and curiosity by visitors. But it was the little cocked hat, that hid that scheming and insatiable brain, which chiefly riveted all eyes; even the richly wrought but unused sword was as nothing to it. Such is the power of an inanimate object upon human feeling.

Among inanimate objects, perhaps pictures hold the paramount place, for they are not wholly

inanimate. The canvas is saturated through and through with the thought which is wrought there. It has its beauty as nature sifted through a human brain, the cleverness which can make a figure or landscape live again. But more than that, there comes breathing from the surface the passion, the purpose, the personality of the man who made it. Perhaps this was the reason why, while I often dined in one of those quaint old-fashioned houses which fringe our seaboard, leaving to ghostly silence the life which has ebbed to people newer towns, I would, in the midst of the liveliest conversation, fade away from the hearing of it into dreamland at the beckoning of a picture there. I somehow could not escape the eye of the figure painted in it. The eyes of the guests seemed far away and unreal, but those of the picture the only ones living and present. And as we sometimes think, seeing such portraits, that we have either met the original before, or that we shall meet it hereafter, that there is something between them and us, which we obscurely divine, but implicitly believe in, so now I felt something of this. This dining-room was old, with the antique dignity of Queen Anne's day. Though the broad panels,

wider than most trees we see now, the crockettings and flourishes of the wood-work, the quaint carven and painted garlands looped below the ceiling, looked fresh while old, the picture sunk above the mantelpiece between quaintly carved colonettes looked older, yet fresher than these. It was a picture of a girl in the dress of the time of Louis Quatorze, but treated with sylvan additions. The powdered hair was carried over its cushion with its one or two depending tresses; *point de Venise* hung far up upon the half-bared arm, the corsage descended as usual then, farther than nature would have wished, while from the shoulders waved gently to the breeze a mantelet of azure, bound with a broad band of gold, and beneath it and across the figure hung a garland of what seemed living flowers. I shall not say that the face was beautiful, that the little patches relieved the roses of a faultless cheek, for I fear those roses were paint, and taken from the same box as were the patches. But the *ensemble* was delightful. There was mischief in the parted lips, gay with a playful smile. But it was the eyes which looked with such scrutiny into yours, so brave and fearless, yet behind which all the coyness of a girl, all the dignity of a lady of rank, seemed somehow

hidden away, which held me. The eyes interrogated yours with a direct look, but also told you something in return. What they told me was of romantic adventure, gayety tempered by the distress of civil war, of dark and anxious days, cloven as by a beam of brightness. They seemed not to ask but to command sympathy. I readily submitted to this command, and adopted this imaginary being into a friendship, ghostly indeed, but not without its charm. This lady, whom I could never know, became for me a heroine, and I for her a *preux chevalier*. We sealed our engagement with a mutual look which none understood but ourselves, and thus it was that while the festal cheer rang high, I fled from the click of glasses, and the laughter which bubbled with the champagne, a bold rider at her side over waste plains, while here and there rose the smoke of a burning village, or a gun-shot startled the silence which the moon had bidden the night to keep. And though the *persiflage* of the dinner guests would follow me, though dishes went and came, I still rode on bravely at her side, till suddenly the dream, the picture and all, dropped from me like a mist, and I found myself joining in the merriment of the others at my abstraction. It was not long be-

fore this *tic* of mine was known to all and submitted to as a most innocent form of gallantry. The lady of the house would sometimes say to her friends, "You will see that he will dream over this unknown fair one till, in his craze, like another Don Quixote, he will set forth in search of her. And I dare say, if she were yet alive and he could find her, she would prove no more angelic than that worthy knight found his Dulcinea."

Of course I asked the history of the picture. My fair friend said that every thing about it was utterly unknown, and that she had bought it because it exactly covered her panel, for the modest sum of thirty dollars.

She only knew that its date was of the seventeenth century, and that it was painted by Nattier, a court painter of that epoch, whose name it bore.

But later, as my visits to the picture grew more infrequent, and finally ceased altogether, I thought of it less and less, till finally both the picture and my dream concerning it wholly faded from my mind.

Not long after this I found myself travelling, as interest or fancy dictated, up and down the coun-

tries of Europe. I had made in the course of this wandering, on board a Mediterranean steamer, acquaintance with a pleasant French family, residing in the south of France. They described so agreeably the beauty of the country they inhabited, accompanying it with an invitation to visit them, that I could not refuse. I therefore, on my way from Marseilles north, left the railroad, and by a country wagon, over jolting, neglected roads, made my way to their château. I found the scenery near it beautiful, as they promised me. There was a forest on one side, not one of those choked and intricate ones, where bushes and undergrowth delay one, but clear spaces, which the French call *clarières*, and majestic trunks of maple and chestnut, with here and there an oak soaring so high as to give one the sense of walking in a vast cathedral.

It was like the wood in which G. P. R. James finds his two travellers at the opening of one of his novels; or like that wood painted by Allston, where Florimel, of Spencer's Faërie Queen, flies on her horse before the admiring spectator.

The open fields near the wood sometimes had reapers in them, and the golden sheaves stood in rows, the reapers occupied in binding them, thus

making that scene old as the world, expressive, as nothing else does, of the fruitfulness of earth and man's happy relation with her bounty. Along the hedge-rows there, those slender trees so eminently French, bearing a tuft of foliage only, upon the long slim stems, and which we so commonly see in French pictures, stood in strong contrast with their robuster brothers of the forest. The area of cultivation extended but on one side, and not very far beyond it stretched plains, or broken elevations of barrenness, picturesque in their rude beauty, and showing here and there a gleaming pool fringed with the sword-like bulrush.

The château in front betrayed great age and several epochs. It was not wanting in towers topped by the pointed roof, which looks like an extinguisher over the brightness of past days.

No French château would be complete without these. But the body of the house was evidently fashioned from what remained of more fortress-like walls than are usually seen to accompany these *tourelles*.

Over the gray stones, not far from the antique carvings of the door, I was made happy to see, what reminded me of my country, a creeper of Virginia, whose beauty and rapid growth have made for

it a home in so many parts of Europe. It stained with crimson the gray blocks, in marked contrast to the unchanging green, lustrous yet velvet-like, of Europe's ivy. I had small time to study the beauty of this frontage or examine the character and period of the quaint carvings round the entrance, for at a signal of the porter the hospitable family swarmed forth with cries of welcome and surprise at my achievement of a passage over their difficult roads.

The men seized me in their arms and kissed me on both cheeks, while the ladies stood laughingly aloof, in those simple summer muslins which it would seem only French ladies know how to make and to wear. No English or American belle has achieved this distinguished plainness. On seeing it, one would say that Paris and its ball-rooms had never existed. One feels complacently how, in this delicate art of the *modiste*, simplicity is the basis of true art, and, when successful, snatches a grace which Worth can never know. I was at once made at home in the château, told the hours of the repasts, taken to my room, while the mysteries of closet, bureau, and *garde-robes* were explained, and then left to my meditation till the hour of the approaching

lunch. That was made doubly light by the excellence of the cooking, the absence of heavy joints, and the gayety and *laissez-aller* which prevailed.

The conversation was a ripple of merriment consisting of anecdotes of the day, adventures, nothing in themselves, but made amusing by the skill of the narrator, and the witty comments of the rest. All were invited to take a share in the discussion of plans to make my sojourn agreeable. One was to visit a ruined abbey beyond the forest, to decide upon the road thither, and whether or no a country neighbor should be taken *en route*. Then the proper day for a hunt of the wild boar was considered with much solemnity, the deciding votes for this being confined to the gentlemen who were visitors; but all again shared — the young ladies especially — with recovered vivacity in the project of a picnic at the famous half-ruined mediæval castle, the pride of the Department, whose name, of Mont Blazon, was continued in the château. This was at the distance of two or three leagues, — horses were necessary, — therefore all rose at once, with the excitement and flutter of pigeons taking wing, to proceed directly to the stables, that each might

select a suitable one. As this was rather a famous sporting country, the count had provided himself, against the arrival of friends, who sometimes came in unexpected numbers, with a dozen capital saddle horses.

As he was rather an Anglo-maniac, he not only had a stable built as nearly as possible after the English pattern, though keeping French names for all but his English horses, — which names on neat porcelain plates showed above the stalls, — but he had one or two English grooms, with an apparent brevity of leg and extension of body under the striped waistcoat that would have rejoiced the heart of Sam Weller to behold. There were Russian, American, as well as French, horses, and even one delicate Arab who looked like a lady among gentlemen.

The notion so common, that French country life is a sham or a mistake, was soon shown to be thoroughly untrue. Not only was there an occupation for every hour, a variety of amusement which never failed, but all was entered into and enjoyed in a way that showed that the family knew the country and loved it. And the pleasure that I myself had was reflected in the eyes of their sympathetic hospitality. They enjoyed

every thing doubly because they saw I did. And their own eagerness to please, and their delightful sallies, made no small part of my pleasure. It might prove tiresome to give in detail the daily incidents of the agreeable month I spent there. When I say month, I am obliged to acknowledge that the almanac said so, but if I trusted only to my grateful memory of the time, I think I should consider it many months.

Not a small part of my entertainment consisted of visits to the neighboring gentry. I do not know why it is, but we never think of French country people as they sometimes are in their perhaps enforced solitude. Wherever in France we think of a Frenchman, we suppose him to be the same theatre-loving, café-haunting trotter of the asphalte, whom we have seen in Paris; but the *hobereau* and his country dame are often great originals. M. Droz has given us some of them; but in the remoter provinces there must be many lying yet fossil-like in their seclusion, unless the feverish life of to-day reaches even them and make them one more of that national *troupeau*, which in each country is effacing old distinctions, obliterating individuality, to finally fashion men, as some one has cleverly said, like the modern gun,

not only all alike, but with mutually convertible parts.

The boar-hunt was a great success; the boar was despatched in the most artistic fashion, the "humbles" given to the dogs [whence humble pie], the *hûre* brought home amid the *fanfare* of twenty bugles, and the chorus of as many dogs. The picnic at the castle, though like most picnics it had a little undesired water brought from overhead, was brilliant and sparkling. Those young faces relieved against the mouldering stones; the rugged archway which sent back a mocking protest against our invasion of its repose; the laughter which came back from walls which seemed to stir with the long-forgotten sound, and the general pleasure of contrast between the day's content and the far past which it flouted, — made a great success, too, of this day's pleasure. But when we had taken our fill of excursions out of doors, and when the fatigue of accumulated rambles had made the house attractive, it was a new pleasure to hear old county histories told with authority by the count's mother, of the gossip of the prefecture, and family legends of neighbors, whose names live emblazoned on the pages of French history. Stories of their own family, with ram-

bles to turreted rooms, where some ancient châtelaine had pined while her lord rode in arms beside his king; the mysterious chamber with the condemned staircase, where rumor with white lips whispers of an ancient wrong and a guilty returning sprite still infesting the shadows of the darkened walls, — every thing, in short, was thought of which could amuse or terrify a visitor, till suddenly Mademoiselle Gabrielle, clapping her hands, exclaimed, "Let us show him the family jewels."

Saying this, she disappeared with a laugh, but soon returned with a tray full of heir-looms. There were châtelaines whence depended vinaigrettes, brooches, and scissors of the antiquest pattern; *rivières* of diamonds set as no modern Parisian jeweller would approve; a shining galaxy of milky pearls; snuff-boxes of all sorts,—some of lapis lazuli with a crest on the upper side, others made from what seemed a single crystal,—and little quaint oblong ones bound in a golden tracery of silver, vexed by the graver's tool into a frosted maze of harmonious curves. There were stars of enamel, knightly badges, and orders both native and foreign. But while carelessly delving through this riot of richness, my attention was arrested by a face in a miniature which seemed familiar. I

drew it forth, and carefully perused the image of the lady there represented. As I looked, it seemed to nod and smile toward me as to an old acquaintance; but the garb puzzled me, — it was evidently a woman's face, but the half-military dress was that of a man. A feather drooped from the broad hat which partly shaded the forehead, while the doublet had a Rosalind-like jauntiness which the dimpled hand resting upon the pommel of a dagger but emphasized the more. I looked up inquiringly into the laughing face of Gabrielle which was bent over me. "And is this Hero a lady," I said, "and is she of your house?" "Yes indeed," she cried, "of my house, and the pride of it also. This is my famous ancestress, my namesake, who saved the château from pillage in the days of the Fronde." As she spoke, an expression of pride broke over her laughing features, and taking from me the miniature she regarded it steadily long in silence. Her gaze, her sympathetic admiration, seemed to draw something from the miniature which revealed their relationship. One face was reflected in the other as in a mirror. As I gazed at her with wonder, she looked the living image of the dream I had cherished so long. A light shone in my brain, illuming many things:

a meaning was now given to an impulse which before I could not explain. I seemed, after wandering through mist and uncertainty, through dark ways where my feet had stumbled, to have suddenly come to a brightness and peace which explained every thing. I felt and divined the character of the daughter of my host as if I had long known her. My absorption in the study of the face which in America had so fascinated me, I transferred to this new acquaintance; for one explained the other. With a tumult of conflicting feelings, a dream-like confusion of the present and the past, I impulsively placed my hand upon her arm, saying, "And so it was you indeed who rode through the darkness over that dreadful waste, in disguise, that you might save your house and its family."

She pushed back her chair with a start, and fixed on me eyes mute with wonder and astonishment. "I!" she said, "oh that I could have lived in those days, when devotion and valor counted for something, when woman was not the toy of fashion, the slave of propriety, but when she could rise joyously equal to the hour of danger, a heroine, not only in heart, but in action and history! Not I, indeed, was it who rode

linked in friendship by the side of the duchess of Longueville, and who won for herself one of the heroes of that time." As she spoke, her flashing eye and grand demeanor brought out her resemblance to the miniature in greater clearness, while at the same time some accident of her dress and the roses in her corsage reminded me keenly of the face at home, which had once for me such witchery.

"And is this miniature the only portrait of your ancestress?"

"Yes, the only one we now possess; but we had another taken of her in a gala dress, by a famous court painter, which disappeared during the French Revolution, when for a while the château was held by the Jacobins. In that portrait, painted by Nattier, my ancestress wore a frank smile and a garland of roses across her old-fashioned dress."

"Yes," I said, "and a single pearl in each ear, and a mantle on her shoulder, of blue, with edges of gold."

"And are there wizards then in America; for you either read my thought or know too much. I was on the point of speaking of these details myself. Can you explain the meaning of your

words, or was it a lucky accident or coincidence only, which made you speak as you did?"

I felt a certain embarrassment fully shared by my companion, in the growing interest I knew not how to express in Gabrielle, while she, instinctively recognizing this, betrayed through her dilated eyes a fear that something uncanny might be at the bottom of it all.

"Perhaps you had better tell me the story of the heroic adventure of your ancestress, — for there was one, was there not? and then I will try and tell you how I came to know of the pearl earrings and the blue mantle."

"I will tell you the story if you wish, if, indeed, you have it not already by heart, as you seem to be at home in the secrets of our house. It was during the Fronde, when France was much disturbed, that this happened. The quarrels of the court, and the outbreak of the people at Paris, were not of very long duration. But there was enough to show here and there, in the readiness of the peasants to break with their ancient seigniors and indulge in rapine and bloodshed, a hint of that uneasiness in the lower classes which, during a later reign, culminated in the horrors of the French Revolution. Any local suffering or the

presence of a dangerous ringleader sufficed as a starting point for excesses which were before long repressed. As yet the people did not know itself, and had no thought of wholly freeing itself from partisanship with one or another of the nobles. Famine had not sharpened enough as yet the savage instinct, burst all barriers, and laid waste the possessions of the opulent, nor added to this spirit any wide-spread murder. My ancestors therefore lived quietly in their château, notwithstanding that the head of the house and his only son were with the army at the frontier. Indeed in those days news was so imperfectly conveyed, that they trusted there was exaggeration in the rumors which from time to time came from Paris. So hoping that the cloud would soon blow over, the ladies of the château lived coyly and with discretion within their walls, and cheered themselves with the letters which told of the speedy return of their cavaliers, and with household occupations which they multiplied to drown care, and supply something better than anxiety for their minds.

"But one evening, his garments in disorder, and with a white face, a gardener of the château burst in upon the circle of ladies silently occupied with

their needles, and, throwing himself at the foot of the châtelaine, began to stammer his errand. He said that he had heard from a younger cousin, who was a peasant of the neighborhood, that his brother peasants had been excited to frenzy by the exhortations of emissaries of the Fronde, and that, taking advantage of the unprotected state of the house, they were plotting to assail the château by dawn, and were busily beating up recruits for that purpose.

"He described them as a motley crew, not a soldier among them, and without arms except the scythes, reaping hooks, and flails with which they were familiar. It was already nine o'clock of the evening and dark, but the moon, which rose late, would brighten every thing at last to guide a traveller. There arose from the group a cry of consternation and terror. The few servants of the château were hastily mustered, ordered to be watchful of every sight and sound, and to bolt and fasten all the outer doors. There were those among them, loyal to their mistress, who accepted the burden of the charge thus laid upon them, and rose to the occasion. They brought from the outhouses great beams of wood, ready to be planted against the doors, so as to keep the

foe at bay and baffle his assault. They brought provisions from the storehouse, and meat and vegetables, and lodged them near the centre of the house, in readiness for a siege; they furbished up the old arquebusses, seeking for powder and balls, and saw that the pikes and sabres were in serviceable order; indeed their preparations were so thorough that a sense of security warmed the ladies' hearts, and the old smiles returned to their faces. But Gabrielle did not smile, a frown darkened her brow of ivory. Offended pride dilated her slight nostrils, as, leaping suddenly forth from the circle, in ringing accents she exclaimed, 'You do them too much honor — you do them too much honor; this coil of vipers would sting the hand which fed them. Not with honorable arms, the pike and the sword, should they be chastised back to their nest, the cart-whip and the baton are good enough for them. They shall find that, if the master be away, there is blood enough in those who are left to teach them their duty.' 'Gabrielle, Gabrielle,' cried her mother and sisters, 'remember that though you have the knightly spirit, we are but weak women after all.' Seeing something of resolution in her face, beyond even what her words expressed,

they cried, 'How can you protect us? what shall we do?'

"'I have already decided,' she said. 'Only see to it that you keep a brave spirit in your breasts, have the courage to wait without flinching, and I will do the rest. Nor have I a moment to lose.'

"This said, she darted among the offices to a press which held the servants' liveries, and presently returned, the prettiest little groom you ever saw, a dagger at her side, and a saucy feather in her cap. 'And now, Jacques, hurry to the stable and saddle Diomed, the horse my father and I love best.'

"'You would not leave us, then,' wailed, in a chorus, the afflicted family.

"'Only to return, I trust, with what may scourge these knaves back to their holes, and comfort you all. Have you not heard that the marquis of St. Aldegonde, and some say the great duchess, with a troop of horse, are at this moment only some four leagues away to the northwest, and that is the side opposite to the centre, as Jacques tells me, where these unclean rebels are mustering.' As they looked into the intrepid face of Gabrielle, all saw and felt that she was equal to the cruel

task she imposed upon herself. Her booted heels struck fire from the clashing spurs as she paced the chamber, and the prediction of triumph sat royally in her clear blue eye.

"'I go alone,' she said, 'and in the dress of a serving-man, to be the less remarked; and I go at once, before the moon rises, that the dusk may hide me.'

"So saying, amid blessings and tears, she kissed them all and disappeared.

"With straining eyes the deserted women sought to distinguish the vague bulk which the courser made in the darkness, something of a nodding plume and light and agile figure, and little indeed they discerned; but the clatter of hoofs soon diminished by distance was clearly audible, and hope went with that sound till the distance swallowed it.

"A little unused country road through the wood buried Gabrielle in darkness, but, giving the horse its head in spite of it, she drove the rowels into its flank, and soon yon great waste beyond the wood stretched before her, she apparently its only occupant.

"Like a dream she glided over its undulating surface; here and there what she might fancy a

marauder or wild beast startled her for an instant, but she held bravely on, and she taught herself to believe these forms mere tricks of the imagination. She knew that to open her mind to such ideas was defeat and ruin. She contemplated only the end. She permitted no intrusive fears. To reach the troop of horse, and that by the most direct line, was all she thought of.

"Once or twice at the horizon's edge a crimson gleam, a ruddy flare, made her heart beat, for she knew it meant that the work of destruction had begun. She turned away her head from the eddying smoke which brought with it baleful stars in mockery of those in heaven, when suddenly, afar, a flame brighter, clearer, more startling than any, for a moment fairly arrested her career, for it was in the very line of her journey and might make its termination impracticable. As with parted lips she gazed, and with ungloved hand patted Diomed, trying to cheer herself by caressing him, suddenly, with a bound, the great and radiant moon, spurning earth, arose, and looked at her with so calm and reassuring a face that she at once knew she should not fail.

"Well and swiftly they rode together, the gleaming figure of the maiden, the shining outline of

the horse, and that long oblique silhouette of them both, across the glimmering plain. Soon she had left anxiety afar, for the smouldering torch-light of rapine had died behind the plain. She could distinguish objects both near and far, enough to give precision to her thoughts and kill the dread which lives with mystery. In an hour she saw the gleam of tent-lights, heard the hum of challenged sentinels, saw a stately banner waving from an illuminated centre, and marked dark figures of men and horses etched against the brightness and gleam of lights not far away.

"She moderated her horse's pace with precaution, and made straight for the tent which bore the flag. Soon, challenged by a sentinel, she told her errand, and was conducted to the superior officer, the Marquis de St. Aldegonde.

"'I have been sent by the ladies of Mont Blazon to ask for succor. A sure spy reports to them that the rebels of the Fronde intend to assail the château by to-morrow's dawn.'

"'When did you leave the château, my boy?'

"'But a little more than an hour since, *mon colonel*,' smiled the flushed and dusty groom.

"'You have done well, and given us good time to do as your mistress desires. Ho! De

Neuville, there, take a troop of thirty horse, see that you look well to your pistols, and accompany this lad to Mont Blazon, against which an early attack is preparing by the rebels.'

"A few minutes after, a compact body of horsemen wheeled in the moonlight, saluting their colonel, the rays sparkling from hilt and helmet, and lighting up the handsome face of their young leader, delighted to find himself chosen for the adventure.

"One might have said, as a faint lambency played upon his features, that he felt stirring within him something more than a hint of military fame; a secret intimation, perhaps, which, better than the moonlight, guided him along a path which he felt he loved to tread. He kept the little groom by his side, and, joyous with excitement, chatted familiarly with him.

"He also wished for what the groom could tell him of the approaches to the place, the nature of its defences, and of any covert there might be near the château.

"The troop of horse rode at a moderate pace, their leader wishing to keep his men and horses fresh, and fearing that the gallop of a numerous body might reach the ear of some wakeful insur-

gent. The moon, friendly and smiling, threw their shadows before them, as if pointing the way.

"They were shortened now somewhat, and the clear, ascended moon unrolled, as on a map, with exactness, each incline of ground and every rock and bush.

"'That is a good horse, my boy, they have given you from your master's stables. He is as fresh as my own, and yet he to-night has done his four leagues already.'

"The groom touched his cap with a saucy smile. 'Diomed never tires, least of all when he thinks the life of Gabrielle to be in danger.'

"'And who is Gabrielle, and why should he love her?'

"'Gabrielle is the youngest daughter of her father, and when he is away, he permits her to be the mistress of Diomed.'"

As my hostess narrated with increasing animation the adventure of her ancestress, she captivated my attention and at the same time distracted it. For while the incidents seemed familiar to me, parts of a past which had long haunted me, my vision was clothed with living realities.

The two Gabrielles fused together, and here

before me was my long day-dream, — Gabrielle of the picture assuming a material shape and drawing me with a vital magnetism. I felt that if it be true that we are but the stuff inherited from those gone before us, the living Gabrielle might well be a duplicate of her progenitor. She had the same frank and fearless regard, the same courage, the same longing for adventure. As she spoke, the present Gabrielle seemed to be living once more the story she narrated. Her familiarity with it and resemblance of character identified, united the two.

And thus I was perplexed with a narrative which seemed to come from afar, to be almost a part of myself, and an action and a voice making me share in the life of the Fronde, and that life a part and parcel of our own time.

While listening to this story of the past I yet was made conscious of the stirring of new emotions which belonged only to the life about me.

My young friend could not but notice the wrapt and absorbed manner with which I listened, and credited it to the picturesque tale she was telling.

"I see you like it," she said, pausing to look up with a frank joy in her dark-blue eyes. "Is it not splendid thus to be able to doff the weeds

of our sex, and through courage make a woman as helpful to those she loves as a man could be. Oh! how I envy her her opportunity and the high recompense, as you shall hear, it won for her. She was indeed a heroine; but what now can we poor creatures do, slaves of a fashion we despise, and, dreaming over our embroidery frames, only imagine a life which she made a reality."

"Alas!" I replied, "days of quiet are not invaded now, as then, by the tumult of war and risk of life, but is there not something of poetry, something almost of adventure, in the very fact of my being here to hear told from your lips the romance of my life, and wonder at the magic which brings before me a presence, a form, a face to which I have long been vowed, but of which I never fancied that earth could furnish the counterpart."

Visibly troubled, Gabrielle, with a start, half rose from her seat, saying reproachfully, "Are you mocking me, sir, with an ill-timed gallantry, and are you speaking to me as if I were a part of that dream in which you say you indulged, — an utter stranger for whom you should have more consideration and respect."

"No stranger indeed," I cried, warmly, "for, if

such I seem to you, such you are not, I feel, to me, and, as my excuse, hear me tell how I came to think I know you and to talk to you as if I thought you knew it also. I should have explained all this before, but silence held me spell-bound, wishing to find how much there was in common between my reveries and the heroism of your ancestress. If I had spoken earlier, the spell might have broken, and so I should have lost all."

"You know," I said, "I am an American, a country whose whole life is of the hour, with a glorious future, but no past. There are not with us mouldering castles, cathedrals, where the very religion of the past seems built into the stones, no histories of crusade or tournament, no queenly châtelaines from whose eyes rains influence to noble deeds: for these we must turn to Europe, and do so often. Europe is our playground, our school, our novel. Caught in the mechanism of our material life, she is to us as a poem after prose. We read your histories and we dream over your past, especially times unlike our own; strange habits and stranger speech, costumes which live only now upon the theatre, fire our imagination and dance before us as in elfin

light. The portrait you have lost, the portrait of our heroine by Nattier, in her blue tunic and garlanded with roses, wafted by I know not what destiny, reached our shores, and I know it well. There was always about it something I could not explain; for in addition to its visible charm there seemed a prophecy hidden in it. It would not keep its place with other relics of the dusty past, but beamed upon me as a present acquaintance or harbinger of one to whom it would lead me. Its look, so direct and courageous, mesmerized me. It was hung in the dining-room of a friend, and often its witchery would carry me away from the laughter and conversation around.

"I felt myself a shadow in the moonlight, swiftly flying, with my companion, across great wastes illuminated only by two mysterious eyes, the shining moon, and at the horizon the sullen flare of burning households. My reverie was so profound that my friends often twitted my absent-mindedness. They predicted that its influence would draw me from home, seeking for I know not what, the fool of the eye and an imagination too womanish to be controlled. But I knew better, or rather I instinctively felt — for I did not know — that I might trust a guidance I could

not understand. I carried a hope, an affection, in my heart, of which I have said nothing to any one. Guardian spirits do such things as this. They sometimes shape to desired ends the life which is trusted to them. The miracle of faith brings together the distant and the near. Not mountains only can it remove, but it can overleap seas, rivers and all obstacles, and fetch one to the goal of his desire. This is my life which I am now living, — till now I have been seeking for it, — and I entreat you tell to me, the one who best has the right to hear it, the farther details of the picturesque journey of your namesake in which we both have a common interest. Give it me slowly, that I may at the same time once more feel myself riding at her side, and at the same time, through you, listen to her voice."

Gabrielle's eyes opened wide in astonishment; a look of perplexity, even alarm, presently settled into one of timidity and grave awe. As strange as were the things I said, imperative as had been my manner, she could not but feel the genuineness of it; that I had no choice, but must say it. And with a submission as if it were *fatidique*, a necessity of fate, she accepted the situation. What it might all mean she scarcely guessed, but the

romance, the courage inherited from her ancestress, perhaps, made it not unpleasing to her. Here at least was something not commonplace, and here was one quite a stranger drawing near to her through the common appreciation both had of her brilliant relative.

Again Gabrielle resumed her narrative. "An hour before dawn, the troop had reached the vicinity of the château, and in the shadow of a small wood their commander bade them halt, while he and the little groom explored the approaches to the château with caution. All was apparently quiet in the house, though one lamp burned at a high window still, and my ancestress knew that it meant that the household, alert and anxious, sleepless but hopeful, were withdrawn from the lower rooms, the better to watch any thing moving beneath. As the little groom pointed it out, a stifled hum, a vague and uncertain murmur, rose from a point nearly opposite to the place in which they were. And presently an irregular mass of figures, armed for the most part with the weapons which a farm furnishes, were in movement toward the château. Their leader appeared without distinction, and in the ordinary peasant's garb; but beside him were two figures of more pretension,

dressed in the faded frippery of Paris, emissaries, they doubted not, of the hostile leaders nearer the capital. 'We are just in time, my child,' said the officer, 'but we must let them get nearer, that their purpose may be declared and their punishment more severe.' Though the irregular mass of men kept well together, and tried to suppress noise of voice or arms, yet several, running ahead, scaled the garden wall, and swarmed across the garden. They paid small respect to the flowers, tearing and trampling them on their way to examine what entrance to the house they had best attempt.

"The massive front door looked too secure, and they raced round the château to find some postern or office gate which might admit them. In the mean time those within had evidently noticed the approach of their invaders, for lights began to move from window to window, and sounds indicating the moving of heavy objects to bar an entrance, and at times the low cry of women's voices told the attentive listeners that it was so. Making a silent sign to his guide to withdraw, the young officer soon rejoined his troop, and after conferring in a low voice with his men, told him to show them the shortest way to the lawn

before the garden, where, in disorderly groups and with more unrestrained tumult than before, the great body of the assailants were gathered. The moon had not long since bade them good-bye, but the dawn to replace her was already stealing in rosy fret-work above the horizon, and giving, without her brilliancy, a more definite look to things. Just as their scouts had returned to say that they had found an easy entrance possible to the château, by removing the rusty iron bars of what might be the kitchen or scullery, a certain movement of terror, accompanied with loud outcries, and the sudden facing of the turbulent crowd towards the wood, was shown. With heads bent low, their sabres all in a line, their leader well in front, with the little groom still riding by his side, the troop, till now hidden by the shadow of the trees, fell like a thunder-bolt upon their foe. In vain did the gay emissaries of Paris try to delay, by a charge of their own, the panic-stricken crowd. With yells and imprecations they fled on all sides. And when the troop had reached a spot where they had just been, except a few who had fallen in their flight, entangled with each other, there was a clear space all around it. A few prisoners were

taken, a few peasants were cut to pieces, a few shots were fired, and all was over. The earth seemed to have swallowed up these children of the night, these wretches more willing to rob than to fight, while not a single soldier was wounded.

"You may imagine with what a double welcome the rejoicing sun and their gallant defenders were received by the anxious ladies of Mont Blazon, and the cowering *valletaille* of lackeys.

"The ladies of the house had no difficulty in persuading the merry officers of the troop to stay to breakfast, which was better by much than that of most besieged garrisons, while, under the charge of the *sommelier*, the rest of the troop caroused below stairs, praising the *petit vin* of the district, and doing ample justice to the more ignoble parts of a wild boar whose *hure* and haunches decorated the table of their masters.

"Eagerly, with that French grace which does such things so well, did the ladies of the château express their acknowledgments and gratitude.

"Reaction from distress brought to all the highest spirits, and when with an obsequious bow the servant announced that breakfast was served, no house in all France could have seen a more

joyous and enjoyed repast than that which followed.

"Young De Neuville toasted the king and the good cause with flashing eyes, and tossed into the air his sparkling *bon mots* and pleasant repartees for a while; but soon a look of earnestness and feeling replaced that of mere gayety, and his voice was lowered to whispers of intimate confidence in the ear of the young châtelaine who sat next to him. Something near yet distant, something familiar yet mysterious, piqued his curiosity. Meanwhile all looked on with a smile. Stumbling, as it were, over the clew of his memories, interrupted by a sudden gaze into the face of his lovely neighbor, he started to his feet, wineglass in hand, exclaiming, 'I fear we have all forgotten the hero of the occasion, if I may so venture to remind you of the little lad, through whom I have made acquaintance with this goodly company.' With a blush the young lady at his side rose also, and, courtesying gracefully, said, 'I will soon fetch him.'

"De Neuville watched her with surprise, when, gliding towards the door, she turned, and with her hand lifted to her temples, and a saucy movement of her body, 'Diomed never tires,

least of all when he thinks Gabrielle to be in danger,' she said.

"'Good Heavens,' cried De Neuville, 'and so my little guide is Gabrielle too! and indeed she need have had faith in Diomed in those perilous ways last night.' Not to prolong my tale farther, I need only say, that many were the visits after this which De Neuville, while stationed so near, found means to make to the château. And the acquaintance so picturesquely begun never lost its savor. However, to their mutual despair, De Neuville followed the great Condé to his battles and sieges in Flanders, but before long Gabrielle and her mother were sent for by him, and, well pleased with the story, the king promised his presence at their marriage. While with one hand he placed a necklace of pearls upon the snowy neck of the bride, with the other he handed a missive with the great seal attached, which appointed the gallant bridegroom to the command of a Division with the title of Marquis."

So completely, in telling it, had the young girl identified herself with her narrative, that she seemed truly the heroine she depicted, and the fluctuation of personality which confused her ancestress with the little groom extended farther,

till Gabrielle seemed made of them both. It was, indeed, my dream rounded and made complete; all that I had fancied of that strange ride past burning villages, under the moon, to some distant help had proved itself a reality, and as I gazed fascinated and enamoured into those flashing and fearless eyes, a great hope leaped in my breast, that the continuation might have an issue in accordance with the termination of her story. It was more than hope, it was a fatality that we must love each other. I felt that for this the augury of so much preparation had been furnished. It weighed upon me like a pleasant conviction that it must be so, and there was something in my acknowledgment and gratitude for her compliance with my desire, something so passionate and intense, that I saw it penetrated all Gabrielle's being, and prepared her for a submission which, without this element of fatality, I could hardly have hoped for. We were both silent, and while I felt unequal to disturb the impression by additional words, I saw that she too was musing with a far-off look in her dreamy eyes, as if also compelled to muteness. And so we separated. Her mother seemed to notice, when we had joined the others, a certain change in her,

but what it was she could not explain to herself; and so we mixed in the conversation and mirth of the fireside circle, taking our share in the anecdote and *persiflage* which was circulating, yet all the while drawn apart from the rest by ties invisible to them, and but the stronger for this repression of our mutual feeling. And so it went on for a few days, I longing for and awaiting that inevitable moment when I should feel the impulse which must break the chains of silence, and ease my heart by full revelation. And it came as if sent but not sought for, unexpected by both of us, yet as if it were the most natural thing in the world. After a game of lawn tennis, which was played on the lawn before the garden where, many centuries before, the foul mob of the Jacquerie had stained the moonlight with their presence, while the elder members of the family, pleading fatigue, withdrew to the house, Gabrielle, with a sudden impulse, asked to show me, in a little dell not far away, a cluster of natural flowers which her botanical studies had made her to understand as also existing in America. I had never seen such before, and doubted if they belonged to my country, but she assured me they did, or something very like

them, in the wild mountainous passes of Colorado. "And do you think," I said, "that if you were there you could find the fellow for these lovely creatures here? Do you think there is enough in common between your beautiful France and those rude scenes for them to exist there, — a bond between our two countries, as there will ever be hereafter between you and me." She trembled a little, but with firm eyes looking into mine, she said, "I also feel the bond, and somehow that we have somewhere a common country." Then I told her that I had but lately had from my father a letter urging my return to take charge of a certain large purchase he had made in Colorado. I described to her with enthusiasm the delightful things I had heard of that region: the elastic purity of its air, the great mountains clothed with virgin forests, as yet little violated by the settler's axe, and in whose breast run great veins of gold and silver, while on its verdant sides herds of lordly cattle browse amid nodding flowers, among which she might find the cousins of those we looked upon, while over all, wheeling in the transparent blue, the sun sent health and happiness into the hearts of all who come there.

I spoke to her of the lovely pastoral life, the sweet simplicity of living, the excitement which brought every day a fresh adventure where courage and intrepidity were needed at every turn, yet where there was little absolute danger. I told her of the helpfulness of men to each other, where help must be so needed by all, and of the choice and superior spirits which flocked thither from England and the cities of our Atlantic coast, — men of culture and refinement as well as enterprise.

As I spoke she listened with flashing eyes, drawing herself up to her full height, and in her glance shone unmistakably the audacity and fire of her favorite ancestress. She made me repeat every particular I had heard, and I fear had even invented, of a life which seemed to her full of attractions. On this hint I spoke. I told her in glowing words how for long years, when she had seemed to me only an unsubstantial vision of the air, something like a lode-star had drawn me to her house; how I had sought her enveloped in a cloud of tender predictions; how these monitions but pointed to our mutual happiness; and I whispered sweet tales which had come floating down the stream of time, of lovers plighted and blest

by unseen hands, of guardian spirits divinely permitted to mix in the affairs of men by selections which justify their coming, to prove that, sometimes at least, marriages are made in heaven. As I spoke, the meek submissiveness and awe which extinguished the fire burning in her dark-blue eyes was replaced by a look of surprised fondness and trust, caught from the contagion of my unflinching faith; she turned aside awhile shyly, and then lightly placing her hand upon my arm, with the frankest laugh and the steadiest gaze, she said, simply, "And if you have had your dream, have I not also had mine? If you saw me, through my ancestress, chasing the moon across wild and trackless plains, have I not seen myself, as you spoke, a visitor to your country in the strangest attire, with a light carbine on my shoulder, travelling upward and on, past cataracts which shatter themselves to spray against the rocks, and where the cry of the eagle and savage creatures came as an invitation to ascend and be of their company! You have painted for me the very life I should desire to lead, spiced with danger, embosomed in beauty, hard work to do, and a faithful companion by my side. In my vision I saw him, but not distinctly; was it a

cheat, and is there no such life? Must I still make my weary round of insipid pleasures and still more insipid duties? Did I see truth in my vision, and was that uncertain companion of my way no mirage of my desire, but indeed yourself?" She had spoken with light and faithful accents, but through the whole ran, like a steel blade hidden in a scabbard of jewels, the clear, sharp edge of real feeling and desire.

When she had finished, a wave of maidenly emotion rushed into her face, and, lightly withdrawing her hand which had been upon my arm, with downcast eyes, she drew a little backward, while a slight twitch of pain ran along her brow, as if she felt that the impulse to which she yielded had carried her too far. But without pausing to notice it I passed with all my triumphant hopes, all my sympathetic ardor, through the door which she had thrown open. I continued her picture of a common existence, I painted to her my home, my family, the sisters I loved so well, my father, whose lightest wish was to me a command, my studies, my tastes, the narrative of my past, all converging to that future in which I always saw her at my side, the appointed sharer of my labors and my joys.

Enveloped in the magnetism of my affection, she stood placid and content, no thrill of pride or wounded maidenhood again recurring, but betraying, by the peace and trust which swam in her speaking eyes, that at last she shared and had her full part in that mutual love which seemed rather a message to us than any thing we had discovered of ourselves.

Sometimes events of a startling character, when they penetrate a family, find it mute and submissive. Such was the case now; and our mutual affection was received as something too odd to be fought against; and it might be hoped that it would be authorized by that heaven which makes matches and looks after such infatuated people. I found to my satisfaction that I had made myself a general favorite without trying to do so; for I contrived no little plots to capture their good-will, displayed little of the dangerous polish of a facile politeness, but, by my directness and good nature I had won upon them easily.

I even found that the old cousin, who lived almost within the quarterings which meant to her so much, confessed that she approved of me. So, after a formal avowal of our engagement, and one or two dinners at neighboring châteaux in

recognition of it, we were allowed a country freedom which was an extension of the ordinary privilege of lovers in France.

Our wedding was joyous, and the theme of notice even in the county paper; a famous American general, then on his travels, appeared at my authorized invitation, and what he revealed of our mutual military life helped me with a people believing in war and admirers of valor.

Unfortunately the narrative came to a sudden close here. We would have liked to have heard more, and what the lovers enjoyed or endured in their rude life in Colorado; but the lady, touching lightly, with her own, her husband's hand said: "That will do, dear, you have told quite enough; for our friends here can guess, without our help, our life in America, with which perhaps they are better acquainted even than we. Besides, you see the moon has again hidden herself, and no longer commands us to enlarge upon our adventures."

IV.

MAY A MONKEY POSSESS GENIUS?

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MR. DARWIN has given us a sketch of what he considers, from his idea of man's possible development from a simian original, to be the source of our moral and social sentiments. Like all that he writes, it is more than interesting; it takes hold of the root of things, the very basis of life and being. He shows us how the present mind of man is a conquest from chaos. Little by little, among a group of individuals, sprang up the mutual surrender of selfishness, the fierce greed of possession, with an adjustment for a common advantage. This surrender, found more profitable than dispute, wrote for itself a code of laws in the word "human rights," and so began in the world. The delayed brain of the infant found itself the centre everywhere

of a group where the word "affection" took the place of this word "rights."

The relation between individuals through affection branched and flowered into many forms of sentiment, enriching the social relation. The tyranny of love was softened by a poetry which stripped it of its brutality. This most personal of human passions crowned itself with an unselfishness which finally made the distinguishing feature of the days of chivalry. A physical terror, alarmed at insecurity in a world of phenomena it could not understand; and an inferred author, not only of blessings, but of dangers on every hand to be averted, possibly by propitiation and sacrifice, — made for man a religion. From these beginnings grew the world we know. Every day saw their expansion by use, and the enjoyment of an intercourse thus made both profitable and pleasant.

But from the pre-historic group of men and women first formed into the family and society by these conditions to the world's present development of the rights of all, the courtesy of social intercourse, and an intelligent apprehension of the laws of the Divine Governor, what a stride! It is difficult enough to understand how a famil-

iarity with and practice of these ideas should carry man so far.

He alone, of all the creatures about him, has got the brain to accomplish so much. The other animals had the same start as he. And we notice that their faculties, though less, are like ours. Some are social; they have the family sentiment, and, for all we know, the sentiment of religion. Yet man escaped from the crowd, and not only showed to the rest the way of progress they could not use, but found himself looking down from a height of sovereignty which none could dispute.

O mysterious and fortunate anthropoid ape, whence got you this advantage over your fellows? With no help from any, the world around you a scene of violence, quarrel, and ignorance, how made you that first step which has proved an entrance upon a path ever widening upward to the realms of light? And why is it that the brain of all these creatures feels no pang of jealousy, no desire of imitation, no enmity to that superiority which so differentiates man from his animal companions.

Dear Mr. Darwin, we are thy pupils, and how this is, we would gladly learn of thee.

That the brain of an animal should develop extravagances, and, making an eccentric departure from the common level, reach abnormal heights, like disarranged machinery, we may imagine. We may even admit that a monkey may have genius; for there is something in them at times so sudden and unexpected, that it almost seems that their brain might succeed in reaching superiority. When playful, in fun and mischief, or when sunk in contemplation, they reach those confines of thought which, in a monkey, may be called genius.

But that an anthropoid ape, passing the bounds of the monkey's brain, should find itself in a true relation to the world of observation and thought, it is hard to conceive. That such a brain should compass the world and subdue it, analyze its materials, and, leaving earth, justly compute planetary distances, predict eclipses, and thus intelligently track and apprehend the laws of the universe, is yet more inconceivable.

Nor does the mental action which enables man to do this come through accident or effort. There is nothing in it abnormal to the mind's natural function. And when a Newton, a Shakespeare, is born into the world, he surpasses

his fellows, but is not a stranger among them. He is not separated from, but united to, all. If our brains have not an inventive or creative power equal to his, he is still intelligible to us, and from his height draws us all up to a brighter level of knowledge. It is in vain, therefore, that scientists and anatomists display before us the complete correspondence in all important particulars between the osteology of man and any monkey. The carpentry is the same, if you will. The skull of an ape may be as capacious as that of some of the inferior races of men, but the part of Hamlet is left out in the inward drama. It is the divine something which follows so close the scientific, artistic method of the Creator which makes man the "paragon of animals," and "in apprehension how like a god!" If the germ of man's powers lay unfolded and hidden in the convolutions of a simian brain, then was the creation of such a brain equivalent to the creation of man.

While the world owes to Mr. Darwin the completest statement of its laws of development through the struggle for life and by natural selection, and which science tells us is day by day made more secure and impregnable, there is a

silent dissent in the soul of man to this law when it includes himself.

Not only does it abase his dignity by a fellowship where he was lord over all, but a kinship which he had not discovered until now. These poor relations had never before knocked at man's door with any such pretence of brotherhood. Nor do they yet. It is only we ourselves who have established metaphysically a tie of blood which we may repudiate if the inconveniences of this belief should reach the mind of the animal creation. It then might be with us as when in Egypt flies had even sharpened their present obscene familiarity, and frogs and toads made themselves at home in the palaces of kings. We can afford for the sake of the pride of science to stoop to a humiliation which cannot be abused. Along the chain which binds us to the life around, no magnetic, no electric whisper runs to tell these many creatures of their long-lost brother. The silence is ominous of doubt somewhere. That we all have a common Father has long been known and felt, but this equality of blood relationship, if the animals knew it, would be as awkward for them as it is certainly startling to ourselves.

There is something in the nature of man's in-

telligence which is unlike a power, keeping itself at a height not native to it, and fed from without, — an accretion from experience and will, which is always greater than what it knows and a perpetual prediction for his advance, as is the stride into the vast knowledge of the present, out of the ignorance of the past. The confluence of many streams of thought and activity finds man quite at home on every new vantage-ground. He moves abreast with it all, and is ready to move still farther onward and upward.

There is something native to his nature which cannot be daunted by any difficulty, mental or physical. The more he attains, the greater height he reaches, the more he is at home. The winged spirit seems only clogged by earth's atmosphere, and made for celestial spaces and the transparency of ether.

Is the instinct which at once believes this a deception? and is it only the image his self-complacency throws upon the heavens? Is earth and no unguessed and unseen side of it to be still the only theatre for his spiritual as well as physical being?

Shut within its forty miles of atmosphere, unknown tracts between it and any sister planet,

earth might seem sufficient to itself, and that all existence must find here its boundary.

But the *feu follet* within us is discontented with this limit and dreams of flights into the universe beyond. It already measures the courses of the stars and analyzes their materials. Is it never, by a more direct intercourse, to add to this knowledge?

It would seem a new hunger of Tantalus if man saw this celestial fruit hanging above his head only to mock him with an impotent desire for possession.

Where he has already won so much from the universe, so extended himself through space, his grandest hopes and claims may yet prove the safest belief. He feels such serenity of content, such certainty of his royalty, that he can play with the theories which seem to diminish them, and masquerade as a monkey's offspring, when he knows that he is the child of God.

Or do these new theories point to the true method of a Fashioner of all things, and reach the goal of man's hopes but through a longer circuit? It may be something better than the personal God of the Jews, careful only of man, that we should learn to look upon all living

things as his children in the same sense that we are.

Perhaps the best idea man can get of that "reversion in the sky" his spirit believes in, but does not understand, may be through one of those similitudes, often better than argument, and which that most spiritual of material things, Photography, can teach him. Perhaps, after all, man's low condition may brighten as this bids us hope. A photograph of his earthly habitation, his house in a street, shows, in the photographic negative, the dark places, the archway, the cornice, even the sewer and the gutter's garbage, all in light; but the windows, which are the eyes of the house, its sunny front, and the aspiring roof, the negative only gives as dark. Yet wait and look again: behold the positive impression! In the twinkling of an eye see how all is reversed and changed. The sunshine fell not in vain upon the carved and soaring front; and the eyes of the house, like the windows of the soul, shine with celestial brightness. This life may be the negative to Heaven's positive.

Many critics consider that the new cosmogony not only conflicts with Moses, but that it overturns the foundations of the old religion. Cer-

tainly nothing could differ more than man's origin as explained by these two authorities. But the world is weary of Moses, and his tables of stone hang like a weight around its neck. It needed a new dispensation, and lo! the greatest miracle-monger, Time, steps to the front. Man cannot add a cubit to his stature, but the new gospel says, "Live long enough, and try hard enough, and you may attain to even more than that."

Time and life, or protoplasm, as its starting-point is called, seem to represent here the invisible Deity.

Does life obey orders, — or does it wander through a maze of forms, accidents of creation, like the shapeless creatures of a dream? The Zoölogical Gardens at London put such ideas in one's head when wandering there. Climate, chance helps for sustaining life, persistence in the same direction, seem to shape the logical formula of each creature.

Each creature is, as it were, moulded by its environment. A little brain, enough to guide to food, the wit to secure it, and these whimsical figures, imprisoned in an unconscious personality, walk, wade, or swim with the confidence of

beings whose antitype, enduring for ever, is the creative thought of God. Like the hour-hand of a clock, though we do not see them move, yet they fluctuate, cross, and dissolve each round its centre with the mobility of smoke. Only, for this, time enough must be granted. And the theory, in Bible words, says for itself, "A thousand years are as a day."

And mind itself gets a new look as we contemplate the world through the eyes of the science of the present. It also fluctuates and changes with circumstances. It has no absolute outline, but can inform a particle of dust or a seraph with a supply according to the individual need. Form and brain seem a kind of driving power, as of a caloric engine, attached to the machinery as more or less power is demanded. Every thing looks, as we muse through the gravelled walks of this Zoölogical garden at London, where, as in the ark, all creatures are gathered, dissolving, illusory, uncertain. If the world has so many shapes of living things, so many animals, why should it not have ten or fifty times as many? And science answers, "And so it might, but for the struggle for life, and the limitations of food." Yet we can fancy other worlds where

forms impossible to this exist under new conditions, so weird, so strange, so impossible, that to us they would look like a madman's dream. And ever, like a star, a suitable intelligence burns above their brows. Always and everywhere the lamp of life secretes from somewhere its point of phosphorescence, in whose heart thought, choice, and passion sleep.

And is man also one of these many? Is he, his brain, his heart, his conscience, only the crest of that moving wave of being to which earth has given shape, and which loses itself in that great sea we call eternity, and into which pour millions of other waves, holding existences moulded from their environment, the shaping forces of countless worlds?

Certainly this vision of God's method with his creatures would disturb the equanimity of the fathers. They would have found themselves lost in such wastes of time, in such a sea of being. Their church was snug, narrow, personal. It loved not the tyranny of law, but rather a law-giver who astonished and delighted its vanity by violation of law. The father, turned juggler to win the attention of, and delight with surprises, his curious children, as the family gathered about

the evening fire, was not unlike their notion of the Heavenly Father.

He accompanies us, the race of man, on our march through time. And the morning sun throws upon cloud-land the gigantic projection of ourselves as we move upon the journey which the noon of clear knowledge shall make to disappear.

At one extremity we have the poor brain of the Hottentot, and at the other the van of men is led by genius. And what is this leader of men, — this acknowledged king of the world? No one knows. Descent through blood, a perfect body, fortunate circumstances, help little to explain it. Like the wind, "it bloweth where it listeth;" whence it comes and whither it goes no one can tell. At one time genius seems a disease; at another, the mind's perfect health.

It is not often long-lived, though, when most genuine, sometimes is so. Is it a flame which the body's combustion makes to flare and flicker, while souls of lesser draught look on, hoping to catch some of the heat? Is it all phosphorus, a will-o'-the-wisp, an ignis fatuus? or is it heaven's pure light, sent by Divine transmission, a pharos for mankind? Is it, as men of old have thought,

inspired ? and do spirits quicken man's brain by their illumination ?

Whatever it may be, as we look back upon the long line of men emerging from the darkness, at intervals we see a genius like a torch lifted high to guide the purblind crowd. This genius seems to come from above man's nature, and not to rise fountain-like from its depths. It seems to speak of another kinship than the apes, and this has made man, through neither vanity nor pride, look shyly skyward for his kindred.

The soul has more affinity with the citizens of the heavenly city than it can with any earthly parentage. Like men to whom fortune gives much, and promises still more, ashamed of their uncomely parent of the village, so are we slow to acknowledge or embrace this somewhat discreditable progenitor. But perhaps we do not know ourselves, and only put on all the tinsel of poetry and the scarlet of brilliant thoughts when watched by the crowd on holidays, yet all the while the monkey, with his impudence, ignorance, and vulgar fun, hides beneath this display.

I knew once a lady who trembled with anger as well as disgust at the sight of the pathetic splendor and suggestive gestures of a little mon-

key which an Italian made to dance. She could not bear it. This least respectable, most offensive relative she felt in her heart was there to mock her humanity and insult its pride. And is sin but a monkey trick? and is the monkey nearer the truth than we, making light of it, and allowing no moralist to defeat him of the gayety it brings?

But there is your serious monkey. The Chimpanzee, and other kinds, have a gravity at times which we have only seen equalled upon the face of an old negro. These "Uncle Toms" of the forest have the air of being really touched by what man's soul considers its proudest possession, — its melancholy. They also look as if they found the world not good enough for them. Probably they also consider this divine sorrow unites them to a better world and proves their immortality. Perhaps also it may be sometimes induced by envy of the superior wisdom and ability of the tall clothed monkeys they see moving about them in such numbers. But to be understood, a Chimpanzee should be seen when near his death; and his weekly bills of mortality, as with us, place consumption at the head of the list. He should be seen in his little dying bed,

with his guardian nurse, and the vials on the shelf. It makes one ache to watch his poor, pathetic face, to hear the struggle of his laboring chest, to see his long thin fingers draw up the blanket about his shivering shoulders with the twitch, which at once transforms him from a perishing beast to a dying — but immortal — creature.

The idea of an animal's brain being visited by so strange an occupant as genius looks rather jocular than reasonable. They know excitement; they have in their degree the affections, the passions, and, we might say, at times the reasoning power of men. But intellectual activity, carried to the creative and artistic stage, we are not familiar with. And yet birds and beasts, when trained, might tell us a different story. Unfortunately, the method of training, and how much is due to routine, appetite, or mechanical sequence, but not to attention and thought, the trainer has not told us. During life he kept his secret for his own advantage, and it died with him. But the books which tell us of animals have stories of them, whether wild or tame, which surprise us with a resemblance to ourselves; and what else could we fairly expect?

The economy of the universe, as well as the grand simplicity at its centre, makes it unlikely that there should be duplicates of any thing. There can be but one sort of thinking, feeling, loving, or hating. An animal may have an infinitesimal portion of either of these, but it must be in essence the same as with man. Naturalists now generally recognize this, and the view is friendly to Mr. Darwin's theory. It also suits well the notion of Swedenborg, that heaven is like earth duplicated throughout, but more spiritually fine. Most reasonably is the Society for the Prevention of Cruelty to Animals becoming a power, and paying our debt to the animals so long our allies, powerless to speak for themselves, and whose accusing eyes in another world we would not like to behold.

That Garden of Eden, where the newly created pair lived in such friendly intimacy with the lower creation, may prove only a truth out of place. It has got shuffled to the beginning of man's earthly sojourn, when perhaps it will be found at the end.

The new love we feel for our humble dependants cannot long go undiscovered by them. Perhaps through all their tribes it is telegraphed

already. And if they do not in their progress overtake the speech of man, man, as his nerves refine, may acquire the mystery of their electric intercourse, swifter than speech, and perhaps better. And so we may come together in the new Eden and find a paradise regained.

Everybody in his time has tried to define genius; but I fear it escapes definition. Men also have tried to find the causes of it, but it defies them. They see Prospero, and revere his wisdom; but they cannot snare the unseen Ariel, whose laughter mocks them from every side. If Shakespeare meant these twain to impersonate imagination, it is fit that he should set them in such a frame of beauty, a peopled solitude, where every thing that lived was bowed to them in sweet subjection. But genius shows itself in other fields which are all unlovely.

Well may Attila have called himself the Scourge of God. Any metaphor will do which serves to describe this process, by which a convulsion, as of storm and thunder, clears the air for the new generation. And while personally criminal, treacherous, selfish, these conquerors feel themselves that they are wielded by an unseen power, and have no choice of action. They talk as did

Napoleon of his star; they may profess allegiance to Mahomet, or borrow the horns of the Egyptian Ammon, as did Alexander, but we see it is still the same. Not lightning or thunder are more the same always than are these impersonal conquerors. When the air is loaded with choking vapors, and men stifle under the miasma of despotism, a Cromwell, a Napoleon is sent; but when society is young, the air pure, and growth, not destruction, needed, an Alfred or a Washington is appointed for the work.

But when genius attaches itself to other organs beside those of combativeness and destruction, it exhibits itself in quite a different manner. If it inform Ideality when the nervous system is delicate and the digestion bad, it sometimes burns itself away in pure spiritual flame. So it was with Kirke White and Shelley. Not enough attached to earth by completeness and health of body, the latter, like his own skylark in the heavens, exhaled his life in song.

When the social relations and the love of human nature grow more solidly in a sounder body, the dramatic poet is produced. Without these advantages, living in the poetic solitude of Cumberland, the healthy body of Wordsworth

was not enough to give him dramatic skill. The only attempt he made in that direction sufficiently proved this. But when this wandering fire of the mind finds no avenue of expression for itself, no conduit for its energy, it sometimes persecutes its possessor by its baffled activity. When observing such characters—irregular, spasmodic, inconsequent, too often a trouble to themselves and their friends—we are reminded of a French game to be found at certain watering-places: it is called *La toupie Hollandaise*. The game consists in a smooth surface, bound with brass and divided into various compartments separated from each other by little brass railings. Each compartment has one open door, and in each pins are placed in various positions. Fronting these open doors is a lignum-vitæ top, bound with iron, its projecting summit let into a slot. A string, which, after being wound round the top, passes through the brazen rim, is given to the player. By a smart twitch the top is sent forward with amazing power. For a long time it beats about its metal boundary, when suddenly perhaps it will pass through one of the open doors. Then it strews on every side the pins, and, escaping its imprisonment, runs to

and fro, entering many compartments, carrying devastation where it enters. And at last, the impulse being exhausted, it ceases spinning, falls on its side, and with a whirl expires. In the same way the energy of irregular genius traverses life, carrying disorder through the compartments of the mind, and, after much noise and expectation will also fall upon its side and die.

The learned gentlemen who are interested in our forest brothers, one would have supposed, would have been careful to study the habits of thought, the germs of ideas discoverable in any of the monkeys to whom we have access. So far as I know, nothing of the sort has been done. We cannot be made to take the monkey seriously. Charmed with his tricks when visiting a menagerie, we love to look out for them; we love their solemn fun, that serious face, which is kept not only before his victim, but the spectator. The essence of a practical joke is that it should be performed behind a mask of gravity. So when we see a solemn baboon scratch another monkey's head while pretending to scratch his own, or some slender, agile monkey swing unexpectedly up and down a cage, flicking as he goes by, or pulling as if bell-ropes, half a dozen dependent

tails, and then suddenly, with an unconscious air, sitting beyond reach of reprisals, wholly given up to the extraction of a nut's inside, we fully enter into it all. We see that the monkey conceives of fun as we do; that he is an admirable actor, and at the proper time can appear unconscious of his audience. We greatly admire his humorous figure, his grotesque attitudes, the sleeping mischief of his watchful eye; but we do not see that this acrobat mirrors us, and that when we say, "Poor fellow, how serious he looks! I pity him so!" or when *pater familias* warns his offspring, in the memorable lines of the poet,—

> "The boys about the monkeys' cage
> Had better keep away," —

it is ourselves the actor is taking off.

Complacently we feel our superiority; but we do envy him his agility. Certain Japanese jugglers have approached the monkey in this quality. But though there is more intelligence in the man's tricks, in pure agility the monkey beats him hollow.

Does the crowd which always surrounds the monkey cage suppose it is drawn there only by its relish of buffoonery? Is it not uncon-

sciously sympathizing with them,—seeking for the recognition which does not come, waiting for that touch of nature which shall establish a closer tie between them? But to be understood I suppose the monkey should be studied at home in his native forests. Yet rarely is the philosopher found there to profit by his advantage.

Du Chaillu comes and goes from the equator, and brings us stories of the gorilla which at the best are half legendary. But has he slept or boarded with them? Did he win their confidence, and have they to him whispered their secrets? Has he established that intimacy which Kingsley says exists in the West Indies between the negro and the monkey? There of an evening they may be seen reeling home together arm-in-arm,—a pair of tipsy Souter Johnnys. When he or another has done this, we may at last get behind the mask, and find out if a monkey may have genius.

V.

THE GASHED HELMET.

V.

THE GASHED HELMET.

IT is a dangerous thing to be a spiritualist. On the one side it gives to the believer, in the world's opinion, an unsavory look of being the cheap dupe of street legerdemain, and on the other side it stimulates spiritual pride to find one's self more knowing than one's fellows. With all its wonderful promises, spiritualism proves to most only a blind alley leading nowhere. After our hopes are betrayed, we subside into that morbid moral helplessness which is the mark of our time.

Every one now is crying in his heart, "They have taken away my Lord, and I know not where they have laid him." The subtle serpent of science has again tempted men, promising that they shall be as gods; again has man found that the fruit of the tree of knowledge, however fair outwardly, is sometimes but ashes within.

The geologists are kind enough to allow that, with certain limitations and explanations, the account of the creation in Genesis is not a bad one. With a shudder the whole world is shrinking from the terrible symbolism of the serpent and the tree of knowledge.

Spiridion Geister was a spiritualist. It is true that he had had touched in him that fibre which responds to certain phenomena as acutely as the nerve of the tooth to the dentist's steel. The wonder he had discovered penetrated him, but he could not explain it. He was more puzzled than he avowed, and felt, as I suppose, a little as Macbeth did when trusting himself to the juggling sisters. As the devil has been dead and buried now for some time, simple people accept on trust, with childish confidence, all statements from beyond the tomb. It is taken for granted that if there be spirits, they are only trying to interview us and explain themselves. That they are playing upon us, and thereby are having a fun of their own, is but dimly suspected. At any rate, we are in their hands, and they can palter with us in a sense of their own as long as we put ourselves there.

Now our hero was but poorly adapted for this

double game. His own hand was overlooked, but he could not see what cards his adversary held. But if his judgment was poor in this, as in many other matters, it was something that it suited him, and that for every material interest it took away, it substituted a spiritual one. He liked the hasheesh, the opium, of the medium's den. It was his form of intoxication, and in some way or other, it seems, the race must brutalize itself. While his curiosity was keen and his nerves fresh, he got manifestations which, incredible as they seemed, he knew to be true. He locked the treasure in his heart, and felt prouder for the gain. But later the marvel was diminished, as if the magicians cared not to show off when familiarity had blunted surprise. But, as the display grew rarer and feebler, Geister in no degree found his faith slacken. He thought he felt the miracle diffused everywhere in his life. Sights and sounds had for him a meaning undiscoverable by others. He noticed, however, that while his earlier stories were received with interest, if incredulity, when he spoke now, men smiled and turned aside their attention.

Still I remember an odd narrative of his which might very well pass for a dream, so reckless

and unsubstantial it seemed. But as the wildest dreams sometimes leave you penetrated with a poignant thrill real life has not furnished, so there was about this story a musty flavor of the past not without its charm.

Among other spoils of travel, Spiridion had, when young, brought home from Florence some armor. There were a battered antique helmet, a dented corselet, pikes and halberds, and a short sword whose hilt of elegant openwork spoke of the best days of Florence. He had noticed at first that the sword had been broken and somewhat clumsily repaired. But it was not till after years of possession that he saw a long scar on the outside of the helmet, and just under it, within, a piece of iron kept in place by flat nails, a sort of plaster of metal to a slightly-gaping wound. It was evident that some one had been killed while wearing the helmet. No mortal head could have withstood that stroke, so powerful that an axe, and not a sword, must have been the weapon used.

This discovery fascinated our friend Geister. He often attentively examined his helmet, pondering the possibilities of intercourse with some spirit friend who could explain the accident. His

curiosity but grew the keener from expectancy. The desire of a solution of such an unaccountable blow took possession of him. More than one medium professed to assuage his thirst, but failed. The explanations were discordant, improbable, unsatisfactory. One spirit said the helm had belonged to Dante, and was worn by his secretary whom he slew in a fit of anger for upsetting his inkstand. Another said she saw two figures standing beside it: one, whose name was *Savenaroler*, and the other, who was bald, looked like Julius Cæsar.

Spiridion, so far from being satisfied with this explanation, felt angry and hurt that spirits should think such chaff could take him in. He thought, if he must have guesses, he liked better his own, which at least seemed natural to him, rather than these dull blunders from a quarter where all things should be known. He had examined the helmet so often, lifting the visor, and feeling at the little buttons of steel which helped to mend the wounded metal, that he thought he felt round him the shock of battle, the clash of weapons, and all the currents of a heady fight. He would start from such a dream by feeling a battle-axe come crashing through his forehead,

only to find the helmet fallen from his knees with a bang upon the floor.

Fortunately at last, house alterations relieved him of this besetting nightmare. His trophy had been taken down, his Circassian hauberk, his Persian scimetar, his Nubian dagger, his Afghan shield. They were removed, that the wall might be repainted, to the garret store-room, that limbo of things lost on earth, — moodily reposing in an oblivion to them distasteful, still mindful of the sweet sun and moon, and hourly expectant of the foot that never comes. There were abashed and humiliated portraits, maps rolled in dusty cylinders, heaps of forgotten books, sketches of rosy lips and dewy eyes whose originals were now dames with triple chins, and in whose grandchildren only you can find the likeness continued. There were broken and disjointed lunch-baskets, whose yawning voids seemed to ache with the memory of far-off days, when by the sparkling sea, sea freshness in their hair, the joy of youth in every eye, taper fingers had opened the box of sandwiches, and from modest tumblers timorous lips had tasted the unintoxicating claret.

There was a shadowy background, dim with spiders' webs, where reigned a confusion of cur-

tains, rolls of wall-paper, easels, and knick-knacks generally, among which were corselet and pike, and, towering over all, the injured helmet.

One day, at twilight, our hero chanced to visit this store-room, to ascertain the condition of the armor, preparatory to re-establishing his trophy. The room was so stifling that he opened a window in the corridor to freshen it. It was rather dark, and the various articles were blocking themselves into masses of shadow, thus increasing the confusion of lines and tints disordered enough already. As he caught a glimpse, in the corner, of the helmet, he stood transfixed. A crouching figure was bending over it, and with its sleeve was rubbing delicately the helmet's gash, as if it were a fresh wound it was staunching. The face was turned away, but the whole attitude and action were full of an interest in this occupation, and the look of the figure was in harmony with the helmet. It reminded him of pictures by Botticelli or Carpaccio, in the costume. The wide sleeve with which it was caressing the wound, a different color to either leg covered with tight-fitting cloth, ribbons with points hanging here and there, and a little flat cap with a feather in front, all were in harmony with the

occupation of the figure. He had not watched it long, when his old desire for spirit intercourse made him advance toward the spectre. At the sound of his foot, it slightly turned its head, and for a moment he beheld a haggard and mournful face, yet steeped in a dreamy indifference: the nose was aquiline, and there were traces of color in the cheeks; but yet all so unsubstantial, so woe-begone, so hopeless, as if the humanity once there had suffered blight and dwindling. When Geister had reached a certain point, he felt as if waking from a dream. Somehow, all had disappeared, and yet little or nothing was changed. It was as if the cloud-rack of Polonius had unlimned itself, and what it was, was not. Spiridion moved to the helmet, passed his hand over the fissure, glanced at the incongruous heap about him, and, then returning, endeavored to recreate, from the point he had seen him, his ghostly visitor.

When there, he was amused to discover what had deceived him. The wind circulating from the corridor moved a bit of window-curtain at times across the helmet; and a carpet-bag, some books, and a roll of Japanese embroidery accounted, as well as they could, for the rest. He

noticed that when the wind was strongest, it expanded the Japanese-work so that he saw a head vaguely upon it which might have been the one which had looked so like a Florentine. As he removed the armor, and gave it to his servant to take down stairs, he muttered to himself: "Shadows — only shadows! It is all uncertainty, and my fondest assurances play with me by such tricks as these. How should I dare to believe any thing visits me from the other world after such pitiful jugglery as this?"

The day was too far advanced for the trophy to be organized and set up that evening; so leaving it all heaped together in the hall, he threw himself into his favorite arm-chair, and taking a book tried to read. But to his listless eye the characters seemed to say nothing, or, if they did, nothing which could claim his attention. So tossing the book by, he fell into a state of dream or vision, he never quite knew which, but which left in his memory a brand as if he had touched the confines of other spheres, and had listened to a voice muttering of unintelligible secrets, speaking the language of a far country, and of things whose counterpart is wanting here.

He had scarcely closed his eyes in sleep before

he felt his sleeve twitched so smartly that he woke. Between him and the empty fireplace was a shapeless form, dusky, uncertain,— at first making him suppose a black Newfoundland dog was there. From it came a chill influence like a cold wind blowing upon him ; and with the chill a sympathetic relation with the creature there which absorbed and conquered him. He noticed that the figure remained but for a moment dark and without shape. A movement from within, irregular, spasmodic, of light and motion, agitated it. There was a beating in it, for a heart, a dull lambency of flame like the phosphoric gleam seen on summer nights in southern seas ; and as this shot and penetrated the clumsy form, by little rhythmic leaps, it swiftly took on the dress, the countenance, of the figure he had seen bending over the helmet. He threw his eyes, though with difficulty, into the corners of the room, and bringing them suddenly back, he hoped, as he had done above stairs, to thus annihilate his uncomfortable visitor. But it was always persistently there, and the stream of influence from it so enveloped and permeated him that his life seemed invaded by this alien one, his own memory blotted out, and one wholly unfamiliar taking its

place. It carried him to other scenes, to other times, but painted in such strong colors that he seemed living then. It was not so much one act, one hour, one feeling, that he shared, but the atmosphere, the flavor of many. He found his brain suddenly emptied of all the familiar movements of our modern life, stripped of the new acquisitions of our race, which harness the thoughts of man as with fire, and whirl with flaming wheels along life's highway. He felt a duller current to his blood, a slowness in the motion of his fancy; but with all a tenacious and angry personality as of one smarting with injury. And yet, accompanying this fierce distress, was a sense of baffled will, a vague groping for he knew not what, an aimless motion, a perpetual feeling of homelessness and defeat. He seemed to live over the life of the creature by his side, from whose open breast, as from a book, streamed upon his consciousness a tale of other days. To his modern sensibility it felt remote, though real, childish with an ignorance we have escaped, embarrassed by usages which fettered, by customs which brutalized. Narrow streets where through the clinging shadows came the clink of arms; here and there a torch flaring from the portal

of great palaces of stone, and touching in the street with a splash of brightness, water — or was it blood? At times, surrounded by his men-at-arms, a resplendent figure came by, his Genoa velvet and chains of gold shining for a moment ere he passed through that sullen portal. And then arches, threaded by the shining river, above which, in little boxes, swarthy men filed and chiselled ornaments for the church, for the palace, for the person; so quivering with the new life of art that the least thing had a grandeur of its own, for trifles and knick-knacks were to become sacred heirlooms for the impoverished future. And he saw towers ascending, with little columns and a lace-work of stone so delicate, so aërial, that it seemed the hand might poise and toss them as easily as it could some chiselled dagger in those little shops upon the Arno. Men habited like the figure at his side were moving everywhere, in parti-colored, harlequin-like dresses, a little feather playing above their caps, but all made sober by the long sword which quivered on the thigh of each. He saw, or thought he saw, a few eager faces shielded by their mantles from the blinding heat, while a passionate and fiery man moved among coils of burning bronze, dashing

hither and thither with enthusiasm, made sombre by anxiety, and tossing recklessly into the greedy maw of the furnace all the metal he could lay his hands on, with alternate exclamations of exultation and despair.

Then suddenly he moved with an orderly and happy crowd, at whose front, in their robes, walked the great Florentine magistrates; then came with bared head, and a countenance no longer distorted by anguish and anxiety, but proud and peaceful with assured success, one he had long divined, and whose glorious group still holds its place in the historic *loggia* it adorns, side by side with that other work of his adored friend and master, the David, in whose limbs still perhaps lingers something of the awkwardness of the block which gave it birth. The people shouted, tossed their caps in air, crying as now they only shout for some great politician or conqueror, "Evviva il nostro Benvenuto!"

A sharper chill struck through him who listened to the tale, the glow deepened within the sorrowful figure at his side. Bubbles, as of fire, seemed to well up within him, and break as they touched the air, in sighs. Slowly it raised its unearthly eyes, slowly it touched with its icy

hand the knee of its entranced companion, and something like a voice, something like a murmur of leaves eddying in the wind down a deserted runnel, muttered: —

"Those were our best days. Then I was happy, for he loved me. I was the friend and companion of that younger brother of whom he writes. He loved our martial spirit, our endless activity, our courage without stain. He never heard of our many duels, our partisan contests, without rubbing his hands in glee. 'If I were not so drawn,' he said, 'to this mistress whom I love, this goddess who obliges me to toil and moil in metal, I should love to go capering with you for adventure's sake about the country.'

"Happily he did not go; though, when war called him, he showed that he could handle the sword as easily as the graver. He lived for art and immortality; but we, improvident of the treasure committed to us, spilt our life in a frolic, as a boy spills water.

"It was Giannetta whom the younger Cellini loved, and, when her father hunted us from his house with dogs and armed kinsmen, she fled to us between the branching orange-boughs over the garden-wall, and dropped, like perfect fruit, into

her lover's arms. But soon the clash of steel, the snarl and growl of mastiffs, precipitated our flight. They escaped; but while I was covering their retreat, and had already tumbled two knaves before me, I was entangled and surrounded by those I delayed from the pursuit. I fought well and gayly, but, as I turned my head to see how my lovers fared, I heard a great sound which seemed to obliterate all other sounds, saw a great light, followed by a greater darkness, and then — my folly, my passion, my heat had all gone from me.

"Yet there was a glassy continuity of my being. In some respects, it was not unlike the change from sleep to waking. The life behind me was a dream, but its motive force continued. I felt with repulsion in what a turbid, wearisome, false medium I had been. As plants underground fail to comprehend the blithe air, the happy sunshine to which they shall attain, and yet may keep transmitted legendary notions of something better and brighter than what they feel, so the grovelling, subterranean instincts of my being now felt themselves winged and powerful. The flight of birds through the air, the movement of fishes in the sea, I recognized as hints of a power of loco-

motion which I now possessed; a movement of the will, a flutter of desire, were as wing or fin to the spirit which penetrated everywhere. And yet I had not the sense of freedom which such a state implies. There are two kinds of gravitation, of attraction,—that of matter to itself, and that of the soul to the fount of light where its Creator lives: it is as natural for the spirit to seek him as for an apple to fall to earth. If the spirit and its sheath were a harmonious unit, there were no impediment to this upward flight. But with few is this happy unity; for the soul is weighted with the mistakes, the crimes, against which it vainly protested while on earth. Purification is slow and painful. As a bird limed by the fowler, evil still binds us and we beat our wings in vain; and this intermediate condition, in which the joys of earth are withdrawn, while as yet we are not fitted for the heavenly banquet, produces a discomfort, a wandering, restless seeking which to many spirits makes earth more attractive than the incomplete home in which they find themselves. They feel that pallid life, that twilight existence, which the Greek and Roman poets ascribed to the departed. Even the majestic Achilles held the beds of asphodel small

comfort where the prowess of his arm was but a vain glory. And I had lived a life so tainted with blood and quarrel, so animal, even in its gayety, that for a long while I felt an alien in my new country. And the sudden wreck of my being, dissolved by no appointed disease, but shattered rudely in its pride of strength, brought me within the movement of that law of which your ghost-stories are full. You read and hear that where there has been the crime of murder, or a death sudden and violent, the reappearing spirit haunts the fatal spot of its occurrence; to piece on the broken thread of its existence by establishing, if possible, the old relations. This brought me to the garret where you found me. I was, indeed, there, seeking to reunite by the touch of that fatal helmet my old with my new life. You were right when you thought you saw me impotently caressing it. But ashamed to be so found before your searching eye, I diffused myself in space, leaving, to trick your reason, the colored scraps which cheated you by an accidental resemblance.

"But I shall not come again to you. I have worked out my probation. The sights and sounds of earth have no farther attraction for me; they

are, indeed, becoming repulsive. I am learning the law of love and forgetting the law of hate. I can see the spots in your spirit which you should cleanse before they are ingrained; for each is a seed of madness. Do not try to know the unknowable, to fathom the fathomless. Be content with the life you have, and learn to see and feel the Creator in the glories of the beautiful world where he has placed you. Do not torment the peace these bestow by the sting of unattainable desires. Even the Greeks knew this, and the mortal who desired the embraces of a god perished at the touch of a life so far above her own.

"Farewell, and learn through moderation, hope, and patience the body's health, and through that the health of the mind."

Spiridion found himself awaking from his trance. The oppressive weight which had crushed him seemed to slip from him as he opened his eyes, and disappear with the unearthly visitant, if such he were. Everywhere the moonlight fell; its silver pencil touched with cleansing the space about him, and chased afar all the dusky films around his brain.

He opened the window, and invited Nature to medicine his recovered spirit, to soothe the disturbance his phantasy had created; and her sweet, everlasting sanity seemed to come to him through it and do him good. He suddenly felt that his organization — here at least — was made for this world, and that no mind could or should bear the strain he had put upon his. Led by an immortal thirst, piqued by curiosity, he had gone to that dangerous verge where the flesh dissolves and the will is lost, to be fed only by the husks tossed to him by unseen hands. Fruit, food they might be, of other and happier climes, but here unsatisfying and sapless, when not poisonous. He reproached himself, as Faust did, for the pursuit of forbidden knowledge, and for tampering with issues which led he knew not where. This was borne to him through the open window, and eased while it reproached his pain. He sighed, "Alas! here only can God be for us, in the world he has made for man. He does not hide himself in fathomless space, in some planetary solitude, but is here, fronting us in every beautiful, every awful thing that he has made, and better understood in the simplest flower than in the cunningest hypothesis, or any spiritual snare."

As he thought thus, dewy fingers seemed to pass along his forehead, and remove as a stain the blotted memory of his vision. He sat and listened. In the bright moonlight, far down to the sea, the wholesome brown of the autumnal grass ran till it divided into shadowy chasms. Near him, one or two fringed gentians joyously tossed their azure circles, and spoke to his heart a language which had no need of words. A cedar, wrapped in its anchorage of shadow, twisted its sturdy limbs which refuse the subjugation of the storm, strengthening his mind to a robuster mood. Out of the fathomless heavens the stars twinkled with no sly, no mean suggestion, of a conjurer's secret which they withheld, but looked to be a frame-work of splendor. He felt man is called upon to adore but not to comprehend; and for the first time for many years, he looked upon night as some dear but cloistered nun, and not the hooded inquisitor he once had held her. Beyond the chasms of the cliff, like the voice of nations, joyous as if to share his joy, its cadenced thunder lifted in sympathy the ocean within him, as crest after crest struck and died upon the shore, — and the moon caught up the distance and glazed it with dancing hollows of brightness, edged with

silver the line of bursting foam, and showered the dripping and ebon rocks with such a reticulation of shifting frost-work, such a murmur of happy life, that Spiridion started to his feet, ran, and leaned from the window, exclaiming, "And I dare slight such a world as this to chase the shadow of another! To forego all this glory of God, which ebbs and flows through every chamber of my breast, in order to people it with baleful shadows, and trust to auguries that I dare not think divine!"

His spirit was soothed and sweetened in this night-bath of nature, where the glory of the heavens and the freshness of the sea stayed with him long and kept his slumbers light and healthy till near the dawn. But then he rolled from gulf to gulf of sleep, like the weed he had lately watched in the moonlight, till he was left stranded and unhappy upon the shore he had hoped never again to visit. Strange fancies, repulsive pictures, evoked by his spiritual past, arose as he lay weltering in the sea of sleep, like the drowned soldiers who leap and stare from the eddying whirlpool of Niagara, and they looked at him till he cowered with terror. He had given the goblins hospitality, and they would not accept a dis-

missal. Like snakes tangled in a hedge, his saner thoughts tried to uncoil and separate themselves from those the spectres had implanted. In bewilderment, he failed to distinguish his real from their induced beliefs. Smiling Circe had handed him the intoxicating cup, he felt his birthright endangered, and the encroachment of her diabolic animalism supplanting his former nature. He thought himself sinking engulfed in the great sea on which he had lately looked, and, dying, he stretched his hands towards the moon in agony, and cried, —

"Oh save me! for it is night, and that is thine! Thou spirit, who comest not to us with the clearness and cheer of day, — baleful, dead, hopeless if thou art, yet I feel I am thy slave. Thou mayest torment me, but save me at least from the baying of these hounds! these demons of my thought which chase to rend me!"

And white like ivory, against the glimmering moonlight of his chamber, in his unrest the bedclothes all displaced, he lay like Girodet's Endymion, fair to look upon, happy you would have thought, but for that twitch of pain across the brow. The full moon was gazing in on him; and this it was, the mocking arbiter of his

dream, whose magnetic wings are loaded with madness for the sleeper, which disturbed his recovered sanity.

But that cup of poisonous light soon passed beyond his window. With a groan, he fell upon his face, and tasted a sleep at once so sweet and deep that refreshment stole through all his limbs, and his brain rose and fell upon the gentle tide of slumber as does an infant on its mother's breast.

VI.

THE PHILISTINE.

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THE PHILISTINE.

IT is some time since Mr. Matthew Arnold, borrowing from the Germans, introduced into England the terms "Philistine, Philistinism." All may not know what it means. It is a phrase hurled into the teeth of a life too mechanical and respectable, by the impulsive children of Bohemia. It is the protest in society, by the emotional part of it, — the lovers of truth, beauty, grace, for their own sakes, — against the orderly but somewhat stupid phalanx of labor, routine, and good sense. It is a cry of revolt from the powers of the air against the patient forces which are subduing and shaping the earth. Probably the world has always seen this antagonism: everywhere winged and subtle minds must have found themselves unclassed among orderly and logical thinkers.

Whole races have this antagonism. The Latin race to this day gives a value to art criticism and poetry which is grudgingly bestowed by the Anglo-Saxon. We speak of the Semitic people as having a genius for religion, the Aryan for art and culture, and the northern European races as having one for individual liberty.

The expression "Philistine," so far as we know, has not been imported into America. The minority which might use it is too small and overborne to dare to be so audacious. Yet, if it were introduced, it should mean, here, something different from its cognates in either Germany or England. The emotional element, nourished by soft climates, which inspire the love of beauty, and the repose which favors contemplation, does not here find its natural home. A Parthenon sits at its ease beside the blue Ægæan, and a Plato naturally whispers his day-dream under the spiritual olive-trees. Beauty for its own sake, thought for its own sake, found nothing to make them ashamed under the violet chasms of Pentelicus. Life was simple, for the climate asked for no palace as shelter, and none of the complex contrivances of comfort which burthen their possessor and tempt to the vulgarities of purse-proud

ostentation. Theirs was a happy balance between the too little and the too much, when the mind moves at its ease, and material conditions are helps and not hinderances.

But with us, here, a thousand reasons contribute to diminish or delay the charm of the æsthetic spirit. Not only do we have a country into which every lineage and line of descent intertwine with the headlong impetuosity of a cataract, one with the fairest fields, the widest waters, the richest mines, inviting occupation and use, but a fervent sky whose most powerful quality is stimulus, and all these naturally intensify the practical industry which finally furnishes our band of Philistines. No lowly hut, with here and there a terra-cotta figure of some graceful goddess or majestic god, suffices. No tunic and sandals only are possible when the weather can match itself against the height and depth of the maddest thermometer. No sweet words of wisdom from Socrates, where the wind would soon drive his group of scholars to shelter. But the wheels of our Olympia, dim with no ignoble dust, burn in a fierce game of resolute and disputed rivalry, whose reward is neither the parsley-leaf nor the myrtle, but the most substan-

tial dividends, and houses which are fortresses against the cold, or sea-side bird-cages for shelter from the arrows which midsummer may send.

Yet, in despite of the material conquests of our beloved land, equally the wonder of ourselves and foreign nations, a thought now and then, even if it be one of pity, must be cast towards the group of artist-souls which will try to find its life beside the rushing wheels of labor. They are like the flowers under the stately trees of Goat Island, shaken by every breath from the boiling caldron below, but finding a sylvan seclusion of their own, being so sweetly differentiated from the majestic tumult around. Only an Anglo-Saxon father could have written of his son, —

"And penned a stanza when he should engross."

And that poor son, it should be remembered, did not make his temperament, but found himself clothed with it from the first.

A certain average of fine and gentle spirits is always born into the world with hands less fitted for the plough or the axe than for the pencil or the pen. This class finds itself, from the first, in lively contrast with its sturdier brothers. They must do the work for which they are fitted,

or they are lost. Each Pegasus in harness wastes a force which is profitable and at home upon loftier summits than the field which invites it to the plough. His nature now, as ever, is in complete antagonism to that of the sword-bearing soldier or the man of action. He may sing the deeds of the one or sit at the feet of the other, gratefully repaying a protection which makes effort possible to him; but he is not made for the battle of life and the survival of the fittest, if that be he who is most successful in energetic enterprise. What is to be done with him? Clearly, a properly organized society owes all its children a living. And this class, fed, it may be, upon the loftiest dreams, and living in Spanish châteaux rich with pearls of price, has often little else but its dreams for food and cloud-land for shelter. When the goal is reached, when the target is struck in the gold by some successful one of this group, the world is never ungrateful for the addition of beauty which Genius thus gives to a barren life. For the soul in all men will vindicate its children: the man content not to live by bread alone, but by the spirit of truth and loveliness which nourishes his better part, will be justified of all if he show by success reason for

this justification. And then sympathy, honors, wealth will be gladly poured out at his feet. But, alas! they are too often the feet of the dead, and will never more be beautiful upon the mountains. The tidings they bring will be spoken by other mouths than theirs, and the bread which might have kept their life among men will moulder and decay in repentant belatedness.

And then the world sorrows, not without reason, and builds the monument which the dead can never see. For suddenly it discovers, while it was jostling selfishly in the narrow ways of competition, each for himself and against all others, that this one was working for all, devoting himself with an instinct stronger than the pelican's, and feeding from his breast, filled with food of the gods, countless multitudes.

Of course it is best that it should be as it is. Their kingdom is not of this world, and they know it. They do not push with the crowd, and must accept the alternative of their withdrawal. And when prosperity too easily overtakes them, their lyric song is as that of the bobolink, which, we are told, expires gorged with gluttonous good luck in the rice-fields of the South. Nor in this time of wide acceptance should it be forgotten

that the critic, the poet, the inventor of genius, are in a worldly sense better looked after than ever before. The leisure of many filled with the chant of the singer will give of their full cup something to their enchanter. The critic will share with the novelist he criticises the profits of the publisher. The inventor will yoke his skill to the car of progress, and find it filled with compensating gold. But for all this, the common ear, stunned with the roar of machinery, is often too deaf for the cry of the suffering children of phantasy. They are not seen upon the mart, their voice is not loud upon the exchange, no private signal of theirs waves from rejoicing masts, but they live in the shadow of seclusion, in silence and sometimes in tears. They need a hand to lead them out to the light; they need some one to sow the seeds of encouragement and advantage when there; but, above all, they need what is due to their sensitive and defenceless natures, the sympathy which comes from recognition of their just place in the order of life, and without which they may perish undiscovered even by themselves.

The apparent contradiction between the Philistine and the Bohemian is certainly somewhat a

congenital one, but it is not all that. Pegasus in harness does not always faint in the traces, but, though reluctantly, will drag a load to the bitter end. Circumstances are often omnipotent to shape a man's career, despite his preferences. Oftentimes the Philistine secretes an Arabia Felix of his own in the depths of his consciousness, where some day he hopes to roam an untamed Arab of the desert. He plays with his idea by his fireside; he coquets with a liberty he shall never enjoy; and though the day may shut to him the doors of escape, night will beckon him through her ivory portals into a Bohemia of her own, where in maddest overtures and pranks his spirit may revenge itself upon the grinding tyranny of the day.

Practically it is found that routine and hard work will not suffice. More and more the world needs, and learns to value, its vacation. Horses are turned out to pasture, and why should not man be? He comes back to his work refreshed, and perhaps more work is accomplished by his escape. And so Philistia gets a Bohemia of its own. The livery of his profession will be laid aside by the Philistine, and something of the free ways, the jaunty costume, the airy inter-

course of the Bohemian are his. The sight of him in Switzerland or Colorado suggests how natural to all of us this Bohemianism is. Were it not for the duties which chain us to the oar, the terrible fatalities of food and lodging, we might all of us be citizens of that strange country, lawless and free, where taxes are unknown, and where each wandering Elijah is fed by ravens, and upon whose sealess shores, where geography as well as routine are not, Shakespeare managed to find an unheard-of seaport.

All this the boys show us clearly. These little arabs, little Bohemians, know that that country belongs to them. They feel in their bones that the day will soon come when they shall learn the pangs of exile and replace their freedom by drudgery. And so they make the most of it while it lasts. Their hand is against every man, and they defy Themis and all penalties. They may break our windows, rob our fruit-trees, ring our door-bells, but we keep a tender place in our hearts for the little Ishmaelites; and our thought, like another Joseph, is drawn from the darkness of its prison to share with them the joy of unbounded space and freedom from all ties divine or human. When manhood grows heavy with the

chains of habit, when orderly respectability has kept "to the right (or left) as the law directs," then when two of these venerable Bohemians who have known each other as boys, encounter, how in their faces they look, past the mask of circumstance, the crust of habit, to find in some latent expression a token of the dear old naughtiness, the perilous pleasures, of which they are no longer ashamed.

How often do we forget that contiguous to Bohemia lies that unseen land where we hope to be free from toil, where sorrow shall not come, and of which all heroes, prophets, and reformers are heralds and predictions. The men appointed to carry forward their fellows to a higher point are mostly nomadic. The task put upon them refuses the ties of family and home. Home is anchorage, and they must navigate untried seas. Not only did Socrates seek his followers in streets and by-ways, a school of direct personal intercourse, but St. Paul must see the human race face to face, inquisitive of all men, moving from city to city, and only dying when he had traversed the whole breadth of the ancient civilization. And that other, his Master and Lord, gave him the law for so doing, for he fetched his

message from town to town, from village to hamlet, through the whole length and breadth of the country he honored by his birth. The dust was ever upon his feet, the sweat upon his forehead: by no less humility, by no less endurance, could the Word be brought or scattered amongst his children. We know little of such Emigrants from heaven at present. No thought of such a message as he brought reaches us now as we look upon the dusty feet of those who say, as he did, —

"The foxes have holes, and the birds of the air have nests, but the Son of Man hath not where to lay his head."

Though the law disallow him, we dare not wholly disallow the tramp: for, through the alarm we feel for his outlawry, a suggestion will pierce of something infinitely precious which may be hidden behind his squalor; and the thought of the Master, once wandering as he does, will soften our rebuke and melt us with the feeling of our common humanity.

Yet on the whole these two classes of Philistines and Bohemians live very comfortably together, and do not much get in each others' way. For the most part, in the same city, in the same

street, perhaps in the same house, their lives will flow unmingling, and each content with its own. Secretly, at the bottom, each hates and despises the other. Their desires, their judgments, are not the same; they are indispensable to each other, yet the essence of their being is in conflict. One will call the honorable millionaire "*a brute of business;*" the other will cast to him, as to a beggar, scanty alms of praise or profit. Yet each, in the forum of his conscience, is at peace; and they can live without quarrelling, for the very reason that their difference is so extreme.

Matthew Arnold thought the opinion of England, in criticism and art, was too Philistine. Ruskin shares the same idea, and they both try to hang the counting-house and the mill with garlands of beauty. Arnold notices how in that Latin city of Paris there is a more dexterous analysis of work, and that work steeped in a grace and beauty which flows from the atmosphere of Bohemia. To us, of course, this criticism would apply, for have we not, besides the traditional business accent of our northern race, an increased speed produced by the unexampled chances a new country must offer? Here, in our railroad rush, the wheels of activity go over and crush every wayside lounger beside the track; and there-

fore, if Matthew Arnold's hint be listened to in England in favor of soft and mitigating influences, doubly should it be heeded here, where life is on fire with enterprise and activity. Nor, perhaps (but that is not so certain), is the combined and strenuous effort here of many gifted men to lay deep and solid bases in museums and schools for art-culture, liable to encourage a debilitated, impecunious, but fostered mendicancy. Young people may say, "in offering us such training you implied a living by it," and the ornamental fraction of society may thus become a burden to the rest. But the answer to this would seem to be, besides that such fears are cowardly, that now we are a garden all abroad, the weeds jostling the flowers; but better training will raise so high the point of success that meaner spirits must starve out of the field. The poor ignorant innocent whose family and country friends thought him a Raphael in bud will be taught to know his unimportance, and the farm retain to advantage that exported inability which we have so long known as a burthen to the city's hospitality. If, through encouragement to Art, we create a Bohemia of our own, Philistia must look to see that through neglect and discouragement it does not perish before its maturity of glory.

VII.

RAMBLING IN ENGLAND.

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ENGLISH air is capital for taking the fever out of an American. The damp sponge of the climate there cools his brain and tranquillizes his nerves. He forgets his hurry, his newspaper, his routine; something of the Englishman he has inherited comes to the surface, and makes him recognize the fatherland as his own. If, indeed, he is the victim of a plan, projected at home, to leave no stone unturned, and to see every thing, he may manage to keep his nervousness a-going for a good while after his arrival; and if he is in London he finds the same temptation as at home in the boiling activity about him, the pressure of the season, and the many invitations to sight-seeing. But if he find himself in the country, at the house of friends, he may regulate his pulse by theirs, and get the good of his visit.

There is something about country life in England which especially astonishes and delights an American. It is not a bit of living inlaid in the rush of city excitement, but a complete whole, a substantial thing. The purely city man can never love it. Lamb and Johnson could make nothing of it. Certainly it is not very exciting, but it suits the slow, thoughtful nature of the English mind. The life in the open air, the care of an estate, the imperishable charm and bliss of the hunt, give action to the muscles of the Englishman, and the rest takes care of itself. Either he or his ladies read his garden as an open book. They are botanists, often geologists, or, if nothing else, practical farmers and arboriculturists. As the satisfaction of living has much to do with sentiment, with them a belief in the dignity and propriety of country life is an article of national faith. This comes from the fact that the possession of a country seat mostly implies an ancient lineage, and stands as one proof of it. The owner feels his ancestors about him. They breathe from brasses and marbles in the village church a continued companionship, and the lout who bows to him bows not so much to the individual as to the living expression of all the hon-

ors, dignity, and importance which the long years have bequeathed. This healthiness of life, this fellowship with Nature and growing things, is of the utmost use to the Englishman, as a bath of recuperation from the fatigues of Parliament, the anxieties of business, and the frivolity of foreign travel. And this is why, in a sense true of no other nation, England is the country. France has her château, and Italy her *villeggiatura;* but somehow the sense of home does not follow these much into their rural Paradise. They frolic there, they dance there, they flirt there; but they do not quite live there.

But in England, London is but a watering-place, and the best families come up for the skirmish of fashionable amusement, the theatres, and parliament, only to settle back the more into themselves when they are in the house of their fathers.

And such beautiful houses they often are; some stately and ample, with a breadth which would be palatial if it were not for something of rustic suitableness which takes the edge off the splendor. And the old Elizabethan house of brick is there, which you may think even ugly if you wish to, with its windows projecting into

the lawn, its stacks of chimneys, its restorations and additions, the ivy complementing the color of the brick in great patches of lustrous green, and the sturdy trees as ancient and decorative as the house, asserting an equality of importance with any architecture, and there is an utter absence of that raw look of a weight of stone imposed upon the place, that discord, inevitable in a new structure, with surroundings where every thing else keeps its date,—these give such places a charm not found elsewhere.

And then the life, the art, the books, the beauty, so often hid away there! As a well-bred Englishman parades not his accomplishments, so you may stumble upon a Titian, an ivory of Cellini, a priceless missal, without assertion modestly hiding itself in an unostentatious privacy.

Washington Irving was fortunate in being able to breathe the old-fashioned country air of England. He celebrated this rural existence which, though it still exists, has lost much of its character. The railway kills the country house. It is perpetually saying, "Let me convey you to livelier scenes, let me suggest a visit to the Continent;" and so the old squire is secretly imping his wings for flight, awaiting the hint of wife or daughter.

And absenteeism is increasing naturally. The moment a thing does not pay in honor and dignity, economy of money is readily thought of. Sir Roger de Coverley must keep a certain state, and march to church with his gold-headed cane between curtseying tenants ; but he can now efface his grandeur and live on a few francs a day on the Continent, and thus save his guineas. All over the world it is the same thing. The stimulus applied to mind and body makes, in every country, the former peace seem to be crushing stupidity. Not only the squire runs to Paris and Monaco, but the farmer's boy escapes to the town where he can find the excitement his brain craves ; but yet so conservative is England, so rooted deep in the soil is her national habit of country-living, that it will be long before it can be seriously changed for the worse. One feels that the curate of Miss Austen's novels would now find a throb in the air, an intimation of shuttles and railways, which would disturb him. We hear something of this in the novels of Mr. Trollope ; and daily and hourly this hum invades the country quiet with shriller accent. The beautiful clear rivers flow with no temptation to the angler, polluted by the waste of factories. Chau-

cer's old sky of tender blue, where the "little fowles" soared and sang, is veiled in smoke from a thousand chimneys, and the smug citizen, enriched by these ruinous gains, plants his bristling pretensions side by side with the modest dignity of historic homes. In America the country house with difficulty holds its own against the lure of cities. The Hudson is becoming deserted, as long since have the James River and the Schuylkill. It would seem as if this living, wholesome and ancient as the world, were factitious. The house refuses to take root, and its modest existence finds itself, like every thing else in America which is not business, relegated to the list of discouraged, condemned conditions, tainted with idleness. Therefore, it is the more pleasure to talk of the old days, the old ways, the England that was, the coaches that have been, and the sweet memories of a past which had full leisure to imprint themselves upon us.

So let us go back to boyish days, when, to the young American on his travels, England still breathed somewhat of Bracebridge Hall and the days of the stout gentleman, and when the coachman was king, and barmaids, princesses.

Such an inn, of the olden time, was the White

Hart at Salisbury. In memory I can see the plump and curtseying landlady yet. We arrived, a ship-load of boys, some of whom would now exchange the burden of their fame for the elasticity of that hour. How our hungry nerves devoured the England that then was around the harbor of Portsmouth, to which, before steam, American packets sailed. They still remember us there, and mourn the loss of the shillings which dropped from the open-handed Americans. How in life's young sketch-book were photographed indelibly scenes which belong to England only: Southampton Water, with its yachts even then; the deck of the Victory, where Nelson fell; the mossy tower of a country church, and its wavering chimes, the antique names written on the headstones around; Carisbrooke Castle, and the gray crumbling stones which led to its tower, and the fancied face of Charles the First looking from his prison bars. Then later, as we neared Wilton, came thoughts of the sainted Herbert, preceding our first Vandyke, the famous family picture at Wilton, and those Spencer-like stretches of park, threaded by its lucent river; and then, when every nerve and every bone, as was said by a famous poet of our party, was shaking with a

thrill of pleasure almost undistinguishable from pain, to drop into the hospitable arms of the White Hart, and in sleep feed ourselves with strength for the next day's rapture.

For a few days after our arrival we woke with a certain terror, fearing to find our pleasure was a dream. And I remember, in the little inn at Portsmouth, I woke startled to see the carpet, the jug, the basin, of the same pattern I had left at home, while, from his seat on the coach before the inn, the guard on his bugle was merrily playing "Behold how brightly breaks the morning," an air from the opera of Cinderella, which then was delighting Boston. If you ask any of us which English cathedral we prefer, with one voice we will all cry, "Salisbury, of course." It was our cathedral, our first love. When we meet we talk of it now, nor is there a more lady-like cathedral fit for a lover's worship anywhere, so complete, and with such unity, for it was shot up, as is so rarely the case, at a single jet. It balances the sunlight on the taper-point of its exquisite spire so daintily, it sits so clean and separate from baser contact upon its carpet of sacred green, that neither the richness of Rouen, the Arthurian legends of Wells, nor the solemn grandeur of

York, can displace in memory the lady of our affections.

Can we ever forget that moon of which we covered the shining half by the spire to make the "adumbration" suddenly round itself in brightness while the fixed and stately spire itself seemed swaying like a reed as the mottled clouds flew past.

Salisbury is complete, but Netley Abbey was our first ruin, preceding Carisbrooke. Yesterday I read the enthusiastic letter of a young friend of the age that we were, to whom also it is his first ruin. Just as we were touched is he now. The peace, the pathos of the place, the matted ivy shining as if varnished above the tender grass, the same arches, like hands brought together, touching at their finger tips, and still praying through the ages into the soft blue, while, like the spirits of departed monks, the rooks and jackdaws croak some forgotten service overhead, are all there yet. The mellow shadows still deepen and enrich by contrast the branching lines, the chiselled capitals faintly golden in the never harsh light of England's spring. Dear Netley! shattered and desolate as thou art, thy religion is not dead; never in its proud-

est hour did it so speak to the heart as now. Thy calamity comes nearer to us than can any surface-shine of prosperity, and time has touched thee with a beauty all its own, and adds a new reverence to all that consecrates religious service.

The ruin of such a country inn as this was at Salisbury is a dreadful loss to all. It was made for the travelling gentry and not for the insatiable horde who, by the help of iron, now ravage the earth. You were received by attentive waiters at the landing, ushered to your apartment by the curtseying and smiling landlady, all around you were the repose and comfort of a private dwelling, and when dinner came, the lordly joint was borne in by the landlord himself; and though you guessed that your pleasure would at the end be translated into £. *s.* *d.* of no plebeian ciphers, yet that complacency which lodges in the human breast saw itself the centre of a hospitality so respectful that no bill could make it seem quite mercenary. This obsequiousness was a part of the contract. It was included with the mutton in the account, and did both parties good. The traveller, so treated, tried to be the gentleman he passed for, and the country inn-keeper was happy in a

humility which democracy had not disturbed. But now, where the great lines of railroad run, you usher yourself into some vast hotel, passing along obscure and endless passages, soundless as a ghost, for felt has deadened your tread, till you reach your box-like inhospitable bedroom, perhaps No. 231, and a chambermaid, whose face you as little can remember as she cares to notice yours, leaves you alone with a gigantic candlestick for, with all the rest gone, the English will not submit to the vulgarity of gas. Then you sit down by your bedside to contemplate your own insignificance.

Manners now we have no time for. They are in the way, and must disappear with other good things of the past. Manners were the fine arts of the court of Louis Quatorze, and it is said reached perfection there. All that the Théâtre Français has now to show in style and finish of acting belonged then to the Court. Indeed, the Théâtre Français claims to be the sole inheritor of the grand manner. To the thoughtful traveller it is startling to see the genius of Molière moving through all this artifice and conventionality, the chartered libertine of satire. Who but the king knew best how artificial that life then

was! And he could afford to enjoy having it made fun of. That he should have been the staunch and lifelong friend of Molière is the finest trait of the Grand Monarque; for by this he tempered his despotism, and, while exacting etiquette, criticised himself. While courtiers postured and beauties grimaced, there was another critic looking on the pageant, grim, hungry, and menacing, with all Molière's sense of the absurdity of the thing, but with the purpose to bring his criticism, not into the theatre, but into real life. When later, musket in hand, it condemned a histrionic court, it dispersed, with the torn laces, the disordered *perukes*, and the bloody *jabots* of the actors, what was left of the tradition of elegant manners and the civilities which had sweetened despotism.

Now-a-days, Manner, as such, is dead. It went out with the snuff-boxes of the last generation. Life is too heady and impetuous for it. And formerly good manners implied bad manners. If the courtier was obsequious, he trampled on the *manin*. This contempt for people less fortunate than themselves still lingers in antiquated societies, round feudal courts and belated institutions, a survival of the past, and if we have lost the

courtesy which charmed, we have escaped the contempt which rankled. Nothing in America is better than the directness of relation of people to each other. A conductor converses with the president without either party being false to the simple relations of manhood. We find this nowhere else, and it is very precious, because it expresses, somewhat ideally, the central conception of a republic, — an equality at bottom which the accidents of birth and money should not be allowed to disturb.

Some free spirits throw themselves too far the other way, and instead of caring for the approaches of politeness and thoughtful courtesy, appoint themselves judges and critics of their brother-man, — an office to which they are in no wise invited. This simplicity of relation between man and man makes an American in Europe, where he finds it wanting, uncomfortable. He misses the familiar contact with a fellow-creature without regard to his position. He thinks the isolation to which these foreigners retire is insulting to himself. He has not been taught, in the large freedom at home, that the first right of the individual — sweeter far than the franchise — is of his own privacy, to enjoy escape from the

interviewer, and to modestly possess the powers or the wealth heaven has conferred, without seeing the castle of his mind invaded, and his mental or worldly goods snatched by importunate out siders.

No American stays at an English country house without finding himself invited to visit historic sites, crumbling castles, ruined abbeys; and, as he explores them, he gets a satisfaction nothing else could give. They are his castles, his abbeys, which he has never seen till now. An ancestor of his perhaps lived thereabouts; at all events he feels a proprietorship, and a desire for repossession which old ruins in France and Italy do not suggest.

Many of these sites are used now for picnics. The owner permits this easily, when he does not live there; but when he still resides, as does the descendant of Belted Will Howard, in his border castle, through his good nature he may see on holidays an invasion of his grounds from the neighboring town. It is as if the turbid wave of the great ocean beyond, which calls itself the people, broke at the foot of these feudal towers. The sight of it suggests much, for we know that such invasion, seemingly the result of courteous

hospitality, is gaining everywhere. The new growth must supplant the old, and round all these hoary relics, whether material and only upheld by a conservatism which new belief is eating to the core, or the mossy fortresses where old dogmas entrench themselves, all is to melt and disappear before the encroaching march of time.

But of these excursions from the country house, none fascinate the American more than those to battle-fields. For not only has Shakespeare written over again England's history to his imagination, but he feels in such places her great river of life diverted foaming from its course, or leaping opposing barriers, and somehow, through strain and effort, bearing safely to his feet, though the roses of York and Lancaster drown in blood, the gracious rose of freedom.

Bosworth Field was at a convenient distance from the manor I was staying at. Few modern battle-fields can be taken in at a glance, and thus made intelligible. The space forbids it. Modern artillery separates instead of uniting the confronted hosts. But at Bosworth, as at Marathon, there was the real shock of armies, and all as if on a play-ground with toy-soldiers. There was the hill where the tent of Richard was

pitched. We could guess the very spot. And there it was, while his weary men slumbered, that those ghostly premonitions of doom, that anticipation of the judgment day, "struck more terror to the soul of Richard than twenty of their swords." In the morning light, as we drew up our horses where the future king of England hung upon the crest on Richard's right, waiting like a haggard to pounce with safety on the defeated foe, in fancy we could see the battle engaged in the plain below. So melodramatic and splendid a figure does Richard make, and the decoration here is so satisfactory, it was difficult not to think of it all as a great scenic display; and imagine, amid the clumps of spears, the leathern jerkins and homely attire of the men-at-arms. Those "supes" are always ready in the world's great theatre, for threepence a day, to do the killing and being killed, while among them gleam the tossing plume, the shining armor, and the massive *destrier* of the splendid gentleman of the time, as unlike the poor pawns of the front line as are the ivory personages of Indian chess-boards to their humble soldiers. The sinister figure of Richard, scowling through his tangled and swarthy locks, the stage-ermine of his kingly

robe flying from his shoulders, would persist in bringing to the mind's eye the elder Booth raging about the field, and croaking words of bad augury to his shuddering followers and the indignant heavens above him. When Henry struck his battle, pouring like a mountain torrent at right angles with the struggling hosts, Richard was driven far to the left of his first position, and there, to this day, is Dickon's Well.

How theatric it all is! We can see him there,— soiled, panting, weary,— glad from his own or a soldier's helmet to drink, and so for a moment to cool his fiery spirit ere it departed on the journey no man knows whither.

Dr. Johnson loved the country as seen from the windows of a post-chaise, and no wonder. There is something lordly and triumphal about it; and this in his time must have compensated for the inferior roads. But since then there has been a clever Englishman who could look down upon the roads made by General Wade with the contempt that gentleman had for those before his time, and people could say, instead of the old distich: —

"If you 'd seen these roads before they were made,
You would lift up your hands and bless Marshall Wade."

"You called those things roads,
And thought that you had 'em,
But the best were not fit
For the feet of Macadam."

It seems cruel that just as Macadam had brought his system to perfection and dowered all Europe with it, his nose should be put out of joint by the railway. It was a prodigious waste of material and force. In America I only know one bit of perfect macadamized road, that to the reservoir and round it, near Boston. But all the roads of Europe, for twenty years before railways, were perfect. The preparation of a road-bed, slightly arched, and the juncture of little cubes of granite, almost like mosaic, was not well carried out here. To this day Irishmen can be seen hammering, at their sweet will, lumps of stone on the road-bed they are to occupy, careless of shape and size. The beautiful roads of Europe had *cantonniers* who understood this better, and broke the stone at a distance from the road, while at intervals beside it, ready for use, were little pyramids of these cubes.

Democracy may help the many, but it abates the pride of the few. A hundred men may be hurled, as from the cannon's mouth, from city to

city, passing through huge caravansaries as unnoticed as motes in the beam. But in the olden time, travelling by post was a princely pleasure, and even the stage-coach was not without its grandeur. Something of the charm of both still lives in the pages of Dickens, to show the present generation what they have lost; but once, referring to the delight of travelling by the old stage-coach, Dickens said to me in reply: "Yes, it was all very well, very charming in memory, but do you suppose you could now go back and endure the constraint of the knife-board, and the slowness of the pace? I fear not." And yet I have known, till recently, English amateurs of posting days — old gentlemen who hated to give up — studying the post routes of England, and contriving little excursions over the beautiful roads where post-horses were still to be found. In the same spirit of recovery, there are coaches yet drawn to Brighton and several suburbs of London by glossy thorough-bred teams, and instead of the old coachman, sucking a straw, one is driven, perhaps, by a lord with a rose in his button-hole.

The gentleman who was our host in Warwickshire was the secretary of the Shakespeare So-

ciety, and he drove me over to Stratford-on-Avon. Of course he could take me everywhere. But one thing I missed on account of the rain. That was a visit to the place of the Lucys, which looks so imposing from the road through its gigantic iron gate. We intended to go there, but the rain prevented. The oldest of the line, a lady, had recently said to my friend: "People talk a great deal about William Shakespeare: all I know is, he never was a good friend to our family!" and thus narrowed the universal poet down to the gossip of a village scandal. Some critics now-a-days are quite taking the old lady's view, and would like to see him condemned to the stocks, at petty sessions, for appropriating the goods of Lord Bacon. In his day, that great man himself appropriated a good deal of the property of other people, but in his lifetime he never ventured on such a *coup* as since death his friends have done for him.

As we returned home we met a powerfully made man on a fine horse, and silent greetings were exchanged. The gentleman certainly looked proud and mournful.

"I will tell you all about it," said my friend, "after we have seen the dogs."

Before long we came to a fine estate with a superb house for dogs. In it were a dozen liver-colored pointers of great price. We entered to caress and admire them, noticing a little window by the door to supply them with air, and many other canine comforts. "It is a sad tale," said my host, "a story of a cruel mistake which has embittered the life of the gentleman we met. Like many another Englishman, he was haughty and reticent, living much within the privacy of his grounds and the seclusion of his own thoughts. But he had married the beauty of the county, and thereby general attention for a time was drawn to him. After the wedding festivities, followed a domestic calm so great that not a whisper reached the world outside; but suddenly that house was blighted. From mouth to mouth, with the swift flight of evil news, spread through the shuddering county dreadful rumors of cruelty and outrage. It became known that the bride for long had patiently endured in silence treatment which at last grew insupportable. Growing as it rolled, the scandal accumulated till, like an avalanche, it fell upon the family and buried it in ruin. Particulars of ingenious cruelty were narrated, among which was prominent a story of the

lady's imprisonment among his ravening dogs, left there alone and friendless, and this perhaps agitated the neighbors most. Branded as a monster, the whole county fell away from the tyrant when the last consummation was known. It appeared then that the lovely bride, unable to endure longer her trial, wrote to her two brothers, appealing for help and disclosing every thing. As her life was in danger they acted at once. One brother, at the coming hunt, kept close to the husband, securing his absence for many hours from home. The other brother came in a carriage to the house, flew to his sister's room, enveloped her in blankets, and carried her away to the home she had once known. There, overcome by suffering and distress, she slowly sank, without strength to continue her explanations or further particulars of what she had suffered. Then the solitude, the isolation, around the guilty man became complete. He made no effort to vindicate himself, but lived silent and haughty in the shadow which had fallen on him. But my host and a noble friend of his, who in many things led the county, had their suspicions awakened that all was not as the public, credulous of evil, had believed. No help could they get from the gentleman accused;

but, by persistent and skilful investigation, they were at last able to place before the astonished county a consistent and simple explanation which brought shame to many a cheek and silenced for a time the loquacity of Mrs. Grundy herself. Thus it finally appeared that never lived together a couple more devotedly attached, that their union was perfect, and needed not that the happy lives they led should be strengthened by outside additions. They lived within themselves and for themselves. But by the law of a fatal malady the lady, at the birth of her first child, felt herself so disturbed, so changed, that those she loved dearest seemed to her foes, and every act, even those of kindness, were read backward, as proofs of enmity. The poor lady was as fond of the beautiful dogs as was her husband ; she liked to linger and caress them, and on one occasion her husband said, "As you love them so well, enjoy their society. Good-by!" and then, turning the key, looked in on her merrily through the open window. A moment more, and on her husband's arm she walked laughing to the house. Under these cruelly erroneous impressions she wrote to her brothers. They snatched her at once from her "heartless tormenter," who loved her really

as he did his own soul. The exposure ripened her illness, and a fatal termination followed before she knew the sad things she had written or was able to reveal the truth.

I venture thus to recall, for the sake of the weighty moral it conveys, a county tragedy of long ago, trusting that the hearts then wounded have healed, and finding my excuse for this nameless narrative in the impressive lesson it teaches all of us when we too hastily condemn our fellow-creatures.

VIII.

AT THE POLLARDS.

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"Sub tegmine fagi."

IT was very pleasant at that time at "The Pollards." The season was not quite over in London, but the birds there had become restless in their gilded cage. People were tired of the debates in the "Times," the stately and hot dinners, and the routs where the packing was so close that Lady Cheeseborough had thoughts of sending to Paris for an *emballeur*. The thermometer of the London season hangs from the trees at the side of the "Ladies' Mile," in that lovely park where more and better horseflesh can be seen than in the rest of the world beside. A practised eye could find, like the marks of a thermometer, gaps in the swaying line of Amazons and centaurs, and with a sigh surmise what had happened. The sigh was for the good time ending, and this hint that London was thinning.

This escape from the town to the country, with the contrast it brought, was delicious to all. And what is there like a summer twilight in England, the long crepuscular euthanasia of the day? It is long enough to make you forget that it ever will end, and yet with no over-brightness, no dazzle, no dripping dews.

And so they found themselves under the famous beeches which carried up their roof of verdure so high that the birds at the top had a seclusion of their own, while the party at the foot of the trees had theirs. The place was called The Pollards from some long ago, when, at its purchase by the ancestors of the present owner, the banks of the little river, which was really only a big trout-brook, were shorn of their streaming willow-stems, thus opening to the windows of the house great stretches of fresh green, over which the shadows of the clouds raced and ran, sponging out suddenly the lights, obliterating a flock of sheep to let the sun strike full upon the dewy roses hanging and climbing round the whitewashed walls of a cottage, or burnishing a field of wheat till it lay a cake of gold amid the verdure.

The house at The Pollards was full; but that

was not enough for the hospitable soul of Lady Florimel Spenser, and so the train brought and took birds of passage who fluttered round the spot as if it were a dove-cote. No one quite knew who might turn up at lunch. But at evening it was mostly the same circle which re-assembled under the beeches. One or two gentlemen anglers — who were staying at the Weir, a mile or two down, a little inn where the good fishing, the society of birds, gave to their book and cigar a relish of the finest — would drop in occasionally to the circle; but as such are mostly of the silent order, as becomes piscator, they counted for little in the evening's entertainment. Foreign gentlemen, a writer for the "Revue des deux Mondes," or a Hungarian nobleman, who had come to England to get saddles for his horses, and himself a proper hunting equipment at Poole's, were glad to get this glimpse of English country-life and one of its famous parks.

However heterogeneous the elements of this society were, it had an ease, a confidence in an equality of culture and courtesy, which fused it harmoniously together. The bit of Attic salt here, the vinegar of sarcasm and the solid pieces of discussion or story-telling were treated by the

accomplished hostess as if she were a *cordon bleu* who knew how to spice the social dish to perfection. She held her guests pleasantly in hand, to change the metaphor, and with one snap of her eye put this or that pony to the front; or, when she had caught some conversational lion, gave him his head and allowed him the running, which he managed with a Parole-like speed across all literatures.

So when the boys had been sent to bed, and that dreadful Mr. Duplex had been induced to go off with his puns somewhere else, after the shawls and wraps had been placed under and around all who desired; after the attentive flunkey, whose livery was nearly as tight on him as a green gage's skin to it, had, without snapping in two, rescued the remainder of the strawberries and cream and claret-cup from the grass, and triumphantly carried them off, Lady Florimel prepared to marshal her guests and shape the order of their going.

"Come, good people," she said, "we have not much time for a symposium, and I hate repetitions. We have had science enough, I think, and to spare. We have repeatedly walked away between the pieces of a crumbled world. Herr

Upsetter and Dr. Nosebud have depressed us to the point they desired; they have taken away every hope and every belief, and have left us hanging like butter-pails, cool and comfortable in the well of truth. All that is very nice, but surely we have had enough of these horrors. I agree that it is a new sensation. As the Italian bourgeoise likes to cry her eyes out at the theatre, the better to relish at home her midnight salad, so this new fillip to our souls, this fashionable shudder at an empty universe, is piquant, if not proper.

"I wanted to get my chicks together earlier, but that dreadful Duplex would not subside. He is your uncle, I know," she added, turning to Mary Percival, a fair American girl, who was busy putting a violet into the button-hole of her next neighbor, "but whatever is it that makes you Americans pun so dreadfully? I suppose it is your familiarity with percussion-caps and revolvers: I am sure to me they are much the same. There was a man here from Philadelphia the other day who emptied all the chambers of his brain into mine, snapping such shots that I thought I should expire."

"Lady Florimel," said the little girl, "I am an American, and I never pun. I am afraid I don't know how."

"And may you never learn, my dear. I am sure you are expecting me to quote Dr. Johnson about punning, but I shan't. But I must say we are going all wrong, and it 's my fault. No tiffs, no rubs of any sort, to-night; all sweetness and compliment. It is so tiresome, after all, to find yourself putting everybody in shadow by getting to the front with your personality as if that were the law to the rest. It disposes of your neighbor so comfortably, for when he is in shadow his brightness is all gone, while we are spared the bother of sympathy or the duty of equality. I must say I think my people are about the cleverest at this extinguisher process of any. We pretend to take England seriously, and try to believe that it is the pattern nation; that the utmost others can do is to copy it badly. We do not disguise, even in our *opera-bouffe*, how greatly to our credit it is to be an Englishman. The only serious air in delightful 'Pinafore' is to that effect. Now I thought it would be much nicer this evening, if we must talk about each other, ourselves and our nations, that we should confine ourselves to what we can think to say as good of each other, not false compliments but true. Self-praise gets sour by keeping.

Shut within ourselves, self-esteem ferments and troubles us, but all can hear with pleasure what flatters them, if it comes from impartial lips and is sweetened by the honey of kind intention."

Count Antinor Mirbel, who spoke English, dressed English, and owned English race-horses, exclaimed at once, —

"That pleases me mostly. It gives me chance to find English words of correctness. It is quite what we call *politesse;* and I who adore your nation" — With an imperial gesture, Lady Florimel repressed the elastic creature. "Come, count," she said, "no exaggeration. We English don't love sweetmeats, and I fear you will cloy us before we have begun."

"No, count," with a simper, added the pretty Miss Percival, "now don't slop over."

"My child!" said Lady Florimel, severely.

"Why should not I be allowed to talk in my American way, and the Frenchman, too, in his? You see you snub us while pretending to throw wide your doors for the new method. I suppose if we do try to say civil things of each other it must be in our own way."

"Well," said her ladyship, with a sigh, "I suppose people are incorrigible."

"All but the English," saucily added the American girl, "but you know you are perfect! One of our young writers ventured to suppose that a duchess might be without a taste in dress, and you should have seen how the frown of all England darkened round him. The press considered there was nothing sacred if such things went on. The real truth of the matter is," she continued, "we Americans are too good-natured by half. Our unwillingness to wound makes us unjust to our own convictions and to the position we hold as a nation in the world. Father, please tell the good people about us."

"No, dear, I think you are off the track already. You are repelling an attack on your country when no one has assailed her. We are so touchy that we invent an annoyance when we can't find one. I see Count Mirbel, like a greyhound in the slips, is dying to be off with his eulogium. Please, count, bring us into line with our hostess's proposal, and let us hear one nation praise another."

"Yes; I shall praise the English, for I love them much. I come here every spring a little, and with such pleasure. Here I sleep so strong, so deep, in the great bed with the four masts.

And the young woman with the hot water comes to me like a watch and says to me, 'Muffins will be cold, sir; you had better get up.' And the handsome men, the handsome women, and the handsome horses in the park. How this enthusiasms! I say, where is Phidias now, with his Panathenaic frieze? Oh! England is the classic country! It is Greece and Rome together. At home, a little spot like Athens, but its conquests, like those of Rome, stretching to the world's end. We are so *volage*, so light! If we conquer a place, we do not keep it; even in misfortune we joke, while the English do not joke even when happy.

"And the people here. Is it disrespectful and quarrelsome? No. Even when starving it will put up no barricade. By its humility it could teach my countrymen much. And the fine country houses with the large trees, like this. How we lie on the grass and are happy! I take the huge journal of London, and put it over my head, and sleep on the grass; then I dream I am an Englishman, and I feel coming into my brain reports of the little Englands everywhere, missions to the Zulus, and then their wars with them! I think I pull a string and the Khedive rolls his

eyes in Egypt, and then another, and the Sultan like Punch, bounces out of his box to fall on his old nose.

"A member of the Institute, he says to me, 'A Frenchman! Bah! He is the slime of the boulevards. He do not know the German map; he only know enough to laugh and say *sauer kraut* and *pots sacrament!*' Now the wise man should learn to laugh at himself, his country, and his religion, that he may show himself a real citizen of the world.

"And they talk of our *cuisine*! How much better the simple fare of England — its great *rôti* — its sanguine beefsteak! We have got that now very red and bloody at our *cafés*, but I confess I do not like well your vegetables boiled in water, and your queer coffee."

Baron Bodwitz, who had listened with impassive face, and erect as a ramrod, to his lively neighbor, whispered to an Italian prima donna, — who was English for three months, to live comfortably in *déshabillé* on *maccaroni al sugo* at discretion for the rest of the year, — "He a citizen of the world, not much! He is an Englishman as much as I am a Frenchman. He must be superficial even in what he loves best. We

feel, indeed, that he is too happy for a man so much subjugated. He will not stay as uncomfortable as we could wish. He even has the impropriety to be rich when we have ruined him."

This was said, of course, *sotto voce*, but the sparkling Italian answered him so that all might hear.

"Yes, our friend here confesses himself to be *volage*. He would like to mend his fault, and so studies the seriousness of England. Each in his turn; and we look to you, Herr Bodwitz, to replace France at the festival of nations. We rely upon you Germans to make good the throne you have usurped. We, before, were all dependants on France for our wines, our fashions, our theatre. I doubt not you are busy with the creation of substitutes for these among yourselves. Remember you have Goethe, and be encouraged to seek for the sparkling and witty vaudeville. Find some noble German dame who shall strike terror into the heart of Worth by a grace and elegance which shall have the banks of the Spree for their birthplace, and teach the pupils of Kaulbach to break up their massive genius into little attractive bits of color, or sweet, simple transcripts of nature on land and sea.

"No one seriously in this age can believe in the blunt brutality of the bayonet. The man you have run through despises you, as you do it, for an anachronism which is without excuse.

"And they tell me you have schools. I hear you have students who will eat away like mites the whole inside of a library, and shine with all the plenty they have assimilated. Yet your people lend themselves to this mistake. Why in heaven the poor farmers prod and shoot down each other to gratify you *wohlgeborne* gentlemen, I can't imagine!

"Don't look at me as if I were a nihilist, but much as I adore Heine, and love *liebfrauenmilch*, I can't quite enjoy you till, as I said, you have made good your right to stand before France, the world's favorite. I suppose we artists, homeless and ever on the wing, are the real citizens of the world, — at least as impartial as any."

A guitar crept out of the grass, an unobserved hand held it, and as the first tinkle touched the musical chord of all, Lady Florimel cried, "Yes, yes, make amends to us for the poverty of your compliment to Germany, and to Herr Bodwitz as well, by singing to us one of those lovely *lieder* of Schumann and so fetch us to that common

country where speech does not wrangle and scold, which has a language common to all nations — the great school-mistress of our time, whose doctrine of love and sympathy is sadly needed."

Thus entreated, the handsome Italian breathed her rich and tender song, which, if all did not understand, they felt. Its vagueness was not without its charm. Sentiment, feeling, lived in it. It seemed the utterance of the fair-haired, passionless North — intellectual, introspective, even to morbidness. It held the quality which gives its sorrowful earnestness to northern Christianity.

And so the singer felt it; for, stretching her dimpled arm to seize the guitar, and flashing the white of her teeth as the wave off Capri will break the sunny blue with a line of white, and throwing back her head till the ivory of her nervous throat undulated with its power, she sang now a barcarole of such joyous strength, such sensuous, unintellectual, childish feeling, that a flush of warmth passed round the circle; and as it soared skyward it startled the rooks which had returned to roost, and sent them, in ebon eddies, curving beyond the trees.

Lady Florimel bowed her thanks, but the

American girl kept striking her pretty palms together, till her hostess inquired, —

"What is that for, my dear?"

"Why, of course you know it is to have her sing it over again. In America it is thought almost indecent to let a singer off without a repetition. I have seen there a whole opera repeated, bit by bit, and thus we get twice as much for our money as we paid for."

Her father, Colonel Percival, with a laugh, added: "Perhaps in our wild forests our two most luxurious growths are shaking of hands and this national *encore*. The hand-shaking is sublime. It allows every voter to handle his president, and to make him feel by absolute contact that he is only his puppet. I suppose if the master of ceremonies at Washington, its Polonius, the grand chamberlain, should suggest that, for the future, respect for his high position might make the President keep his hands in his pockets, there would be an explosion from the people at this infringement of one of its dearest privileges."

And brightening up at the thought of the contrast, the good Colonel added, —

"How differently you work it all here! Not only you won't shake hands all round, but you

won't even always get an introduction to your next neighbor at dinner. It seems to us dreadfully vulgar, this mutual fear of contamination. It is fun to sit next to some person at dinner and try to make believe that he is not worthy of your acquaintance. I have known Americans who never speak first to an Englishman, and others, who wish to make an acquaintance, set about it with as much strategy as Von Moltke does a campaign. As they say at sea, the great art is to get the weather-gage. Impress your companion by innuendo, or even blunt assumption, with your superiority to him, and he is quite comforted, and will deal with you as you desire. So foolish are we Americans that we even speak to our servants with consideration, and give an order as if we were asking a favor.

"I have sometimes thought," he went on, "that the pride you English cultivate in your great houses and dreary etiquette is quite killed with us by our bright sunshine and universal friction. Pride implies a certain loneliness. It desires it in the midst of numbers, but no pride reconciles an American to loneliness. With a continent to lose himself in, he seeks fellowship as a matter of course. The solitude an English-

man seeks comes to us with the sense of the loneliness of woods, and the absence of society and a market. You can hardly imagine how only half at home we feel as yet in those dreadful spaces of ours we are trying to knock into shape. And have not we done it? — making the whole continent tingle with a common life, sentient throughout, a million threads bearing messages to the universal brain.

"But we do feel at home in England, or rather we should if you would only let us. Your very fields, your historic sights and castles, are society. We are content to ramble, and give our blood its taste of the old home. It comes nearer our nerves than it does to yours. It supplies in us a vacuum which we long to have filled, while you are so *blasés* by familiarity, that you will find more American names in your country hotel books than you will of your own.

"You are ever so kind to us, and we get on famously. Of course we understand that you think, as we have no lords to knock us about, we do not really amount to much. I think a Duke of the Adirondacks, or a Count Sebago, would go a long way to put us right in your eyes. And we fellows, being used to the best, do strike for

your court-cards, and like a game of poker with them. What people do not have at home, of course they come abroad to see; and then these swells, having nobody over their heads, are more like our folks than the rest. I have known some of our people to quite sink under the rough handling, the brutal unsympathy of some of your cocky manufacturers and merchants. They absolutely wanted imagination enough to conceive of a life that was not their own. It was like going into a damp cellar with only a big bull-dog in it.

"But I guess we are getting on, all of us, better together every day. We, united, are bound to whip the world, and make English the universal language. You see we go off sometimes at half-cock, and are too tonguey by half, so I'll pull up."

Lady Florimel had listened attentively, and at the end of his rapid discourse, took from a Japanese box of ivory, encrusted with bronze, a cigar, which she handed graciously to the Colonel, saying, —

"I fear you will not like it much; it is too light for you. Americans seem to be very difficult in cigars, and England, I suppose, is too damp to keep them good. And that is the rea-

son, you know, why we can't let you smoke in our drawing-rooms. The smell clings to the curtains, and sometimes lasts for weeks. I have heard that in America, in your delicate dry air, a dozen gentlemen can be smoking, and an hour afterwards the room be as fresh as possible. If the same cigar is so different in the two countries, is it very wonderful that human beings, who are more sensitive than a weed, should feel differently — have their nerves pitched to a different key? Each of us, I imagine, is the logic of our situation. That grayness, that moderation, that cloudiness, you complain of in us, what is it but a reflection from our skies, and our nature, which is full of half-tones?

"The south of Europe gesticulates. All would think an Englishman, behaving so, drunk or crazy. You seem to us to wear the flesh off your bones in the pursuit of money; but I think probably that in so doing you but reflect the electric activities of cloudless skies, and the sleepless movement of variable days.

"We ought to be complements of each other. Our differences we should learn to share for our mutual advantage. Though, as if by chemical antagonism, we feel each a shock in the other's

presence, familiarity takes us behind this and shows us that blood relationship shared by no other people.

"And did you never notice, as somebody once said, 'I suppose everybody is a bore to somebody;' how each nation, like a cock, only looks and crows his best on his own dung-hill? A Frenchman often makes you smile in Regent Street, he looks so little at home; and I confess to blushing at the ill-dressed, gawky country-people of mine I met at the late Exposition in Paris.

"One expression of yours, Colonel, startled me, and I must think it over. I dare say we lay too much stress on social distinctions, on the little machinery of etiquette, which, while keeping ranks apart, makes all run smoothly. You thought of it as vulgar, and I know what you mean. Certainly a *salon*, as you see in Paris, everywhere should be a republic, for, without that, intercourse is constrained and without freedom. One of our noblest Englishwomen has said that she always thinks of heaven as a republic. But it comes hard, after trying so to establish an orderly and decorous condition of things, to hear it called vulgar. I remember that dreadful word

'snob,' which Thackeray branded into the forehead of England, and I see that the creature could not exist unless fed from the vulgarity he assimilates. I begin to fear, Colonel, that your large expansiveness, your beautiful unconsciousness of restraining laws, your good will to all men, which self-complacency has sometimes made us call (to ourselves) by the same dreadful word with which you are marking us, may be a truer image of man's mutual intercourse in the future, when feudal distinctions are obsolete, and pride of rank and pretension, anachronisms.

"But," continued Lady Florimel, rising as she spoke, "the perversity of human nature has made my little attempt to extract mutual compliments, and to suppress the faulty side, with attention only to the merits of each and all, a comparative failure. But, made as we are, I fear I was hoping for too much. At any rate, we have not quarrelled, and have enjoyed an evening different from the others.

"And now, as night is invading us with its dusky films, and the color is going out of the branching tree-tops, while a cottage light gleams here and there across the confused and mysterious spaces near the river, let us, before we go

in-doors, put ourselves in unison with night and mystery; and therefore, dear Lady Blanche, do give us one of those delightful ghost-stories of yours, which attracts while it repels, which makes us inwardly say 'yes' while we deny it, to take the taste of the day out of our mouths, and by its witchery fitly prepare us for the jugglery of dreams and that bath into which we dip nightly, not rightly knowing if its waters be those of Lethe, or of that ocean which ere long shall waft us wholly hence."

Then Lady Blanche, with suitable accent, and a face that, relieved against the darkening trees, was white with spiritual terror, perplexed, frightened, and amused her little auditory, which, when she had done, moved towards the cheerful lights of the great house before them in thoughtful silence.

IX.

AN IDEAL OF THE FUTURE.

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PUNCH not very long ago told us of the English First Lord of the Admiralty's visit to Liverpool, where he made a speech. Mr. Goschen told the merchants there to cultivate the imagination, for this would sweeten the harshness of the practical mind. And we have read since, in western papers, of something more than the harshness of the practical mind; of a brutality of interference in our circulation, a self-consuming greed, which of course destroys its own object as it would invalidate contracts and roughly handle credit, the mimosa of civilization, which shuts its leaves at a hint of peril.

In the speech, and in the newspaper articles, is implied a danger for the future of the world, as every one may see. Not Sir Launcelot, nor even Don Quixote shall then be the hero of the hour,

but that abnormal being, the practical man. He is evolved, at last from the crusader, the knight-errant, and the courtier. This modern man's life turns upon no childish credulity, no stimulus he finds behind his ears. The pivot has moved forward of the ear and has its home in acquisitiveness. Not now do half a million men march to the Holy Land in iron for a sentiment; but many times that number are transacting affairs, anticipating every human want, in clothing, food, and shelter, by an industry which is universal.

The mart and the mill are now clogged by their own richness. The spindle and the water-wheel are silent through the completeness of their own accomplishment. In short, the modern method is over-done; over-production, over-trading, over-spending. The earth travails and groans with the new birth. Though timid people cry "When will the crisis be over?" and the more thoughtful ask themselves sorrowfully, "Is this check now earth's normal condition?" yet there would really seem to be not much mystery in the matter.

Consider the life at the early day, round the Mediterranean whence we all are derived. There could be no over-trading there. Life's honors

were given to the valiant, the man of war. With him, the sage, the wise counsellor, and the poet, earth's prizes were shared. Machinery was there none. All was so simple and worked by hand, that few ships were asked for to distribute a country's products. Splendor was monopolized by princes and nobles. There was no middle class everywhere demanding a share in what is best, and multiplying like the trees of the forest. The history of the world then was the history of individuals. The people, in the sense we understand it, can hardly have been said to exist.

What the race then suffered from most were war and pestilence. Nature was struggling to find her fittest survivor. She then didn't coddle the imbecile, nor fence round the posterity whose inheritance was disease or weakness.

All these are commonplaces, and yet the modern condition of things does not seem to strike people as it ought.

Civilization means not merely what science can do for us by increasing our material comforts in a thousand ways, but their distribution facilitated as never before. Every thing concurs to push the passion of manufactures and commerce to what our fathers would have con-

sidered a frenzy. This excess, this fever, is everywhere. Life is spent in preparations to live. The Latin line comes to mind as we witness all this toil of preparation, —

"Propter vitam vivendi perdere causas."

Will the brain of man be able to bear the new strain put upon it? For every new discovery and invention only quickens the whirl. The brain finds a fresh master in each of these immigrants to our world. The mechanism we admire eats away a part of us by substituting itself for us, and if it abbreviates time and space, we share in the hurry. If Clarissa Harlowe is the expression of the country indolence of Richardson's time, which could find hours for such protracted love-making, look at one of our telegrams as a just expression of our own period. As the miniature cannot live in the presence of the photograph, so the spacious, sentimental, wordy letter of our grandmothers cannot live in company with the telegram. Style now does not saunter to pluck flowers by life's wayside, but hisses straight to the brain like an arrow. No wonder the London physicians declare that the present generation cannot bear the wine and

alcohol which only cheered their robuster ancestors. It is alarming, but as man has accommodated himself in previous times to the horrors of war and pestilence and survived, so will he, now manage, we trust, to adapt himself to the new conditions.

All along the line of man's history he must have had an Ideal towards which his motions tended. It was made up of the aggregate of his desires and beliefs, which drew him forward undiscerning what led him, as were the shepherds drawn by a star whose influence they could not resist. The poets in their verse reflect this Ideal: in Homer it shows itself in the deep-hearted, implacable Achilles; in Dante that star has mounted to the zenith, and beckons from the home of the immortals; the mirror of Ariosto's verse shows us chivalry armed and in the saddle, for an ideal worship of woman to mitigate the barbarity of bloody encounters. Every court has reflected something of this shifting Ideal. The butterfly courtiers of Louis XIV. fluttered in a gaudy decoration which proclaimed the theatric Ideal which all then worshipped. Has now Victoria of England any such courtly circle, or

indeed any court that could be called such by the Grand Monarque? If there be one, its Ideal must be that of our time, and point to this Ideal of the Future, which alarms us not a little.

The figure which we faintly see will have little time for the measured pleasures and unprecipitated activities of the past; if happy, it yet will quiver with a sensibility excited from every avenue of knowledge and science, — the victor victim who bleeds from the spoils he has won, the enemies he has vanquished, hunted from a solitude he can scarcely find by his own spies and messengers, — a palpitating fraction of a world, sentient all over, a many-brained and gigantic unit, whose pangs as well as pleasures must be shared by each of the million brains which compose it. Will not the Ideal of this future before us be sufficiently far from that Greek one which infused a calm even into the tumult of passion, and figured its gods as living in a state of undisturbed serenity?

Yes, that Greek Ideal lies buried deep in Ionian skies, — gone to the high places the gods inhabit. There it lives majestically tranquil, divinely sad, as it looks down upon the feverish tumult of the swarming nations. Not like that must be the

future one, which beckons us to worship at her feet. Not manhood or womanhood in repose shall be the types she cares for: action, unrestful if not feverish activity, will be expressed in her features; her sons, if they wish to win her love, must be ever and always men of action. Orestes-like, they will fly under the brandished whip of the sky, ever farther and faster, till the grave shall furnish them that repose they have missed till then; and in the hurry of their flight, amid distress and perpetual toil for practical results, many things once dear to men will be thrown off as too heavy to be borne.

The Ideal of a practical age can hardly be burdened with the sentiments, the chivalry, the romance, which graced a more languid epoch. She will find them in small harmony with the resolute directness of her thought. She will aim at a material result and get it, but at the expense of losing much which made the higher beliefs of a simpler age. Our Era sees contending nations snarling like the dogs of the East over the unburied corpse of the death-struck Ottoman, careful to parcel out the *disjecta membra* of her victim with nicest adjustment of balance and measure. And yet, that part of the Turk's possession,

once the home of the prophets and that Saviour of men we are said to honor, brings in painful contrast the thought of the Ideal of our day and that not unforgotten One for which the ancestors of these very men stained the Eastern soil with their blood.

Floods of ink, reams of paper, have been consumed in writing upon the Eastern question. Not a line refers to the sentiment which carried the Crusaders to Palestine. Such a fact brings into lively contrast the ideas of the two periods. What a bitter criticism on those who died in mistaken devotion to their Lord and Master is this indifference of the present generation. And yet the childishness of the fathers acting on unselfish instinct, reverential and impulsive, may have been wiser than the crafty indifference of our time — for sentiment is the sweetener of life. It can mix consolation even in the cup of death. The fair Roman girl, given to the lions in the Flavian slaughter-pen, felt a joy in her martyrdom which only the highest sentiment bestows. Clogged with sensual and homicidal pleasure, defeated in its desire for enjoyment, the soul of the sickening Roman turned with the hunger earth cannot appease to the new

light in the skies, where he saw above him the cross of Christ. Conquest and all its triumphs, the materialism of that age, left the victor unsatiated, unhappy, for his life was unsweetened by sentiment. So must it be now, if in the whirl of business we exile to Heaven the good angels of tranquillity, sentiment, and love. This conviction makes us see something repulsive, if not abhorrent, in the figure which the life of to-day is shaping as its Ideal for the world of the future; makes us dread that embrace too harsh for a caress, those iron hands too busy to linger softly in our own, that adamantine brain, which shall spin no gossamer web of poetry or romance, and upon whose shining haze the morn loved once to linger, but a web of steel, whose converging lines shall hold with the tenacity of fate the spoil of the hour. That thing men shall love as the expression of their success, and it must be houses and lands, or mills and machinery, bank stock, or the problematical money of the future — for on these things now we fasten our affections. But will that adored Ideal give her worshippers the happiness she promises? Well may we doubt it, for she cannot have it to give: even her very look, gleaming from afar, saddens and sharpens

the faces of her children. All crowds now in civilized countries are unpleasant to look upon. We miss something nameless — upon these care-worn and furrowed faces. To see a look upon man's face upon which the eye loves to dwell, one must go to the East, — there earth's happy childhood is continued. The brain has not, as here, become a throbbing workshop of ideas; it is not there haunted by the ambition which satisfieth not. It is not the place of revel of the imps of gain and avarice, but in its blessed ignorance lives, as does the body, by the simplest food. Repose, rest, have no terrors to it; no gad-fly impulse bids it be up and doing. Men there can recline like statues saturated with sunshine, their indolence taking the grace denied to Anglo-Saxon activity; and the evident beauty and complacency of their attitudes justifying that repose.

We look at them, and are the happier for it. They achieve little, but, careless of this waste of life, they see their brother animals about them, happy in their thoughtless tranquillity, and are content to be like these. Can we say as much for the aspect of the victim of our modern struggle for life, whose existence flies from him at every pore, in the effort to realize a happiness

beyond himself? And yet our swift days may be at a stand-still in comparison with those the Future is preparing.

To match the activity of his servants — the telegraph, the telephone, and what other steeds Mr. Edison may as yet keep in the stables of his fancy — man would seem to need something airier than the clogging vesture of flesh he has to-day. Poets have imagined such a transition from the clumsier to the more delicate forms of matter for the future man. The world about us is certainly refining. We are getting ashamed of animal conditions: not only is wine becoming a disorganizer for our tissues, but we crave Flora and Pomona for our caterers. With Crabbe's school-girl, we loathe the Homeric tables of the past:—

> "She minced the sanguine flesh in frustums fine,
> And marvelled much to see the creatures dine."

But the most striking ingredient in the life of the Future may be the principle of co-operation. This has hitherto, except in the unique case of armies, been used for production only. The future may see it employed for purposes of destruction. A million men could build a pyramid; a hundred thousand could run a manufacturing

town; but when such numbers combine to thwart the capitalist, a power may be built up whose edicts, criminal when proposed by one, become the law if King Majority say so, however dangerous to the State.

The burden of dissatisfaction in the over-creation, over-distribution, and over-use of products for the market, is fermenting among the weary crowds of Europe and America. The workman enriches an empire, but remains poor himself. No subtlety of political economy, no submission to law, can make either the workman or any kind-hearted spectator of the fact submissively acquiescent. Though Business has become the god of the world, there are mutterings in the sky which threaten its empire. It would seem that capital should always dictate to labor, but everywhere labor is trying to dictate to capital. Whether in the shop, the mine, or the mill, such dictation arrests the wheels which turn to the profit of all parties; and the workman makes gains impossible by asking higher wages for himself, thoughtless of the bread he is taking from his own mouth. Better that the law should give him a larger share in the profits of capital, than that, by his action, he should dry up these at their

source. While he is trying to adjust things between himself and his employer, he sees behind him, like wolves in a Siberian landscape, a terror to both of them, the vengeful torches of countless socialists, who tread upon Malthus and Adam Smith, and whose battle-cry is not "Justice," but "Injustice and Revenge."

But whether these factors in the destiny of the future may assure success or misery, their means will be through the drilled and manœuvred band of association. To what such an instrument may carry the world, it is hard to predict. Wrong cannot, happily, be made right by any insolence of a majority. The needle will not turn from due north for any scolding or entreaty. The dominant party at Washington is now feeling this. The individual conscience there is growing through the efficacy of the protest it is making against the iron tyranny of numbers. As a boomerang only recoils to strike him who trusts to it, so the wrong which the majority endeavors to make right by getting it legalized sweeps back to overthrow the imprudent experimenter. Everywhere the world is so fashioned that these engineers of evil are

"Hoist with their own petard;"

and this certainty it is which makes wise men patient, if not cheerful, when clouds threaten, when the waters surge and roar, for they know that the destructive forces, in man as in nature, have their appointed limit; and that Chaos is never to come again.

X.

THE ISLAND OF BOGUSSA.

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BILLY BOUNCER was one of the oddest fishes out. He was funny, as sometimes Americans are, without knowing it. After all, the great question with us is how much the tuning instrument in the sky has keyed us up. Each takes his restlessness according to the bent of his faculties; and, if there be any thing to choose, I suppose he may be happiest who moves easily in the grooves of routine. With what smooth comfort and certainty does the ball on the bowling-alley roll down its restraining trough, and how foolish the same ball looks when jerked sprawling about the floor! But of course its happiest function is when, in another than either of these movements, under the guiding will and eye, it goes heroically to a ten-strike!

No ten-strike being possible for him, Billy sprawled about the floor of the world in the wild

est of evolutions. Restlessness was his normal condition, and his propelling power an insatiable curiosity, not wholly base, but often in the direction of historical and literary questions. Still, it was capable of great sacrifices of both honor and decency for the sake of its indulgence. He loved to fathom the secrets of the world — what impelled to its great actions and what explained its obscurest crimes. He had something of the soul of a professor wrapped in the note-book of an interviewer. Nothing daunted him. It was not so much that he evaded or surmounted the obstacles which rank and privacy presented, as that he was unconscious of them. It was the indulgence of intellectual satisfaction that he thought of, and he believed that however men's bodies might be kept apart, their minds had a right to come in contact.

This made him easily a democrat of the democrats. Objects eminent above the dead plane he lived in allured and attracted him. He flew at such higher game for the double reason that its superiority flattered his vanity, and his principles permitted an equality with himself, the subject of which felt not always complimented by this conviction. He loved for their own sakes things

which were extraordinary, exceptional. His imagination demanded them, and, when found, it fitted to them like a glove. But sometimes, when undiscoverable, his mind, like Shakespeare's queen, would "fill out the unsubstantial garment" with a reality which was not there. And so, as people's faults are the part of them easiest seen, he came to be called Billy Bouncer, when his real interest was in truth, only that he loved it a little highly seasoned. The tales that were told of him of course grew by repetition. People credited him with all the audacious *naïvetés* with which America astonishes Europe. There was not a court he had not visited. At almost every one he had been presented. Here and there he won back-stair intimacies with some of the royal people. They corresponded with him, and saw only his side of acute research and enthusiasm for acquisition. His belief in the equality of all men permitted his approaches to the butlers and lackeys of great houses which often led to something advantageous. As he did not generally stay long in a place, he did not wear out his welcome, and that was fortunate for him; for neither he nor the great people would have known what to do with each other if his stay had continued.

And yet he was in some sense a power, giving to the royal and princely personages of Europe happy suggestions, wise precautions, and talking like an expert of the loose joints in the fabric which had raised them so high, and whose toppling over looked so imminent.

His presence was like that of an acid in which old formulas dissolved; but, like his countrymen generally, he was no partisan for truth and liberty; he only took them everywhere for granted. So he went through the decaying timber of musty monarchies, the stone of crumbling fortresses, the charnel-houses of dead opinions, as the teredo through an old ship's beams. He tested and tasted their decay, and set some to thinking of how to get a new life into them. He discovered for the Sultan beds of petroleum in one of his remoter provinces, and organized a tramway to fetch the commodity to market. He discovered that abandoned mines might still be worked to profit, and took a royalty on the labors which he could not stop to organize. He sometimes, when permitted to ramble everywhere over an old castle, brought to light from the garret's rubbish a forgotten masterpiece, or, stumbling upon an unexplained disconnection in a suite of rooms,

found, once or twice, old chests, old armor, and services of dented silver in closets which had once been store-rooms.

But he was not always the source of such good luck to his hosts. He knew most of the pallid, slender mediums who terebrate the skies as he did Europe, and he brought them to my lord's castle, where the fidgets would soon overtake the whole family, followed by a conviction of the genuineness of these electric novelties, till Billy found it easy to induce his friend to dig for treasure where the spirits directed. Nor did such digging prove as fruitful as that suggested to the sons by the father in Æsop. They finally came back empty-handed home, Billy suggesting as an excuse for failure that the conditions were not favorable, and the Baron, more certain than ever that the devil was in it, efficacious in deception, his promises like those of his sisters, the witches in Macbeth.

Billy was an antiquarian. Before Visconti had thought of it, he knew of those huge imperial slabs of African marble beneath the wave of Tiber; and his predictions of the recovery not only of the sacred candlesticks of Solomon's temple, but of many a Grecian masterpiece, when

daylight should search the emptied bed of the river, so wrought upon certain leading officers of the court at Rome, that the project is still entertained there, repressed by the acknowledged poverty of the national exchequer.

Billy Bouncer had been on an excursion to the White Nile, with an officer in the service of the Khedive; and he brought back sketches of the tree habitations of a tribe of Simiæ, whose approach, in appearance, gestures, and speech, to man, he found described in no book; but experts thought his somewhat vague sketches only indicated a variety of the chimpanzee, to be found occasionally, both at London and Paris, in their collections.

But perhaps his best hit was in Africa, where he felt sure that he had discovered the Cave of the Seven Sleepers, and had tried to decipher at its extremity certain characters which he believed to be Greek. He brought away bones, as he averred, of a dog which these young men must have taken with them, but which Mr. Owen at once pronounced those of a jackal.

It was on his return from this excursion into Africa, and along the whole northern shore of that continent, hunting often successfully for

traces of Phœnician emigration and remainders of Spanish influence brought back by the Moors to Africa upon their return, that he resolved upon an exhaustive examination of the ruins these Moors had left behind them in Spain. This examination he accomplished with considerable success. It is not difficult to trace survivals of Moorish words, fashions, and architecture in Spain, for the national life has been visibly tinged by them.

It was while investigating a crumbling ruin not far from the sea, which betrayed behind its Christian architecture the curving lines, the lace-work in stone, the horseshoe arch of the followers of Mahomet, that our friend Billy Bouncer professed to have met with a singular experience. He had wandered down nearly to the sea-shore for the purpose of examining a pestilential lake whose fetid waters sowed its shores with death and disease. He hoped to discover somewhere the conduit which he doubted not the Moors had constructed for purposes of irrigation, and show how the lake might be drained, the free passage of the conduit being re-established. He was baffled, and found none.

He had taken in his hand his carpet-bag, mean-

ing to return to Burgos by a train which was due in an hour; but as he looked down upon the beautiful blue of that southern sea he saw, made still tinier by distance, a little pinnace-like steamer. Her steam was up, and she evidently was preparing to go somewhere. But what riveted Billy's attention and decided him was that, lazily floating with Iberian grace, he saw his country's flag at the stern of the little vessel. The mystery of its meaning charmed him. He knew wherever it went he was at home under those folds. Therefore, hastily running down the cliff, just as the plank was lifted he jumped on board. He asked no questions, spoke to no one, but waited and watched. He looked about vainly for an American. The crew, in their red caps and black whiskers were evidently Spanish, and the neglected look of all things, the blurred surface of the deck, ropes and rubbish out of place, betrayed the disorder of that Latin race whose "home" decidedly is not "upon the deep."

Billy sat at the stern, letting the odic forces draw out his brain and braid it with the twisting seas which followed the screw. It made him think of Niagara — and of a vacant, blissful hour that he had spent, his brain tumbling over and

dropping with the green flakes of the curving water, and floating happy and listless upward in the sunlight on the seething foam. It made him think, too, of his favorite chair in the New York hotel, where the mesmeric scissors of the German artist clicked a music which led him into dream-land, while through the strands of his brown hair, which hung before his eyes, he saw the arriving guests and other artists moving dimly, like trees walking.

Something snapped the glassy thread which drew him homeward, and turning his head he saw that they were arriving. Snatching up his bag, he moved forward to join the few passengers, mostly Spanish, who were going ashore. Just then the engineer thrust his head out of his little box. Billy at once knew it to be American. A certain dry look, fine wrinkles on a colorless skin, the jaw-bone either side of the chin knife-like in its sharpness, the sandy goatee, and the look of infinite cleverness in the eye, made him recognize a fellow-countryman at once. Turning, and stopping a moment, he said: "What's up now, and where have we got to, and where's the best hotel?" The engineer grinned from ear to ear as he answered: "You'll find out fast enough, I

guess, by your looks; you are wanted there. They'll make you at home firstrate. Got any money?" "A doubloon or two, and a little gold and silver besides." "Well, you see that little shanty there with the American arms, under those of Spain. You must go there and change it. Now be off, for we must go back."

As he spoke, the whizz of escaping steam drowned his words, and the silvery column shot, feverish and noisy, into the blue.

Bag in hand, our hero was soon ashore, and, turning to the right, stood before a latticed window over which was written: "Pay here." On his tapping gently, the window flew up, and a superb Spanish official in full toggery, his breast a constellation of brilliant orders, appeared, but behind him peeked a face contrasting with that of the official by its decided nationality, and a voice said: "You must give up all your specie, and take in exchange the notes of our bank here."

"What bank is that? Are its notes good, and do they circulate?"

"They circulate everywhere on the island, but the government does not allow them to leave it. They are very good, for their value is based on

the total value of the property of the place. I will introduce you to the president, whose name is in this corner, and he will explain to you the principles of our system. You see it's a handsome bill."

Billy took one, and noticed that it was beautifully printed, with little wavy lines all over it, and an eagle, whose lifted but not expanded wings made it look fearfully like a buzzard, held in its claws a bunch of olives, thus happily uniting the audacity of American finance with all that could be desired of local color.

The signature of the president, W. S. Tomlinson, had a look of complete authority. Its curves swelled and bellied like sails in a wind, and the flourish below looked strong as the edict of Fate. In graceful arching letters above Billy read, —

BANK OF BOGUSSA.

As with solemnity the official handed him a roll of this money, it was without much surprise that, by a quick calculation in his head, he saw that the market value of his specie had apparently diminished; but he thought the loss probably compensated for by the greater convenience

of paper over metal, and the certainty that its value was based upon the total product of the island.

As he turned to leave, he asked of his withdrawing countryman: "Where's the best hotel?" To which an answer reached him from the inner room: "There ain't but one. You can't miss it — just round to the left." Nor was he long in finding it. On top of an eminence at a turn in the road was a bench, where Mr. Bouncer sat him down to admire the view. It was a very lovely one. There were little promontories, clothed with deep green shrubbery, and springing from it here and there lofty trees, among them Spain's precious and beautiful cork-tree, the shadows of all falling almost unwrinkled into the glass of a sheltered cove; and beyond this an uncertainty of browns and blues, with here and there a point of white as the sun struck some whitewashed wall, or a confusion of shadows as some crumbling ruin intercepted the sunshine. It was picturesque, it was southern. The Genius of Romance lived there, or had only lately left her home.

Drawing his sight regretfully and slowly backwards, something cut across his dreaming con-

tent like a gash. He saw just below him a house, a home, but certainly not that of the Genius of Romance; but if she could not have felt at home there, he did. He was so glad he had come, for now he was sure he should find some of his countrymen. Backed up upon what looked like the remains of a chapel, of which only two or three windows of exquisite workmanship remained, he saw a three-storied hotel, with an interminable stretch of wooden columns, the whole edifice being also of wood. The piazza in front was wide, and partially filled with groups of women and little children. Here and there a lady, differentiated from the more plainly dressed nurses by a costume fashioned by Parisian fingers, sat sewing, but with a supply of magazines and newspapers at her side. There were not many men there, but something told Billy they were not far off: a hum, as if some giant cockchafer were close to his ear, followed by an explosion of wooden laughter, stirred remembrances in the breast of the listener. So, slipping to the rear of the hotel by a little woodland path, its sides so enamelled with pink and pale-blue flowers that he reached the level below with quite a handful of them, he slowly descended. The hum,

the laughter grew louder as he advanced, and with these came more human sounds, pitched at a shrillness of accent not unfamiliar to him. He saw before him six bowling-alleys, diverging like the sticks of a fan from one central point: that point was a little building semi-circular towards the alleys, but with a cube-shaped rear.

Billy was at home at once. He slid quietly into the alley nearest him, and slipping off his coat, which he hung upon a nail, sat down. Billy had a triumph that day. There was no need of any introduction. When invited to share in the game, like the Discobolos, he stood in so classical an attitude, and swung the ponderous lignum-vitæ with such an audacious but effective curve, that every pin leaped to the air at once to do him honor. There is a free-masonry that is closer than paraphernalia or badges can give. Billy, without a word said, showed that he was an American, a good fellow, and as smart as the best.

These gentlemen were very pleasant and agreeable companions; perhaps a few wore upon their glossy shirt-fronts diamonds of a larger size than good taste would dictate; perhaps the too ample figures of some showed a gastronomic breadth

which must have been attained only by long and patient endeavor ; perhaps there was a look about the features of some of them, and the hands of many, as if there were a certain discord between the inner and the outer man. But these things you would scarcely notice unless you were as critical as a detective.

At a given moment, all had had enough, and they slipped their heated arms back again into their suspended coats and shook themselves. By a common accord they crossed over to the building with a semi-circular front, Billy with the rest. Before long somebody said, "What will you have?" Billy eyed the long and familiar marble slab, the pigeon-holes with cigars of every shape and hue, piles of lemons, olives, oranges, and, moving through all, the guardian spirit of the place, a mysterious man who, like a juggler, tossed to you from his cups "pick me ups" of every hue and flavor. There was a cheerful abstraction in his eye,—he was in his world of drinks, but not of it. You could guess by the clear roses of his cheek that he had no share in the hospitality he encouraged. He was addressed, however, by all comers with a familiarity which he did not resent. Billy turned over in his mind flattering memories

of much variety, but finally, daring to decide, said: "Give me a Chenango cock-tail."

The large list of invented beverages was freely drawn upon by the jolly crowd. Then they wheeled like a flock of pigeons toward the door, the foremost simply saying to the mystic servitor: "The Boss will settle for all."

Soon after they dispersed, breaking up into little groups. Perceiving Mr. Bouncer was a stranger, two gentlemen joined him and offered to show him what there was to be seen. They explained that the square building behind the circular bar-room contained, besides billiard-tables, a library. Though much of the literature here was of the unwholesome sort — Paris doubled by New York, the natural mental food of ingenious and corrupted youth — it was not wanting in theological works, and was especially rich in scientific treatises.

"If a man, you know," said his companion, "wants, now, to be up to the times, he must be scientific. In fact, it is only through science he can hold his own, or get ahead of others. Now look at them jugglers. It is not any longer quickness of wrist and slight of hand, but electricity, pneumatics, and telephone is what does it.

You come to amuse yourself, and get lessons in science. And the same thing at the theatre: they can give you a thunder-storm, with flashes of lightning, nearly as good as new; and they have red, blue, and green lights, and scenes that dissolve, melt, and come again; in fact, there is chemistry and science everywhere.

"That's why the ministers are going so behind. The things they tell about don't admit of much help on the scientific side, being about things unseen. But they are trying a little for it, with views of the Holy Land, and such like, thrown on sheets by what they call the stereopticon. If they could get the Egyptian and Jewish jugglers to give us a match once more they would draw like any thing."

There was something in the manner of this man, so blunt and straightforward, yet with such a contrast between his vulgar accent, indifferent English, and the interest he betrayed in science, that Billy regarded him more narrowly. He was a powerful, broad-shouldered, and muscular man, with a bristly black beard, cut short, but widening his already rather bull-dog jowl; and his hands alone, though massive, showed much pliancy, the result of care and some form of exercise. His

dress, cut without distinction, had that glossy freshness, that unimpeachable respectability often seen where a man's best clothes are not in daily use. For a breast-pin he wore a little screw-driver in gold, into the top of which was sunk a pointed diamond of the purest water. Glancing down the athletic lines of his figure, Billy's eye fell upon a watch-chain of massive gold, from which, at the waistcoat button, depended a variety of breloques in polished steel.

Billy noticed that his companion, a sharp-featured and thinner man, was quietly dressed, and without ornament. His air was restless, his expression nervous, and his long fingers played around his knobby walking-stick as if it were a musical instrument. Billy did not think his nervousness extraordinary after he had noticed his power of expectoration, and a discoloration for which Virginia is responsible. It disgusted Billy the more, because it reminded him how much more cleanly we are in this respect within twenty years. Formerly the wild American would establish a puddle at his side wherever he travelled; but now you must seek the smoking-car to enjoy that nuisance. As his eye lingered upon the breloques of the stouter party with

curiosity, he found his arm invaded by the other's, and himself drawn aside into a confidential communication.

"Pretty, ain't they? and, though toys, are so correct. I got them made in New York, where there's a fellow who puts real skill into these things. That chap elevates the profession, and gives it the dignity of a science. In the old days, the barons took from the people what they wanted by weapons now wholly superseded. A couple of good revolvers could fetch down, in no time, half the gentry of those castles on the Rhine. But instruments of all sorts improve, and ours have got a finish and delicacy which makes it a pleasure to use them. And you see everybody knows now that property has no rights. It is not any thing solid, only a knack of getting; and we, for the sake of fair play, are trying to make the knack of keeping hard for them. They all feel it so, and don't mind. In fact, we consider ourselves a kind of silent partners of the banks. They collect, and we distribute. We compromised with them too much at first, but we are getting more difficult. You see we have got every thing on our side now, and the game really begins to lose its interest. What with steel such

as they make now-a-days, dynamite, and the rest of it, it is only getting to be too easy."

Saying this, the big man took from an inner pocket an embroidered cigar-case, and drawing from it two gigantic cigars, he offered Billy one, and, after striking a match, lighted the other for himself. As he looked steadily at Billy, with distended cheeks and eyes that flashed and wavered in the crimson light, while ignition went on, to Billy's startled sense he seemed to be looking upon one of those strange gargoyles in stone, where, amid saintly figures, the leer of diabolism, and a cynicism strangely misplaced, look out upon you.

After this introduction, Mr. Bouncer found himself at home everywhere. The freedom of the island seemed to have been presented to him in the cordial cock-tail he had imbibed. A general devil-may-care air pervaded the place. Everything seemed to run upon oil, and good-fellowship was the rule of life. Not that the society was wholly homogeneous. There were many who seemed to live in the sunshine, clinging together, like herrings in schools, and turning every fin as the leader led; but there were others lonely, reticent, mournful. These lived abstractedly, and

by themselves: their appearance was less jovial, their figures less ample, and their manner had far less breadth. They were as scrupulously neat, dressed carefully in black, as their companions were loud or careless in their attire. They might be seen at their desks, in silent corners, writing with an expression of anxiety and care. If you looked over their shoulder, you would see that they had not confined themselves to the expression of their thoughts on paper, but were making out what appeared to be subscription-papers, with a variety of signatures, and different sums attached to each name. These men, as well as the clergymen, for such there seemed to be from some unmentionable solemnity of dress or manner, repudiated the solicitations of the bar-room, asserting that mixed drinks unsteadied their hands, and confined themselves entirely to water. But they complained that ice was so hard to get: and water, here, tasted insipid compared with what they remembered of the dagger-like strike of chill that used to shoot through them from the gigantic ice-pitcher.

Americans like lectures, and these exiles, who could not understand Spanish actors even if they had had any, had organized a lyceum course,

which was very well received. The speakers were invited to have it out and say their whole thought, confident in the safety of extremes. One of the first of these lectures was by a reverend gentleman, from Connecticut, who was making a permanent visit abroad for his mental and physical health. He found no language strong enough to express his abhorrence of the imps of the decanter and its victims. As Billy listened, he feared that the jovial crew he had met in the semi-circular temple of Bacchus would be annoyed and perhaps indignant at the strength of the lecturer's convictions. He was sallow and not nice to look upon, and his acerbity proclaimed that he considered courtesy as one of the most dangerous approaches to inebriety. To Billy's surprise, the jolly boys rather enjoyed him. "What a gizzard that chap has got!" said one; "it's all gall-stones and old iron; and did you ever hear such intemperance! What cometh out of that fellow's mouth seems to me stronger stuff than any of us put into ours."

A Spanish waiter, who was studying English, misunderstood the drift of the discourse, and thought the doctor was denouncing the use of ice-water, so passionate were his expressions con-

cerning it. This waiter had heard of this dangerous liquor, and he knew that it was generally held in Europe to be the cause of the bad teeth and poor health of Americans. He told his friends in his pantry that he supposed it was the cheapness which led to the abuse of it, adding: "You know if it were our Amontillado they would not be so rash in wasting their money."

Other lectures in the course followed. They were all taken good-naturedly by the audience, whose anxiety as to public opinion did not lie in that direction, and who, by the extent of their hospitality, turned no novelty from their door. Indeed, the general sentiment was encouraging to audacity of speculation. The world is crowded with new facts and new theories. Everybody's brain is fermenting with them. Not only do the modest pretensions of our fathers seem antiquated childishness, but so active is modern thought that, to get a hearing, these lecturers, like gamblers, seemed to say to the opinion of the hour, "I go you ten better on that."

If they had gone twenty, not a listener would have been disturbed. I do not say that they actually represented Messrs. Darwin and Huxley as old fogies, or time-serving conservatives, but

they managed to dress out the beliefs of these gentlemen in such a way that they would not have recognized their own offspring. They out-Heroded Herod, out-Germanized Germany. They set fire to the world,— saw exhaling, like smoke, its pretty creeds, its childish sentiments, its infantile aspirations, and, like monkeys, sat kicking and laughing in the ashes of all beliefs. They used all the marvellous machinery of the mind,— its intelligence, its logic, its sarcasm,— to show that it was itself only the old matter we knew of under conditions of oscillation, in themselves hardly interesting. They stood peering over this molecular movement with their gigantic lens and found, as Pompey did, the Holy of Holies quite empty.

These new statements of the solidarity of matter were received with loud approval by the auditory. Each expressed a satisfaction, though in a different manner. A subtle smile played round the lips of the gentlemen in black, while the jovial children of Bacchus heaved like porpoises in a sea of bliss.

"Go it, old buster!" they cried. "Get the sawdust out of the baby. That's all the stuffing we want!"

Their opinion seemed one not of the intellect only, but their whole character went with it. They made it so personal, that you would have said that it was a matter of importance to them to find a solution to the enigma of the world which would dispense with rectitude and conscience. They felt the convenience of the principles the world was proclaiming about them. In fact, they had always acted on them, though, not being writers or orators, they had not given their convictions the form of words.

This lecture, which pleased all, was soon followed by one on Property, which was even more successful than the first. The speaker explained and vindicated the progress of opinion in every direction. Every image, he said, however it may hold high its front of gold or brass in the sunshine, carries beneath feet of clay only. Whatever may be thought of the God in heaven, it is certain, he said, that on earth the real god, above all other gods, is Property. His shrine is in the heart of man; he needs no outward temple or service. It would be superfluous, a mockery, to institute a priesthood for a religion of which all are proselytes already. And yet that god, with his feet of clay, must tumble with the rest. If

the distinction between man and man had been merely a bauble, a ribbon, a star, the people could have borne with it. But the difference was other, and brought luxury and starvation, culture and ignorance, impunity and punishment, into sharp contrast. "Cannot one see," he said, "with half an eye, that the barbarous right of possession, inherited with a thousand perishing blunders from the feudal robbers of the past, is at war as much with common sense and common humanity as it is with the whole spirit of the religion we profess? When that delicate financial question concerning the coin of Rome was propounded to the Saviour, he escaped the solution by punning upon the superscription. But is not his whole life, his every word, a proclamation of the doctrine of the injustice of riches? In the millennium which is awaiting the world, it is plain that its first condition will be the abolition of property-distinctions. Some have thought that there would be universal and equalized wealth and comfort, while other theorists maintain that it is discomfort and poverty which will be universal. There seems the greatest ground for the latter supposition, if certain financial heresies, still retained by the crumbling gov-

ernments of the world, succeed in tyrannizing for ever."

Turning with a graceful bend of the head towards the group of bankers and financiers—who had hidden from Billy Bouncer, under a mask of careless joviality, profound fiscal ability, and schemes whose daring and failure only showed that they were as yet in advance of their age—in a voice deep with emotion the lecturer added:—

"And how fitly should we recognize those martyrs to humanity, those pioneers whose defiance of the oppression of law has constituted them the champions of the people's rights, the advanced guard of the holy army of liberty,"—here he borrowed a few sentences from Victor Hugo in the direction of his thought, and culminated with a welcome to them, on his own part, to the glorious freedom of the island of Bogussa, where a common manhood and a common misfortune made them brothers, and where in mutual confidence and a friendliness, which only the grave should interrupt, they all lived harmoniously together.

While listening to this peroration, Mr. Bouncer was inwardly much disturbed. He did not cordially accept the glowing beliefs of the speaker,

though the rest in the hall generally did. Life at his first coming to the island had seemed to him solid and real; the bowling alley had a charm which made his whole body, to the tips of his fingers, tingle with delight. He had a soothing sense of the agreeable reality of the Chenango cock-tail. But now things began to look misty and pale. Every thing swam round him. The oldest beliefs, the newest friendships, became vague and unsubstantial. Earth suddenly was only a dissolving view. With a cold shudder he plunged his hand into his pocket and brought out the roll of bills of the Bogussa Bank. He tried to make the awkward-looking eagle and the peaceful olives it sat on look real; but either the wavy lines on the paper made him dizzy, or obscuring doubts from the fountain of his being had made him faint, for to his uncertain vision the eagle flapped his wings and disappeared, while the nest of olives over which it had brooded changed to little impish faces which mocked at him and jeered.

As he replaced the roll in his pocket he tried to remember that the whole island and its possessions were security for the value of the bills. Still his soul stretched yearningly towards the

foolish gold and silver he had left with the official at the little shanty ; and drawing from his waist-coat pocket a stamped receipt for the same, he read, with much satisfaction, these words, in both English and Spanish, in the corner : " Specie to be returned if called for within ten days." He felt strong and resolute in a minute. He thrust out his funny, square-toed boots, so long and flat, till he could feel his legs like iron rods before him, and sank back with a look at the speaker of indifference, as of one unconcerned in the discussion, and followed him to the end. He thought his change of expression somewhat disturbed the orator in his turn. Billy had felt that when the generous welcome extended to unfortunates fell upon his ear, the speaker's eye had, with incomprehensible sympathy, included him among the objects of his bounty ; and this patronage had somewhat discomfited and appalled him. But as he looked the good man straight in the face, he wondered that he had not noticed before that shade of insincerity, of conspiracy, which was now to him so evident.

He enjoyed the orator coming to his finish as the turf-man, who knows where the money lies, sees with a smile the struggling ruck of horses

turning the corner. As the lecturer paused for his gulp of water, to smooth the way for his confident and solemn termination, Mr. Bouncer's eye chanced to read a legend on the wall behind the desk, to this effect: —

PECUNIA NON OLET.

After perusing it awhile, he noticed that a hand had scored with chalk under it the words: —

"Non valet: it does not pay,"

Clutching his hat, Billy jumped to his feet, crying joyously: —

"Yes, I know
That is so!"

The stay of our hero after this was not long in the island. His visit had been delightful, but he thought it time to leave. However agreeable his American friends had been, he recalled the solid charms of his gold and silver still with the official, and the peace of the life elsewhere, if comparatively stupid and dull, with the gayest anticipations. On reaching the pier, the music of the hissing steam once more saluted him. As he appeared again with a second rap at the little

window, it again ascended and revealed the face of the handsome officer, who saluted him with mock gravity, and the questioning, almost accusative, countenance of the American interpreter behind.

"What," said he, looking at the carpet-bag,— "going so soon! I thought you were —"

"No," turning slowly his head, "no," said his companion, in magnificent Spanish; "can't you see the gentleman *isn't one of them?* He is only a visitor."

"Yes, I am one of them," answered Billy, "if by that you mean an American."

"The Señor, I think, knows well enough what I mean; but he is pleased to mystify me." But reading an expression of surprise upon the face of Billy, he leaned towards him and whispered:—

"You see we all got tired of having them round. They were always turning up with some imitation of the notes of the Bank of England, or some great banking-house; and they even were shabby enough to try to come over those poor Orientals, which they did easily enough. They were always coming down on their honest countrymen in the cities they visited,—sometimes founding bogus banking-houses themselves, and sometimes get-

ting into clubs and bringing a card or two that did not belong there. And they didn't like it much either, themselves. They were always talking about the want of liberty and smartness in the old country. They could not live as the others did, but huddled like sheep in great reading-rooms, where they improved their minds by the latest villanies at home. They were always missing their iced-water, and their peanuts. And so it was arranged that Spain should sell them this little island, which they bought out, and where they have a hotel and run a bank of their own."

"All aboard!" just then shouted the engineer, who, as Billy Bouncer passed him to go forward, grinned from ear to ear.

XI.

FREE TRADE.

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THERE is making now with us a fresh movement in favor of free trade. As its friends say, the plant of American industry is now sturdy enough and sufficiently well rooted to dispense with glass; that it is strong enough to resist all chills of competition; and therefore no longer needs the hot-house. Something, too, it may be, of that restlessness and desire for change, always so lively with us, which may move these gentlemen to action. It is certainly a very pleasant thing to buy a pocket-knife for fifty cents when we have been giving a dollar for one. But the whole question is here, "Where is the fifty cents to come from?" It is cheaper for a man, prosperous through home-industry, to pay a dollar for what he wants, than for a poorer man his fifty cents. In nothing has the American people shown a long-sighted sagacity more than in its willingness

to bear the immediate burden of a tax on goods it does not make, and thereby foster a prosperity in which it knows it shall share.

The West is in some degree the pensioner of England. Its production of bread-stuffs finds there a market: not always, indeed, a sure or steady one. It might have thought it a matter of indifference whether it bought beyond its boundaries the manufactures it needed from Old or New England; but it was wiser than to make that mistake. England would have gladly, in return for its corn, overwhelmed its markets from her surplus of production; and then New England, with poor soil and scanty harvest, would have been forced to Western emigration, to partake of the profits made from the mother country. She would have disputed the soil of the West with the Western man, brought a rivalry he could not afford, and have lost to him his nearest and best purchaser; but this policy was too unwise for the American. He knew that, New England impoverished, the mountain streams which feed his levels would at last extend to him their own desiccation; and he felt prophetically that if he bore his share of the burden which should plant and foster our

young industry, the overflow of its wealth would build his cities, lay down his railroads, and supply for him that sure and near market which would consummate his prosperity. It is to the eternal honor of the American people that, slighting the solicitations of England, they have stood stanchly by the principle of American industry; and verily they have their reward. It is too late now for seduction, for they in the West have a young manufacturing industry of their own to foster, and they look to us for an assurance of the same support which they have before so cordially given us.

Free trade in England meant to provide by the absence of duties below a certain point for the introduction of bread-stuffs, the feeder to her human machinery; while on the other hand it invited the world to imitate her, and admit, free of duty, her manufactures furnished at the lowest cost compatible with life. It is amusing to see England trying to adjust herself to the new conditions, for we furnish her now not only with wheat and other grains, but with meats, on the hoof, or packed in ice, and, to her astonishment, are flooding her with articles in wood and metal confessedly superior to her own. She, the great

workshop of the world, is supplying herself from foreign workshops. It is evident that this cannot go on indefinitely without bringing her to the condition of the boy who wanted a cheap jack-knife, but did not know how to get the money. While the superior ingenuity, lightness, and skill of American work should naturally and properly meet with welcome in England, and be for her advantage to buy, yet no economist there can see her farmers ruined by competition from abroad, and her own manufactures neglected for those of the United States, without alarm. She must either manage to work up her goods into shapes cheaper and better than our own, and so defy us, or, to her great distress, see disappearing like a phantom that free trade which had sat like a queen so long by the side of the tridented Britannia. All eyes are watching the issue; prophets abound with their vaticinations. Some see in all this the ruin of England; some predict that, girding up her loins, she will soon be known as the great protectionist nation *pur et simple;* while others venture to suppose that, threatened by exhaustion at home, she may colonize close to our inexhaustible mines and coal-beds, — an exodus of capital and labor such as the world has never

seen. Then haply may be realized the anticipation of the American who said the day would come when his countrymen, loving their ancestral home, would plant their villas on the banks of the beautiful Thames and Wye, as the Romans usurped in Magna Græcia the country-houses at Baiæ and Pompeii, which Grecian colonists first planted there.

The word "free-trade" has that charm which attaches to every epithet compounded of the glorious word "free." It includes the dislike of restraint, and, above all, restriction in the choice of markets enforced upon all by the minority who profit by it. It is said to be in the spirit of our institutions, in the spirit of the age. Intercourse is too lively now for national isolation. We come and go to all parts of the earth, and the boundaries of States are melting before the breath of the locomotive. The man who has bought a Persian rug the month before in the bazaars of Cairo dislikes to pay more than double its price in a Boston shop. There is that solidarity of peoples which, having even invaded China and overridden its more than Chinese wall of exclusion, makes a man in some sense a citizen of the countries in which he lingers so much.

Does not the share which the American has in the glories of Mont Blanc and the Wetterhorn bid him wish well to his fellow-citizen of a month, the watch-maker of Geneva, and set aside as impertinent the demands of a youthful Waltham and an American time-keeper?

And then there is the large utterance of the gentlemen who make theories and propound them in books. They will from their arm-chairs explode institutions of government, clumsy laws of commerce, and introduce an intelligent fraternization of peoples which, while ennobling their sentiment, shall be also, as they say, for the instant advantage of all.

When a man begins to love a theory he dislikes any facts which are contrary to his opinion, as Barry said after studying the old masters, "Nature puts me out." In practical affairs a theory serves little, except for the mind's diversion, unless facts corroborate it. Siéyès went about with his pockets full of constitutions. For all we know they might have worked well, but they were never tried. They existed not in *esse*, but only in *posse*, as theories. That of free trade is at least as good as the rest, but so long as the pacification and brotherhood of nations exist

only in the brain of a theorist, there is little safely to be done with it. There is a theory that Christian nations should never fight each other. This certainly is the best of theories, and all hope that the time may come when it will prove a reality; but till it does, that wing of the principle of national amity can hardly advance unsupported by the whole army of Christianity. Both are dreams which some far-off future may realize; but till that arrives we should beware of the deceptions of hope. We must take the world as we find it. We are not appointed to be our brother's keeper, and an enlightened selfishness will prove a better counsellor than that philanthropy that invites us to an unrestricted interchange of commodities without guaranteeing that advantage which is the natural basis of human action.

Moralists have wisely held that selfishness better attains the end of universal happiness than if each person, neglecting his own, looks only after the interest of his neighbor. There is nothing to be ashamed of in a nation's or individual's proclaiming that his guide is that enlightened selfishness. The words "free" or "general benefit" should not deter us from trusting such a

guide; though to the theorist they retain their charm.

Our people have now tried for many years the advantage of the motto, which Italy not long since made her device: "*L'Italia fera da se.*" We have borne the burden of a tariff without murmuring, and we are not tired of it yet. We see around us prosperity, and are willing to believe that the fostering of home labor, internal commerce, and activity within our borders, have had much to do with it. This bugbear of a home industry, guarded by protection so alarming to Europe, has not frightened our people from its increased extension. The West demands the monster, the South also, and even baby States are crying for it. There may be over-production, but it is better to suffer from this, while employing our own people, than to see them crushed through an over-importation of Europe's excess of inferior goods. A time may come when rival States may try to break down each other by ruinous prices in manufactured goods, but that is better than that Europe should do us this injury. Better that a custom-house should show a stringency to exclusion, than bear as its motto: "European rubbish shot here."

If the Americans were an uninventive or stupid people, there might be an excuse for their relinquishing, through incapacity, any production of manufactures demanding skill. If America were one rolling prairie, only suitable for the growth of bread-stuffs, or the raising of cattle, she might forego the advantage of manufacturing her own articles of wool, silk, and cotton; but she is a continent of different soils, different climates, inhabited by different races. She is a world sufficient to herself, and in the interchange of the growths, the food, the fruits, the manufactures of her different zones, she is already the only free-trading nation of the world. Not a duty, not a tax is levied on the introduction of any thing created within herself by any of her many sovereign States. A free-trader may hold that this relation of the States to each other is an anticipation of his own doctrine; a witness to its advantage and safety. But when Europe is heaving with the pent-up activities of socialism and nihilism, and the intrepid absurdity of strikes, the security so proudly proclaimed by the teachers of free trade may disappear in a moment. And is there no chance of war? An iron barrier may unexpectedly be around every nation; the

pathway of the seas will be then at his mercy who shall prove himself there the strongest; and the sweet comity of nations and the reign of universal brotherhood will disappear in the tumult. The advocates of free trade in America are obliged to confess that the policy of protecting duties is at least more than a partial success. The veterans of this belief live in a cloudland of their own, and can paint for you our present prosperity, as it would have been enhanced if the nation had been a convert to them; but they all, young and old, are quite willing to try an experiment with other people's property, and immediately repeal all protective laws. A theorist is never content to leave well alone, and he even quarrels with a good result if not in accordance with his notions; but they now try to show that the time has come when we should leave our leading-strings; that our great skill and success prove that we may compete even-handed with the world. As this experiment has never been tried, and the result is wholly problematical, there can of course be no proof of its truth. But this nowise disheartens the stout theorist. But it does naturally alarm the manufacturer, who has no guarantee of advantage to give him confidence. He

knows the volatile nature of money, and how easily riches take wings. He knows how soon a small percentage against him will ruin a business. All business, especially that of manufacturing, costs much to keep up. The expense of the plant, the wear and tear of machinery, are heavy weights which he can only carry when prosperous. Let him lose, beyond recovery, ever so little on a yard of goods, and his business is ruined. What remains from the wreck flies elsewhere for a safer investment: thus we have seen whole industries move from nation to nation, as the margin of profit made their introduction profitable. And, in fact, the good sense of the nation will adjust an equilibrium disturbed by a too great profit to the manufacturer, as it should when it is the importer whose profit is too great. Things adjust themselves, and our free-trader may rely upon it that when a tariff is plainly unnecessary the manufacturer will no longer demand a protection which, if he did, the nation would refuse; but till then people have the good sense to see that, like charity, care for the wealth of nations should begin at home. We are sometimes told that all the merchants, or all of any other class, are for free trade. The fallacy is in

the belief that that can be profitable to a class which is injurious to the whole. A nation is a vital entity, and its roots strike deep into home labor and home productions. The merchant who complains that a tariff is a bar to his commerce should direct his attention to the transfer of home goods to foreign States unsupplied with our productions. If he does not find a market, he should create one. If there should be none to be found or created, he should direct his capital into more remunerative channels. Nothing can be more unfair than for the trader to try and overturn a home industry that his business may flourish through the ruin of another's. With the foreign importer it is quite otherwise: he is too often not only no citizen of the country with whose laws he intermeddles, but his interest is elsewhere, and he conveniently brings with him his theories of free trade, which he is certain are profitable to himself, excusing their expression by right of the doubtful citizenship to which he makes claim.

To another class belongs the sturdy self-seeker, well rooted in the profoundest instincts of his own advantage, who would dazzle or beguile his neighbor with truths or plausibilities which must

finally bring the water to his own wheel. And, among these latter, we count as the most persistent and skilful propagandist her, who, sitting syren-like on the shores of her own green island, would make a prey of every ship and every mariner that gets wrecked upon her theories of free trade.

It may to some seem strange that England, which owes its power and position to the undeviating command of a long-descended selfishness, should assume the harp and sing the song of seduction. For a wonder, at last, her thought is turned away from her own interest to lose itself in benevolent purposes for others. It may be a sign of dotage that she should thus babble of humanitarian schemes. But if a maudlin desire to propagate throughout the world her convictions on this matter be a sign of decrepitude, we fear she may too much resemble the famous pope, who having, through such a show, gained his end, was yet seen flourishing his staff, full of an early vigor and a hearty confidence, with a face whose strongest expression was yet that of self-interest. Like the fox who had lost its tail, it invites other foxes to think poorly of caudal excess, though one would not at first sight observe such a resemblance.

But has England not abated something which belongs to her nature, and may not, therefore, her whining trouble be, not the sign of powerful beneficence, but a confession of loss? Is not her situation hourly more artificial and exposed to danger? Is she now that self-contained, tight little island which could look, over her fringe of blue, with proud indifference upon the blunders of her neighbors? Is she not suffering the penalty of the over-indulgence of that very protection she now contemns? Is she not becoming a monstrous work-shop, which would fabricate for the human race, not only receiving in return for this their raw material, but day by day the fulness of spoil from foreign harvests, and continental markets? The world sends to her her poultry, her fish, her beeves, her cheeses, and every salted and prepared eatable. If this be so, can it be possible that her voice should have the impartiality of truth? Is she not nervous, amid all her wealth, at the thought that, year by year, her necessaries of life are drawn from the ends of the earth? Is not an ever-extending and profitable market abroad for her industry the one solution for the present, and for the future still more, of her difficulty?

With a prosperity so dangerous that it reminds one of the pagan king who made sacrifices from his stores to avert some impending fatality ; with a system of production so all-devouring that it takes to feed it, like a cancer, the vital forces of the nation, she can scarcely afford to play with principles or make sacrifices to her long-victorious selfishness. Nationally blind to the temperaments and requirements of other nations, she may well in this, as in so many other of her dogmas, hold to a certain honesty, and believe that which is good for England ought to be good everywhere. She sometimes scolds a little, but is in the main content to refer, with a mild disdain, to the mole-like blindness of other nations to their own interest, though if such a suggestion could be brought home to herself, she would stare in amazement.

So, as may be seen, in this matter getting a hint from England, we prefer to borrow from her to strengthen us, — not her words of suspicious counsel, but the methods of that intelligent selfishness which has placed her so high among the nations. And, indeed, in this whole matter of work, what is there worth listening to but an intelligent selfishness ? When Adam

Smith, the greatest writer upon these matters, wished to draw attention, he baited his title with exhaustive completeness, and called it "The Wealth of Nations." For that is the subject of our story,—not sentiment, nor heroics; not a suggestion of something which may prove an advantage, but far more likely a disadvantage; not the thin scream of an ignorant eagle who sees in the word "free" something which has made him scream before,—but the simple question, "Will protection or free trade increase the riches of a nation?" It may be low; it may be egotistical; it must be selfish; for the point is only there. If to-morrow free trade would make every man in the United States richer, it would be well to adopt it to-morrow. If, on the contrary, protection does, it would be the maddest folly to exchange such a gain for such a loss. And that it does so would seem to be too easy to prove.

Before we had ventured on the experiment there was a gentleman by the name of Lowell, who, in England, after contemplating the unparalleled manufacturing prosperity there, was asked, being a man of great skill in such matters, by a fellow-countryman, if he could find at home

some chance for such good fortune, matching our cheap water-power against England's expensive steam-power, their degraded and starving operative against our own cleverer and better-paid one, and our near home-market against their distant one. He replied: "I will figure it out." He did so, and became convinced of its practicability. In the England which so loves horses, when a three-year-old runs against the older favorite, the favorite is weighted to make the race even. And so, said he, "The old horse carrying the weights of certain duties, I think we will give him a try." This decision, if successful, implied many things. It implied that the empty, if not barren, field of Chelmsford, where the Merrimack murmured of neglect through a houseless solitude, should see rise from the soil a rich and beautiful city, finding occupation and content for its forty thousand inhabitants. It implied a use for the many idle hands of American women in many a country town. It implied the growth and support of every farming interest which should feed and clothe this laboring multitude. It implied in our own fair city, where the masts of commerce should later vanish from our wharves; in our unpeopled farms which die visibly beside

the luxuriant West; the steady flow of wealth to those who, after adorning the city of their choice with many an institution of art and learning, should find means from their overflowing coffers to bind to her, as with hoops of steel, that West which, having at first nothing, fed upon the bounty of the East, and which, if in its lusty manhood, Jerusha-like, it struck sometimes the hand that fed it and disallowed its indebtedness, yet should reverentially remember it. It implied, in fact, civilization and prosperity throughout New England, and through her, to the whole country. The South found a rival to England which could enhance the value of her cotton, and our nearer market, both ways, was always a mutual benefit. One prosperous manufacture makes many, and soon the naiad of each of our streams gayly tossed her pearls over the water-wheel in aid of every industry. All metals, all woods, all stuffs, all leathers, were tortured to furnish to the world articles whose substantial genuineness that world had never fairly recognized till our Centennial show of them.

In some degree, this figuring of Mr. Lowell's implied the civilization of America. All this was

certainly a fine thing; and no theorist can object to his so filling up that pleasant plain at Chelmsford. For we speak of this mother-bird, whose struggle for life was there secured, and, by implication, through her to the hundreds of her chicks now with prosperous, well-filled nests of their own. It is very certain we never could have moved in this race with England without the advantage of a handicap upon the older horse. She would have continued to make our cottons and calicoes, and every utensil of use, without the need of that colonial law which once forbade our buying of any but of her. Certainly every sensible American must bless such a system as changed the bare banks of the Merrimack into cities like Lowell and Lawrence. That Pactolus, once the Merrimack, has irrigated America even to its Pacific slope, and had no water-wheel been there we can imagine the symbolic New Zealander of the future as mourning above our beautiful river, with even more grief than over our maternal Thames, for he would have had to think, not of cities that were and are not, but of those which could have been and were not.

We believe Macaulay and many another prophet has said of the United States: "Your system

of freedom is only possible while your numbers are few, and those few content with good wages and work." It seems a truism indeed; and we can only conceive of a freeman here as a man well clothed, well fed, with good wages, and independent through self-respect. No abject pauper cares to maintain a political freedom which to him is worthless compared to bread.

Europe has qualified the original character of the free-born voter by the well-known ruffian and tool of New York slums, and taught us what in the future we should avoid. Between the wheels of competition man is ground to dust, his soul evaporates, his body decays, and he becomes merely the unresisting extension of machinery without a heart. Now the first movement, the first victim of the competing wheels of England and America must be our operative. If he cannot be fed through our tariff, he must fall to the level of the rival he struggles with. And as

"Men must work and women must weep."

he must sell his strength as it is daily sold in England at a starvation price, or not work at all. Capital is movable, and when riches have wings they fly to the most profitable field; but the Ixion

of the mill must turn with his wheel, though its motion beat the life out of him. Unless we want to precipitate our evil day, unless we want to ripen still more the disaffection of the disaffected classes, unless we wish to see the outcast pals of poor Tweed leavening our villages, and the hour soon sound when a strong hand must curb anarchical turbulence, — we may well pause, for the sake of the laborer himself, before we make him the fellow of the perishing population of toil in old Europe.

XII.

ARY SCHEFFER.

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ARY SCHEFFER.

A GLANCE IN RETROSPECT AT THE GREAT PAINTER'S STUDIO.

I.

HIS RELATIONS WITH THE ORLEANS FAMILY. — THE ATELIER-SALON.

ARY SCHEFFER, the painter of *Christus Consolator*, *Mignon aspirante au ciel*, *Christ Tempted by Satan*, and other world-renowned works, many of which have been widely diffused through engravings, during the entire reign of Louis Philippe had a studio which was the chief art-centre of Paris. Various causes contributed to give it this importance. Not only was Scheffer the teacher of that woman of genius, Louis Philippe's daughter, the Princess Marie, but he was a warm personal friend of the royal family. At Versailles, one can now behold the most famous work of this princess, her

Jeanne d'Arc shrinking from the sight of the first Englishman she has killed. As was natural, on the exhibition of this statue, and the chronic scepticism as to royal genius, efforts were made to explain its merits by attributing them to her teacher; but Scheffer, who was her teacher, except in one signal instance, — the bust of his mother, — was never a sculptor, and the doubt was silenced for ever by the question: "If a sculptor has aided her, name him; for we know none in Paris who could do it." Besides this work of hers, which so many have admired, there was in Scheffer's studio, cast in bronze, a six or eight sided font. Each of these sides represented in alto-relievo some incident in the life of *Jeanne d'Arc*.

This relation of Scheffer with the royal family was important, for not only there came from it a pupil of genius, but the Duke of Orleans (whose sudden death, when entangled in his cloak, as he endeavored to alight from his carriage, his horses becoming wild from fright, was universally lamented as a national calamity) became a most discerning and appreciative lover of art and of his sister's teacher. The Duke of Orleans, as a true prince should, welcomed the best talent of his time, nor is there during a hundred

years another instance of any member of a royal family bestowing such gracious recognition.

Bohemia is a much more important province of the Parisian capital than is generally supposed. By instinct, artists are republicans, and as republicanism has been of late years to royal people a source of alarm, it was wise as well as gracious to make friends with these leaders of a dangerous class. The want of this precaution was one of the many mistakes of Napoleon the Third, during his whole reign, for though he made an attempt at conciliation of what he considered the immediate source of danger, the workingmen, he forgot the men of genius, the inspirers of republican sentiment, as was sadly evidenced in the iconoclastic rage of Courbet, who, in revenge, as it were, for this oversight, prostrated the column of his great uncle.

If the Duke of Orleans had lived, it is probable that his charm of manner, his intelligence, and his friendship with the art world, might have saved his too *bourgeois* father from the indifference, and finally the hostility, of universal Paris. The one thing in France a king cannot become with safety is a *bourgeois*, for the *bourgeois* class has always been time-serving and pusillanimous ;

and to resemble that is to win no favor. The one important fact for the success of the Republic in France now is, that this class shall become frankly and bravely republican. Those above it have thus far been the puppets of parties, and those below the worthless straw, which zealots have kindled. If we may judge by many symptoms, not only is this bourgeois class gaining courage to be frankly republican, but that more remote, but larger class, the great agricultural body, is learning for the first time the real meaning of republican government.

Ary Scheffer, though a Parisian, was a native of Holland, and it is only a few years since that a statue has been erected to his memory in his native town. He brought with him from Holland something of that lofty ideal, something of those Protestant sentiments, which we find vivifying everywhere the glowing pages of Motley in his History of the Netherlands. It is not everyone who wills to who can paint a picture with noble or religious sentiment. Too many empty mockeries from easels of ability, in poor, irreligious Paris, show this. It was not till Scheffer came, and a greater than he, Flandrin, that the Parisians were taught to admire and love pic-

tures of holy aspiration, of pure feeling, or of tender sentiment.

Flandrin was the greater of the two, for not only was he far superior in *technique* and accurate drawing, but he expressed in his noble pictures religious emotion with far less of alloy. They who suppose that this power is buried in the tomb of Fra Beato Angelico, a part of the perished privilege of an earlier age, should not fail, in going to Paris, to visit the chapel of the Duke of Orleans and the many churches where the genius of Flandrin has ennobled our period of doubt and denial.

And yet Scheffer fairly merited his fame. His *Mignon*, his *Santa Monica*, his *Christ* could only be produced by one who felt what he professed. You are elevated, touched, when gazing on them, and you excuse the somewhat timid drawing, the somewhat constrained attitudes, and a cold color, which, if it has the dignity of fresco, has little to stimulate or charm, for the sake of the pure, beautiful faces, the noble conception, and a faith, which, if imperfectly expressed, is true and genuine.

This double distinction of being the friend of royalty and of aiming at the grand style, with his

spacious studios, where, like an atmosphere, was breathed from the walls distinction and holiness, made Scheffer a man apart from the crowd of gifted artists about him. His studios were *salons* as well as painting rooms. There he held receptions where all that was most eminent of goodness, talent, or title willingly came; although such dainty feet trembled to disturb the dust in many Bohemian *ateliers* in which a more earthly worship of beauty was observed.

There was something striking in the surroundings which Scheffer had made for himself. Lifting the latch of a green door from the street, you entered a long passage-way opening into a sunny court, from the centre of which one or two majestic cedars of Lebanon guarded, as with outstretched wings, the hospitable entrance of his dwelling, which directly faced you. Just before reaching this court, an iron *grille* with a bell-pull attached closed the passage, and there on either side was a studio. He mostly worked in the one to the right, while in that to the left were placed his finished pictures, portraits, and chalk outlines of some contemplated masterpiece. These rooms were singularly striking and impressive; there were quiet escape from the world and invitation

to grave meditation. It was not the common shop of the painter, a reckless confusion of odds and ends, the paraphernalia of the gypsy land of genius, but everywhere sobriety, serenity and religious calm. No wonder, when Rubenstein played or Chopin improvised, that dreamy visitor from Polish skies, touched with the melancholy of exile and tingling with the rapture of despair,— that grave and dignified personages, thoughtful and holy women, as well as the fashionable crowd, which treads upon the heels of success, would all love to be there, and find themselves the better for their coming.

Scarcely a visitor of distinction, a man eminent for love of liberty, or heroic adventure, the bearer of hereditary honors, or the simple child of his own merit, who did not soon find his way to the presence of the beloved master. There was that indescribable something which few can define but all feel, *tone*, character, the atmosphere of the spot, a something rare and elevated, towards which always noble spirits gravitate, and when they meet are happy in the sense of an unspoken free-masonry, a common bond in the love of good things, which made the mere artistic purpose of the rooms quite secondary. Many a

foot crossed that threshold, which attempted no other studio in Paris. Eyes quite innocent of all art knowledge looked respectfully upon walls haunted by so many in whom they believed. Indeed it was something exceptional in the *ateliers* of Scheffer, this presence of so many who came there, not for the sake of his art but for what his art expressed. People who knew nothing of color, poor critics of grouping or outline, could gaze into the rapture of Santa Monica's face and feel as if they understood it all. No *argot* of the *rapin*, no picturesque cant of the brush, echoed from those serious ceilings. Scheffer himself indulged little in that fervent phraseology which makes half the wit of most Parisian studios, though he was not wanting in simple explanations of his intentions of deep and true principles of art, and modest confessions of a desire outrunning his performance. For he was in no sense an ardent or intoxicated genius; he worked slowly and carefully; he seemed ever trying painfully to withdraw the image he saw from his inner mind and fix it upon the canvas. He had no heats of possession, no *coups de maître*, no tyranny of purpose, which used him as their blind instrument: all was tender, gentle, refined.

Though in his first youth, small pictures of sentiment, the *Return of the Conscript*, the pathos of the poor, what it is the fashion now to call "literature," as is the case with all struggling artists, were bandied about among unsympathizing salesmen; and though later he showed something of a glow of color and passion for dramatic action, yet the serious work of his life was the expression of purity and holiness in serene figures where the disturbance and sensuality of color were avoided, and all moved in a tranquil, silver light that seemed to come from above.

It is therefore quite intelligible that there was a gulf between Scheffer and the group of young men struggling to the surface, — fiery, impatient spirits; heralds, though perhaps they knew it not, of a new school whose morning promise should ascend, ever widening and brightening, till its glory reaches even to us, while the moonlight purity and the silver radiance of Scheffer shall have passed somewhat from men's eyes, behind the horizon.

But during his life Scheffer lived with a kind of state equalled by no artist of his time unless it be Horace Vernet, who identified himself with the history of France and her glory by battle-

pieces, which made him dear not only to the royal family but to the people.

This epoch of the reign of Louis Philippe was friendly both to art and literature. The patronage which the king extended to every artist who could paint a battle-picture worthy of the halls of Versailles seems to have been fruitful in unexpected ways. And this atmosphere of culture, this love for ability, fertilized those growths in literature which have made all succeeding days seem poor and starved. In so centralized a government as that of France, the amenity which welcomes literature, the peaceful ambition which desires a monument for itself through the glories of genius, beamed from the Tuileries with sunlike stimulus to every growth of mind. Indifference, discouragement, these will annul the genius which might have illustrated a throne. In this respect, the Empire and the period of which we speak were in painful contrast. Though much careful and delicate work was done under the Empire, the product rather of the universal desire throughout the world for artistic excellence, and prompt and liberal payment was given for its masterpieces, yet this absence of the sunshine of royalty, the quickening power of recognition in high

places which genius needs and aims for, made the general work under the rule of Louis Napoleon mechanical and soulless. But the earlier days of the reign of Louis Philippe knew an enthusiasm for all products of mind which France had not seen since the setting of that royal sun, the Grand Monarque. And both in literature and art there were new seeds in the soil, new relations with nature and books, which added not a little to all the court was doing. The old school of painting ceased to satisfy. Paris was filled with young men seeking fresh avenues to light and life, and round them was an enthusiastic swarm of devotees which hailed each new success with the most ardent acclamations. David and Girodet, the painters of a false ideal, had had their day; De Marne and all the tribe of smooth conventional landscape painters were shelved to make way for the new men, and around them raged a battle of opinion. The new must always fight its way, especially when the strong places are held by the disciples of routine and academic formula.

The trumpet sounded from camp to camp, and we feel a glow, even now, remembering the hot words of welcome, the ardent adhesion, of Théo-

phile Gautier, Jules Janin, and many another pupil of the new school, as some glowing masterpiece of Descamps, some powerful landscape of Jules Dupré, or vivid skirmish by Delacroix, attracted the curious crowd at the yearly exposition in the Louvre.

Painters of renown, the men who succeeded, had always loved nature, and their success was in the main in proportion to the amount of truth they told of her. They gave something of her charm, touched with reverence the hem of her garment. It was enough for their time, but not enough for the piercing eyes, the beating heart of that new era. Men of genius were no longer content to pay a placid and weak tribute to her divinity. The new men crowded about her, tore from her her secrets, looked up long and bravely in her face, and the more they worshipped felt the more encouraged by her smiles.

The sentiment so often called that attribute of our time, the love of nature, was demanding more truth and a deeper, higher expression, a something on the canvas which was to reveal the intimacy of this new relation.

Once it had been said that Frenchmen cared little for the beauties of landscape: certainly the

crowd which thronged the formal alleys of Versailles, which thought Le Nôtre had done something better with his clipped trees than the good God had made for men in his disorderly forests, knew little of it. If a Frenchman visited Switzerland, he glanced at the *belle horreur* of mountain and ravine, nor felt quite safe till he found again the familiar *trottoir* under his feet. And if he cared to embellish his room with a landscape, he had pretty clouds of rose above an insipid line of flat trees, under which a sportsman might be pointing at something with his right hand, or where little women in pretty attitudes of astonishment were bathing in a decorous pool: all much as if it were a Sévres plate. But the new men thought quite differently. They loved the tangle and surprises of nature; they poured a real sunshine upon trunk and every laden bough, found the secret of mysterious and transparent shadows, insisted upon making each object in the landscape keep its place; and so well they did it that when photography was invented, and nature was caught in the act, each new photograph of a wood scene brought out the exclamation, "How like Dupré!" and later, "How like Diaz, and Rousseau!"

And the figure painters no longer drew from the theatre and the ballet those cheap children of fancy which till then had sufficed; but they watched the Breton peasant girl as she entered the holy portal with looks of reverence, or stood near her in the field while the midday sun threw her shortened shadow upon the stubble. Like Backhuysen, that son of the great miniaturist of the first Empire, Isabey, launched forth when the waves were high, in the fishing boat of Dieppe, to look, as they came, the surges in the face, and returning, studied the saline groups of women and sailors about the beached barque whose yellow mast cut aslant the quivering distance of ancient houses in the seaport town.

II.

WHEN THE OLD PARIS WAS NOT DEAD AND THE NEW NOT THOUGHT OF. — DESCAMPS, HUGO, DUMAS, JANIN, AND SUE.

THEN it was that a Frenchman, Descamps, left his dear Paris, visited the East and brought home with him those shadowy groups, those squares of sunlit wall, those arabesques and mysteries of

open doors and sombre corridors, and Paris tingled with a new sensation.

And Horace Vernet, the prince of battle-painters, could send his camels reeling with odalisques from the battle-smoke of Smala, for he had been to Africa to carefully draw and study all that Algiers could offer.

The *loggie* of Raphael betray how little that great man knew of the camel, and for long years after him Europe knew no more; but Vernet could plant his shadowy Arab against the blanching sky, safely seated above the whistling tassels of crimson, while the Post of the desert, the camel, flies by you as if you beheld him in a mirror. And to him unexpectedly we owe the first religious picture ever bathed in the real Syrian sunshine. If in his *Rebecca at the Well* there is yet something of the theatre, still the long extended neck of the patriarch, as he drinks from her pitcher, is alive with the thirst which no one of the old masters could have conceived when treating such a subject.

France, in the hour of humiliation, owed much to what the men of that time did for her. They snatched for her the laurel wreath which the world extended them. She still proudly wears it,

and as we gaze, its shadow half conceals the tears in the sorrowing eyes beneath. She lives on the fame of that day. It was to her an Augustan age, and we willingly pardon the *bourgeois* clumsiness, the fatal family selfishness in Louis Philippe, while we gratefully remember the burst of light, intelligence, and beauty with which he dowered the world.

And there was equal activity, equal enthusiasm, among the men who held the pen. They too were making a dividing line between themselves and the classic insipidities of the Academy. They were fighting the same battle as the painters. There were two hosts, but warring under the same banner, and capturing the crumbling fortresses of the past. Their captains hailed each other as they moved, and encouraged their ardent ranks, and the names of Victor Hugo, Delacroix, of Balzac and Dupré, of Ingres and Théophile Gautier, of Delaroche and De Musset, of Lamartine and Rousseau, echoed like watchwords, indifferently, in the army of reformers.

If Descamps' *Setting the Night-watch in Smyrna* was a herald of the new day, a condemnation of the old belief, so was Victor Hugo's preface to a play of Shakespeare equally a battle won in

this new crusade. Happy days of youthful zeal, of contagious enthusiasm, that breath of young life in which miracles are accomplished!

Those of us who knew Paris then remember how all this fiery youth welcomed, as the work of their greatest leader, greater even to the popular imagination than the somewhat austere Hugo, the play of Dumas père, *Antony*, and the same welcome was extended to the new audiences of Victor Hugo, näively believed, by their author and all his long-haired *clientèle* to be Shakespearian. The theatre was invaded at an early hour, so early that the hats under the seats held in bandana handkerchiefs the sandwiches, the *pâtés*, and the cognac which converted the *entr'actes* into a jubilant, turbulent indoor picnic; and the actors and actresses, trembling with the universal fever, were caressed, applauded, and crowned, when the play was over, by their worshipping adorers. This literary and artistic epidemic possessed Bohemia, the artists, poets in the shell, and youths ambitious of the *feuilleton*, with the same desperate devotion which, in other days, precipitated them upon a barricade, or drove before them the pensioned but half-reluctant defenders of law and order.

And in those days Jules Janin, like some ivy-crowned Bacchus, waved his sceptre and shook his *grelots* from his throne in the *Débats*, while many a Silenus and gay Bacchante followed in his train.

That was the time when, between an omelette and a bottle of Beaune, his merry companions, not silencing for his genius their quips and sallies, while the cigar-smoke rolled in blue aureoles round each youthful head, that lusty product of Africa and Paris, the great Dumas *père*, would dash off a chapter of his *Mousquetaires*, telling his tale, as a canary sings, the better for the noise.

Or Eugene Sue, in his fashion, would dive into the hells of Paris, with his Rudolphe, to fetch, unsullied in her purity, or at least in her inner love of goodness, Fleur de Marie, from the dens of infamy, while the *Chourineur*, with scarlet face, clicked his glass of *petit bleu* with a brother bandit, in the stifling, fiery halls of the Tapis-franc. Some of us, urged by the general curiosity, visited these night-nests of criminals, and can report how true was the picture with which Eugene Sue had startled fashionable Paris.

Those were the days which Thackeray remem-

bered with so much pleasant regret, when he ate his provincial *bouillabaisse* and

Dipped his nose in the Gascon wine.

Those were the days when, happy in his youthful reverence, he looked up to admire, and was not looked up to as yet, or burdened with laurels twined around aching brows.

The old Paris was not yet dead, nor the new thought of; the name of Haussmann sent back no echo from the tortuous streets, innocent of *trottoirs*, and the revolutionary lantern still dangled in their centre. Those streets were still the streets of the Fronde, where the beautiful Longueville had ridden, perhaps, with the author of the *Maxims* gallantly bowing at her side. Then, where the Bastille had been, the gigantic elephant still towered, to the delight of the gamin, and the astonishment of the mystified traveller. Then asphalte was not; the dandy paced luxuriously before the Café de Paris, or issued *replet*, a tooth-pick between his teeth, with the perfume of the Rocher de Cancale still lingering about him. Then the ladies wore *gigot* sleeves, little aprons, in the morning, with pockets, and short dresses showing the dainty Pa-

risian foot, which could cross the street without a smirch upon the spotless white of its stocking. Then the hair was dressed in great puffs behind, and little sausage-like rolls on the temples.

And then the *petit crévé* was called a *lion*, and he wore long hair, a gaudy waistcoat, and tight trousers, so clinging to his varnished boots, held in place by a strap before the heel, that all had to come off together. That was the hour of *le petit groom;* when children, inconceivably small, hung on to the backs of whirling cabriolets, and the smaller the boy, the more stylish the equipage. When Tom Thumb visited Paris, it was not much astonished, for it had seen little men, no bigger than he, in full livery, till littleness had lost its charm.

But Mr. Catlin with his Indians made a true sensation. The Indians were pronounced worthy of the author of *Atala*, and Catlin, by his simple directness in the portraiture of these strange visitors won praise in high quarters. And that was the day of the sweet love-singing of the inspired Sicilian, who divided for a time with his robuster brother of the South the welcome of Paris; but when the massive and joyous Rossini clasped the pale, thin hand of Bellini, he must

have instinctively felt on how slender a thread all that lovely melody was hung. One could then see, at some *table d'hôte*, the careless wig of the great *maestro* reach nearly to his twinkling eyes, and admire that mouth, whence smiles and sunshine inundated the table; while haply, not far off, the grave, careworn, ascetic face of Meyerbeer might be noticed in vivid contrast. Then the melodious postillion of Lombardy, Rubini, melted pearls in Paris's cup of pleasure; and that lesser, but much loved postillion, Chollet, as the postillion of Longjumeau, cracked his whip at the delightful *Vaudevilles* then in the Place de la Bourse.

Then the *Vert-vert* was sold to the excited provincial, hurrying to his place in the *fauteuil d'orchestre*, impatient for that slap from a wooden block dearer to him than the music of the spheres.

Then *ennuyés* gentlemen from America filled their time up by going to the outskirts of Paris to look into a hole in the ground famous as being the new Artesian Well of Grenelle. Then the enterprising Boston girl would climb the tower of Nôtre Dame and look out among the gargoyles, to see where the hunchback hung with livid face, or try to find in every young and dusky Bohemian girl the original Esmeralda.

Then Giroux, unambitious, kept his treasures in the little dark Rue du Coq St. Honoré, and had not yet blazed forth in the splendor of plate glass upon the sunny boulevards. Then Binder made the carriages, and Susse sold little Descamps and Constables, Géricaults, and brilliant Delacroix for what now we should call a song. Then his ample portfolio held the sober, rich *aquarelles* of Hubert, or the picturesque audacities of the younger Isabey.

Then, too, the great Chevet reigned at the entrance of the Palais Royal, and the hungry beggar could take his Barmecide feast the wrong side of the glass, from massive *pâtés* where the coal-black truffles lodged like pudding-stone in a conglomerate of richness, or the silvery salmon tried to hide from his gaze behind long lines of ananas; and round the open door, in careless profusion, lay great baskets of *écrevisses* and oysters, while, like miniature stacks of wheat, the long white-stemmed asparagus of Paris nodded above.

And then the grisette had not wholly faded, for did not Béranger still encourage her with his smile of *bonhomie* from his suburban villa? And then she and her *étudiant* danced in the

open air among the lilac bushes, a crescent of many-colored lamps dangling above, in the famous garden of Tivoli, which Paris one day, hungry like a growing boy, devoured at a single meal.

Then the Englishman on the stage was made to say "Goddam," and wore his little white cape over his prodigious overcoat; and then, alas! in his unsavory romances, Paul de Kock would make good-natured fun of the German whom the Emperor had vanquished, and dreamed not of the future he was preparing, in memory of that humiliation.

And then the weary American brought home from his banker's, in St. George's Square, a ponderous sack of silver dollars, wondering that the *gibier* of Vidocq had not nibbled at his treasure, as he stumbled, trying to disguise his anxiety, homeward, and reached in safety his little apartment, in Paris's best quarter, where his tiny salon and comfortable bedroom cost him but five francs a day. If the gentlemen at Washington had been in his shoes, they might have thought twice before they made their new silver idol, by order of the king, and bade us to fall down and worship it.

California upset the money world, Australia tilted it in her turn, and values, as I have seen paper whirled to the skies in great fires, rose up from the smoke of battle and civil war, and left the world in a craze of misconception.

And this was the time that Lamartine sang, nightingale-like, from the *bosquets* of his ancestral home, of the simple charms of the country to the music of falling brooks and the whispers of forest leaves. And following in the footsteps of Cooper, Eugene Sue was trying to fire the Parisian heart with the glories of salt water in many a marine novel, and his friend and accomplice, Gudin, was trying to do the same thing in many a battle piece and picture of marine adventure. Others, again, were following in the footsteps of the Scotch wizard; and Cinq-Mars was welcomed as the best of the brood, and Casimir de la Vigne, its author, leaving his modest nest at Havre de Grace, came to Paris to seek his share in the welcome and ovation France gave to her many successful sons.

And in these peaceful days Queen Pomaré was somewhat talked of, and the Louisiana debt debated about by ignorant senators. And then, in the chamber of deputies, might be seen in fre-

quent conflict the two great champions of the old and the new; there the great lawyer with massive features, his coat buttoned across his broad breast with an air of battle, and something of the chivalry of the old nobility he believed in and defended, would be answered in cold, successful, resolute sentences by the Puritan of the time, the gifted man of Geneva.

Guizot, not his rival's equal in eloquence, had the force of an intimate conviction. He stood for the present, his rival stood for the past. To see Guizot and Berryer confronted was something like watching a battle where Cromwell and Prince Rupert were both in the same field; and though the icy tenacity of Guizot, and the force of circumstances, bore down the gallant champion of chivalry and of faded France, yet that very tenacity could not save, but lost, its possessor. Guizot, *raide* with all the pride of successful Puritanism, knew not how to bend; and, as he knew not how, fate broke him, as snaps an iron bar, and with him the king he stood for.

All the glories added to Versailles, all the wealth of art and literature he had fostered, could not prevent the *bourgeois* king from sinking daily in the esteem of his subjects. A carica-

turist found, in his hair brushed to an ascending top-knot, and his expanding cheeks, a resemblance to a pear, which, though apparently not very funny, shook with laughter the Paris that then was; and when, in that workshop of ridicule, the general laugh turns upon any one, he is in danger.

When reform banquets were held, instead of, as with us, allowing malcontents to ventilate their asperity, the haughty Guizot insisted upon repression; but in vain even the ladies of the salons he frequented besought him to take care; still he was inflexible, and, chalked upon the wall of a building in the Rue de la Paix, the words, "Vive la Réforme!" — could be seen still a year after, when that dynasty and all its servants had been swept into the abyss.

Paris was filled with *bourgeois* soldiers. Every one belonged to the National Guard; but both they and their *bourgeois* king had no stomach for a fight when it came. Louis Philippe said he could not and would not fire upon his people. The hot blood which as some say had made him the hero of Jemappes was cooled now; and the cheery face, which had kept its smile more than once when the assassin's bullet left it unharmed,

had lost, it was thought, in the anguish of the *grippe*, all its former confidence.

It is pleasant to know that when that little day was over, and the royal drama played out, the life-long friend of the family was by to give what succor he could. Scheffer it was who, as the lithograph represents, handed into the *fiacre* he had procured the mysterious Mr. Smith whom the Tuileries were to know no longer. At the same moment Scheffer's future wife, a resident of the palace where her aged husband dwelt as tutor to the Comte de Paris, was wandering from room to room, amazed at the loneliness, unable to get an answer to her bell, or to find a servant, till at last she reached the great empty Salle des Marchaux, with its columns of scagliola, and its long line of busts of the heroes of the Empire. No one was there; nothing moved or lived. Yes, something moves: it is a bit of blue, behind one of the yellow columns. Madame Baudran approached it and found it to be a saucy *gamin* in a blue blouse, who mockingly saluted her.

"What are you doing here, my child?" asked the lady.

"What are you doing here yourself, Madame?"

"I am here by the king's order, in obedience to my duty."

"And I, Madame, am here for my own pleasure. Do you not know the king has fled, and the people have entered the Tuileries?"

And there they were, a mob of *gamins*, with the rest of the crew of revolution, dancing up and down, bouncing in and out of the gilded *fauteuils*, pulling the beards of the silent, indignant effigies in marble; frolicking, insolent, insupportable — a pitiable memory for gods and men. All pity ended soon after in disgust at a colossal debauch in the cellars below, where, instead of blood, the wine flowed in torrents, till the unworthy victors lay in a drunken sleep upon the field which they had won.

A sad and cruel day for France, as she soon found it to be. Though the singing birds for a while were not wholly mute, though the love of nature yet beat in the great heart of the artist, though the words of fire were not at once quenched upon the page of poet or prose writer, yet, little by little, these harmonies ceased, those colors faded, that glowing page smouldered, and, above the long pause of

Genius, could now only be heard the tread of armed men, the clang of the sabre, and, on one dreadful morning, the added thunder of civic war.

XIII.

THE LUCK OF VAN SPENDIUS.

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OTTO VAN SPENDIUS was not a happy man. He was of that noble lineage of famous Dutch merchants who carried to the ends of the earth their enterprise, and founded colonies there which still survive. The prosperity of the house was brought to its height by his ancestor, Gaspar van Spendius, whose riches were counted fabulous, and concerning whom the maddest adventures were narrated. It was said of him, that not content, at the request of the Japanese, with trampling upon the Cross, he lived with almost royal magnificence in a seclusion which the East permitted, with strange and devoted followers, and, enshrined like a jewel amid the dusky throng, shone a beauty from Cashmere, the oval of whose perfect face and whose eyes of misty splendor had only been seen at rare intervals by his nearest friends.

Gaspar had founded at Rotterdam the great commercial house which increasingly flourished for two or three generations, but now had dwindled to little more than a name. The stately warehouse remained, but it was empty ; the canal, which barges once choked, before its ample portal, with the silks, the spices, the carved ivory of the East, was now lonely and silent, save when, at stated intervals, a *truykshut* bore its burden of drowsy passengers to Dort or some northward town.

Here, by this silent canal, or in a corner of the great quadrangular warehouse, the hapless descendant of an illustrious past filled with nothings his useless hours, at times watching with the interest of a catastrophe the sailing of chips or straws in aimless eddies, as he bent with depending legs over the brink of his canal. At times a bitterness of baffled ambition rose in his breast, and the memory of the past made him fly from home and seek from some silent eminence glimpses into the great world beyond the town. He would sit in the church-tower whole hours, his head resting on his hand, while beyond the Meuse he watched the reapers, the cattle, which Cuyp and Paul Potter have made immortal, and

where some windmill, swinging its busy arms in air, or some village spire, blocked themselves against the soft pearly sky. Or, with a pang of suffocating regret, he let his sight wander down the Meuse past the city lines to where in fancy he heard the cold gray waves plash against the broad bows of incoming fleets, majestic, weighty with the indefinable riches of the Orient, while, at the stern, every flag bore the escutcheon of the house of Van Spendius.

But, loafer and vagabond as he had become, he still maintained a feeble show of business. Some little had been saved from the wreck of the great house. The name still had a certain prestige; and on a distant wharf, nearer the sea, a small counting-house still bore the sign above its entrance, in little, unambitious letters: "Van Spendius & Co."

Here a young man, of quite other character than our hero, was endeavoring to build for himself a fortune where another had been lost. He was the partner of Otto, and to him all their little business was intrusted. So wholly was he master that Otto but rarely disturbed him, or looked over the books to find out how they stood. He came at times, only to be received with a con-

temptuous smile, and a politeness formal and exaggerated which was evidently directed to the name he bore, and not to the personage who now owned it.

Thus confirmed in habits of aimless indolence, the mind of Otto van Spendius drowsed through the long summer days inert as the canal upon which he gazed, empty as the sonorous warehouse in which he dwelt. There he had a little chamber, garnished with some relics of the olden grandeur: deep leather chairs, embossed with the family crest; book-racks of teak or jack-wood, in which, amid antique maps carelessly rolled up, a few Dutch authors and ancient classics held towards you their backs of vellum. Over his fireplace was a formidable collection of pipes; above, were cobwebbed and venerable chibouques and amber-tipped rods of jasmine, but below, arrays of the long-stemmed clay pipes of Holland, pre-eminently cleanly, as are all things Dutch; for each smoking-house has, under an open window, a little pyramid of snowy pipe-stems, condemned by fastidious nicety after a single using.

It was when buried deep in a family arm-chair, while his left hand held suspended his freshly-

lighted pipe, that he could find comfort as nowhere else, as he gazed into the smoke-wreaths as they circled, mounted, and melted their gray films in air. As unsubstantial as these, as upward, as swiftly-fading, were his dreams. The fibre of his mind had relaxed all hold upon the present; there was not muscle enough left to grapple with its realities. Action had lost its charm and become abhorrent. The incidents of every day had for him a secret alarm; a decision became a catastrophe; and so he eluded life in dreams. But in the cloudy volumes round his head life had a look which satisfied him; there he was at home, and that airy country refused him no honors of citizenship, no riches that it had to give. Through this blue medium he could see vistas of delight, rich with all possibilities of opulence and power. There he dwelt in his castles of the air, where every good genius did him homage and tendered obedience. There are many entrances to this enchanted domain. Dreamers in all countries have managed to find one, and though over its inviting portal, whether in misty characters be written mandragora, poppy, hemp, or tobacco, each entrance leads but to a common paradise — that inner isle where the lotus

and moly are the bread men eat, till earth's best feast becomes tasteless or abhorrent.

As he smoked and dreamed, Otto felt himself the equal of his formidable ancestor. A superb portrait of the founder of his house, by Rembrandt van Rhyn, was one of his chief possessions. But, though proud of it, it humiliated him. Its masculine, bearded face, above which was a cap, lit by a single jewel, seemed, as it regarded him, always to reproach him. He could not by any curiosity in the treatment of the furry cape or the rich chain-work braided across the ample breast escape those questioning eyes. He would retire, silent and abashed, before the gaze of the ancestor who had disinherited him. But when the fumes of his pipe had hung with purple the chambers of his brain, with lordly confidence he felt that he could face those terrible eyes. His height, his bulk felt expanded till he thought he could look his relative squarely in the face. But he never did, he never tried to do so. It was only in his leathern chair that he was king. He knew it, and only there assumed his royalty.

Otto had one singular custom, natural enough to a good-natured, yielding soul, without the honorable and practised selfishness which comes

from a struggle with others. One person believed in him, — old Katinka, the family cook, who had attached herself to the house when, in her youth, it had known better days. She chose not to think she despised him, but felt rather a certain pitiful, motherly regard for his incapacity and ill-fortune as for one who deserved better, and to whom the gods were unjust. She loved to please him by little attentions, a respect for one who gloried in the name of Van Spendius, and, while careful to keep an old-time distance between her and himself, she was allowed at times to approach with little words of endearment and familiarity. She could touch and open by a word his heart through the key of familiar memories of the greatness of other days; and she was fond of making a kind of cruller, from a recipe of her own, aromatic beyond the reach of caraways, by an infusion of which she alone knew the secret.

On certain days in the week when they came smoking from her oven, he was wont, by a sign from his open window, to draw into the street below all the *gaminerie* of the neighborhood. Scores of ruddy, round, expectant faces, a forest of extended, imploring hands, were lifted in the mild Dutch sunshine upward, as, like quoits shot

by some skilful hand, the crullers sought out old favorites in the crowd, or some boy who looked hungrier than the rest, till finally all were supplied. Then, like a cloud of sparrows, with shouts and antics of delight, the childish rout would disappear,—and with a sigh, closing his lattice, Otto resumed his pipe, to dream over the joys of boyhood and speculate how each youthful Van Spendius had looked as he spent those happy hours.

No spirit which is alive can contentedly endure such stagnation as that in which Otto had learned to dwell. Crushed under its imposed load, its weight of useless hours, the soul within him at times turned in anguish, like Enceladus under Etna, and his brain became an open crater of flaming lava. It was at such times, then, as we have said, that he made his escape to solitary heights, in lonely rambles, or impatient pacings around the great quadrangular galleries of his ancestral warehouse. It was during one of these obsessions of raging discontent that, with echoing feet whirling in and out of the stripes of moon-light that fluttered into the cavern-like quadrangle, in the midst of the tortures of self-condemnation, the agonies of hopeless irresolution,

he stopped suddenly short. A new idea came into his mind, and at its coming, like so many spectres, all his tormentors fled. He suddenly noticed a door that he thought he had never seen before. It was strange, it was incredible, but he felt certain he had never entered that room. Curiosity, and a feeling like exultation, made his step elastic, his movements quick and active. He flew to his little chamber, lighted a brass lantern, with which he often guided his steps at night round the neighborhood, and drawing from its nail a huge bunch of keys, he narrowly inspected them. They were of all lengths and sizes, simple as pistol-barrels, or rich with reticulated steel work and a grandeur which no workman can give such now. He selected and drew together the keys he knew he had never used, and, with his lantern lit, was soon before the newly discovered door.

At the first touch of the first key the door opened, though, while turning in the ancient wards, there came from the lock a sharp and angry shriek as of protest that a solitude should be invaded which time had made for ever sacred. The hinges reluctantly permitted the door to open, and when it was ajar, Otto suddenly

stepped back. There came full to his sense a confusion of strange and unfamiliar odors, pleasant withal, and acting upon his imagination like the fulfilment of his hopes; yet all so smothered in a dead and enervating air that he dared not enter. He threw the door back upon its hinges to allow the living air to displace the heavy, stifling, tomb-like atmosphere before he entered. He went not far in then, but, moving his lantern from side to side, he was content to see an indefinite accumulation of goods, a vague richness, on which, here and there, with touches of fiery color, the light of the lantern fell: a huddle of confused splendor, all particulars lost in the dust and shadows which he felt unequal to penetrate. He gazed around for a while, with a confused sense of happiness and possession. His imagination accepted the vagueness, his indolence was unequal to notice the particulars. "And it is so late," he said to himself; "it is enough to know that I have entered into my inheritance. This is the lost and forgotten treasure-house of Gaspar van Spendius, and I am the heir!"

He carefully locked the door again, and though the shadows and the lights of the gallery seemed to hide hands which pointed at him, while figures

glided past, and as the wind without rattled on the great skylight till its panes shook in their sockets, and whispering voices, eager, questioning, insulting, chased him to his room; yet, when again in his familiar chair, and from the pipe-bowl he was once more building his city of the clouds, he felt a deep contentment, the sense of a duty fulfilled; and later, as he sank to sleep, there mingled with his dreams a trust that his visions were to be no longer elusive and transitory, but as substantial as his heart desired.

The next day he opened his eyes with an assurance which made the sunshine doubly bright. His life now had a motive congenial to his temperament, the occupation of taking possession without toil. But he loved to dally with his new hope. Certain that his fish would be landed, he played with it cunningly through all the deep pools and eddies of his thought. He resolved to be in no hurry. He dressed himself with scrupulous neatness as for an important interview, and his after-breakfast pipe seemed to him the sweetest he had known for years, though he forgot to build his Spanish castles in the swelling smoke, for his memory held a vision before which they looked indeed unreal.

But soon curiosity mastered him, and, after proper precautions to make sure he was not overlooked, he unslung his bunch of keys, and, stealthily gliding to the newly-discovered door, let himself in. There was a dull, imperfect light stealing through the decayed window-shutters, in which, while little was hidden, every thing discerned was enveloped in a vague poetry. He again, from his station near the door, contemplated his treasures.

He saw rows of Oriental boxes, whose odor spoke of sandal-wood and cinnamon; an array of flagons, kegs, and packages, with much of that orderliness which in Holland is a religion. Here and there were rich shawls with deep tortoise-shell tints, and not far off marrowy crapes, corn-colored and wrinkled. Silks faintly green, faintly purple, but the tints all delicately negative and refined, had burst from their too strict imprisonment. He longed to touch and caress these, and to find what goodly things the other parcels held; but he refused himself this pleasure, for the sense of his dreams still held him, and he chose to contemplate his affluence from afar, as had been the custom of his mind.

So his eye wandered over his possessions till

satiated with splendor. An image of the room was forming in his mind by which he knew he could recall it, and so enjoy his ownership as a whole, and without the discomfort of the perplexing reality. Yet much still remained confused to him. In the corners and on shelves, were a tangle of lustrous color, soft surfaces and embroidered figures revealing themselves dimly; while in the shadow, the light sparkled on bits of Oriental armor, crooked creases, wavy lines of Damascus blades, ropes of amber, branching fans of coral, or on the metal studs of belts and girdles, mysteriously delighting while they intrigued his spirit. And in spite of the fresh air he had introduced, there still clung to every thing that perfume of the East in which strange and beautiful things seem to exist naturally, a land where the mangosteen is the king of fruits, and where spices float on every breeze. It seemed to him as if he were eating Lychee nuts, that fruit whose gustativeness is almost an odor. Traders still brought to Rotterdam, in their cargoes, specimens of this dainty. He loved them well, for they fed his dreams with richness, and wafted him to their country, only to be visited in thought. The entrancing perfumes enveloped him like sleep, and it

was not till he felt himself too drowsy to stand still, that, with a quick motion, selecting two objects which had piqued his curiosity the most, he swiftly advanced and seized them. One was a shining, high-shouldered bottle, whose quaint outside seemed a pledge of the excellence within; the other a writing-desk, which, dusty as it was, had fascinated his sight, for he saw on its top the old-fashioned monogram in brass of his famed ancestor, "G. V. S."

With one of these under each arm he retreated to his den.

He first examined the desk. Time had loosened the lock which held it, and it was easily opened. He found in it, without examining them, carefully tied parcels of old letters, yellow with age, a note-book, equally old, and glancing at which he saw formidable columns of figures, and lists of cargoes of materials, which he cared not to examine, the more that in the corner of the desk there was something which fascinated and held him fast. It was a Spanish dollar, fresh from the mint, and so bright that it seemed to grow by looking at it, and to fill the whole room with its splendor. The hand of Otto instinctively stole over it, and it was soon at the bottom of the

pocket of his capacious Dutch trousers. Beside it was a miniature, set in pearl, around which one ebon coil of shining hair made a fitting contrast. In the timid, tentative fashion of Indian artists was painted on ivory a girlish face. Its tint was a tender citron, bistred in the shadows, and across the slight shoulders a necklace of pearls, larger than those of the setting, hung their milky galaxy; the eyes and hair were of the same tint as the braid around the picture.

He was uncomfortable at the thought of thus invading the privacy of his ancestor, and he turned his face in terror, fearing to behold the questioning eye he had learned to dread. But he felt through all his being a glow, a brightness, which he knew came from the splendid dollar he had appropriated. Hastily shutting the desk and seizing his hat, he went forth, unable to master his triumphant exultation. He felt the dollar warm in the hollow of his hand, and that hand secure in the darkness of his pocket. As he walked, he held his head high, and the unwonted brightness in his face drew general attention. People stared at him and thought, perhaps, long brooding on mischance had turned his head. Some accosted him with compassion, but his

reply was so haughty and insolent that they withdrew in silence. The urchins he had loved stared at him confusedly, and he told them to come to his window in an hour, for this was the day of crullers, and that they would be better than usual. He then made straight for his counting-house, where he found his partner writing at a desk, who frowned slightly at the unaccountable cheerfulness of Otto, and said, sarcastically: "You are quite a stranger. The wharf does not see you often now!"

To which, in shrill and angry tones, Otto replied: "Little care I for you, the counting-house, and your plodding work; and I say," shaking his fist in the face of his startled partner, "damn the wharf!"

After that he hurriedly left, his long-repressed conceit mantling his features with a visible fermentation. He trod on air, and he could have trod on the necks of the acquaintances he met, who had for so long humiliated him by their slight or patronage.

As he entered his little room he was met by the fumes he well knew, and an extended tray of mighty crullers, above which beamed the broad benignant face of his laughing cook. He imme-

diately nibbled at the brown flanks of a cruller, when, feeling the need of a liquid accompaniment, he remembered his high-shouldered, mysterious flagon. Without breaking the antiquated seal upon it, he got out the cork easily with a fork, and poured out a wineglass full. The aroma was overpowering. Its deliciousness was such to the taste that a few drops saturated the system with happiness. Time had smoothed its intensity, but only to furnish a mellower and more searching richness. Giddy before, this new intoxication made him childish with glee, and remembering his boys, who already had gathered beneath the window noisy and expectant, he displayed to them his ample tray of crullers. As he tossed them to the crowd, he sprinkled each with a few drops of the magic liquor. Its effect upon them was wonderful. It seemed to fire their brains with a joy too great for their young nerves. They bounded, they leaped, they shouted, and then dispersed in groups through the town, bearing with them a confusion and tumult which drew all the other boys and their alarmed mothers and nurses into its vortex. Rarely has the somnolency of a Dutch town been so rudely invaded: there was something uncanny and dia-

bolic about it. The Piper of Hamelin, one might have thought, had been in every drop of that fatal bottle, drawing crowds after it wherever it went.

But the effervescence was not lasting, nor the consequences to the boys injurious, yet most of them had a headache the next day, and vague remembrances of a frolic, which looked to them like a dream. While the game of madcap sport was going on, certain grave magistrates, certain anxious mothers, came to Otto with remonstrances and demands for explanation, for the boys had many of them been found with bits of crullers in their hands, from which issued an unusual and penetrating odor.

Otto looked at them in a vague way across the smoke of his long pipe, but answered nothing. A mysterious smile was all the reply the anxious visitors could obtain, as he silently puffed and puffed. Before the shades of night fell they had all left, and silence, as usual, was master of the place.

He could not, after his excitement, comfortably visit the dreamland he loved. He was restless and unquiet, and an uncontrollable impulse, a hunger for the sight, if possible, of another sun-

like dollar, carried him again to his treasure-room. Now he was wholly changed from the sleepy Dutchman who had lingered there before. He flashed his lantern upon every object. Like waves of gold, the creamy silks fluttered into light, and withdrew. Like a cloud of sparks, the whirling lantern evoked points of brilliancy on sword and halberd, helmet and shirt of mail. Every thing gleamed, glittered, and sparkled, and yet he felt there was much there which the lantern could not stimulate or brighten. Groping with his hands, he found upon the floor, against the wall, a long line of colorless kegs stretching into the darkness, and all alike. He tried to lift one, and could not; but he succeeded in rolling it into the middle of the room. He looked upon the unpromising exterior, he caressed the damp surface with his hand, till suddenly a rage of curiosity, a maddening desire to know more, possessed him. His head swam, his eyes glittered with covetousness, he lost command of himself, and, rushing amidst the armor, he seized a battle-axe, and dealt with it such a shower of lusty blows that the fastenings of the old keg gave way, and its contents spilled themselves. Exhausted, trembling all over, Otto sank to the floor and

gazed. In little shining mounds, broad pools of brightness, or caught like stars between the yielding staves, was the dollar he had found, only not alone, but in such multitudes that he despaired of counting them. He pushed them about, washed his hands in them, threw himself upon them to embrace and caress them, till the passion of possession, by its reaction, left him exhausted and weak. Slowly withdrawing with his lantern, he turned his head backward, held by a silver thread in his brain that he was unwinding from the shining heap. He left the room, and locked it with double care, feeling as if the world must be filled with eyes which saw, filled with tongues which whispered his discovery. An iron gate must fall between him and the world's assailing curiosity. He already felt isolated and unhappy in his lonely tower of silver. Something more than the frenzy of possession or the fears of losing, pauses of doubt, pangs of remorse that he had invaded without leave the secret of the treasure-house of his great ancestor, made him groan aloud, and cower for long with sleepless eyes beneath his coverlid. He could not bear this rest which was unrest, this sleepless bed, this tranquillity of the body, when his mind was torn

with anxiety and distress. The wind rose, and, as it beat upon his window, brought with it a great shudder, as if an invisible sea were breaking upon his breast. As the voice of the storm rose and sank, it seemed to mutter imprecations, or to wail in passionate reproof. He could not bear it, and, hastily dressing himself, unable to find comfort in his room, he wandered into the gusty corridors.

Night is what we make it. It brings balsam to the lover, but terror to the plunderer and thief. Its moon can look a complacent sympathetic companion, or bear the scared face, to the robber, of an accomplice who has told his secret. The moon that night looked weird and troubled, fighting its way through clouds, as if haggard and weary with continued effort. It would splash the pillars, the cobwebbed walls of the great quadrangle with lashes of light which it withdrew as swiftly as it sent them, it baffled the sight, and made all things seem to rock and reel. In and out of the belts of brightness and of blackness Otto stumbled. He had lost the desire for motion, but could not stop. He had been scared with what he had imagined, and now he was scared at what he saw. For, truly or un-

truly, this great home of merchandise seemed once more alive. Sounds like the throwing down of heavy bales, a clash of chains, and bolts and bars withdrawn, voices of command and obedience, struck his ear as the wind whined through the crannies or thumped and rioted upon the roof. Creatures whose subsistence was inexplicable glided from hole and corner, threw their little shadows in swift flight across the floor, then paused and peered at him. Spiders, like sailors who had received an order from the deck, swung down by their airy shrouds and stopped before his face. Mice squeaked and capered; rats lolled and lumbered in and out of the shadows as if they were parts of them.

Otto felt too uncomfortable to proceed. He paused just as one of the vermin approached him and crawled up his leg: with a thrill he shook it off with his hand, and found it was but a shadow flying past. Just then the moon had sailed into a great lake of brightness overhead; the clouds were folded and gone; with one long shriek the wind had fled; the vermin which seemed to haunt the place withdrew; and a tranquillity, a peace, yet with a terror hidden at its heart, enveloped all things. Through the silence there fell audibly from above

a sigh. No wind had caused it; it had nothing of its tumult and appeal; and yet it thrilled the breast of Otto as had not all the clamors of the night. He raised his head and looked. Against the full brightness of the huge skylight a dusky figure looked down upon him. Otto stood magnetized by an eye which he could not see. He tried to fly, but his feet were glued to the floor. He tried to recover his courage, but his heart dissolved within him. Unable to move, unable to speak, he was yet acutely sensible to all movement and sound. His ear hungered in the silence for any noise which should relieve its burden. His eye craved any reality to dispossess the phantom which he feared.

Timidly at last he raised his eyes to the skylight. It was one unbroken circle of brightness; the figure had disappeared. But before he had time to indulge in hope, a faint sound, like a tread of distant feet, held his senses captive. He tried not to listen, but he could not choose. Slowly at first, then faster, the sound of feet descended from above. He counted the steps by which it seemed to descend, the paces along the corridor which led to still another flight. On one side the building was buried in shadow,

while on the other, through the bright skylight, a great shaft of moonshine fell across the worn, knotted woodwork, the slippery hand-rail, and the white and fissured wall. In that light all things were defined as on a map. Otto gazed blindly into the side of shadow, but the footfalls came not thence. He was forced to turn his head towards the moonlight, which seemed, as they approached, like snow to muffle the footfalls, which continued to descend. Still they were distinct; and suddenly, as Otto looked towards the point whence they came, on the first landing above him he beheld, as if created by his fears, the imposing figure of Gaspar van Spendius.

Upon his head was a little cap; upon his broad breast twists of golden chain. At his side was a rapier, — and the whole aspect was majestic beyond words. He was there, in the habit in which Rembrandt had painted him, and upon his face was the look of questioning reproof which the great artist, or the conscience of his descendant, had given to the face on the canvas. But now, as he gazed, Otto saw with affright how that look gathered and grew, till, like a thunder-cloud, it blackened the whole countenance. Flashes like those of lightning came from the

eyes; and a voice, intense with passion, exclaimed: "Coward and fool! who can neither win a fortune nor keep one! Unworthy of the name thou bearest,

"THOU HAST DAMNED THE WHARF!"

I had slept and suddenly awoke. I found myself sitting up in bed, and thought I saw a ball of golden threads roll into the square of sunshine upon the floor. I had wakened from within outward, and so my dream, without a break, emptied itself before the notice of the intelligence.

Dreams are wonderful and clever things, and it is a great pity that we should shatter them so often by unscientific waking. I have a notion that we shall learn to teach ourselves the trick of their unfolding, and thus enjoy them in their integrity.

In this case, my dream came whole. As I sat up in bed, it was all like a picture before me. It seemed to me quite a genuine dream, which Fancy compounded by an art of its own; — a skill which, borrowing hints from every-day life,

could dilate them in such a way as to please the imagination and make a continuous story.

Nor was it difficult for me to discover most of the ingredients of the magic cup which sleep had brewed for me. The dream was begotten through the following particulars. I had lately read, in Harper's Magazine, an analysis of Jefferson's Rip van Winkle: that picture of the loafer — irresponsible, kindly, pitiful, with only one enemy in the world — himself. The criticism gave me a loafer and a Dutchman, but my dream preferred the banks of the Meuse to those of the Hudson.

Just then I had been collecting, as the silver discussion proceeded, and bi-metallism displayed its banners of white and yellow, all the various kinds of silver dollars that a broker could furnish. I showed them to many who found them interesting, and the feel of the real metal, after the degrading greasiness of paper, was a real comfort to one's hand. This created the house of Van Spendius, and the long line of colorless kegs.

The incident of the desk corresponds with the dream. The brightness of the dollar there, expanding till it seemed huge as a moon, was per-

haps, in memory, the liveliest impression the dream left. The high-shouldered bottle, a genuine native of Holland, quaint and picturesque, still towers among shapes of a more vulgar sort, friendly to hospitality and good-fellowship. In these temperance days it ought to be ashamed of itself, but is not quite. It delights to believe that it may still warm hearts loyal to generous living, and sprinkle, as it did on the crullers of Rotterdam, something of cheer and comfort in this weary world of ours.

One of the most unsettled but interesting points relating to dreams is the extent of time they cover. I have a book by a Frenchman, who devoted his days to the study of his nights, and wrote learnedly on dreams. He would make his servant, watch in hand, scratch a match, uncork an odorous phial, or tear a sheet of paper, and then instantly awake his master. Oftentimes, after wandering years in Asia, exposed to dangers, the victim of many adventures, after herding with elephants, and finally lifted into the air by the trunk of one of them, he would find himself awake, the elephant's trunk his servant's hand upon his arm, and his long years of Oriental residence resolved into a period of twenty sec-

onds. I remember once being awakened, when sleeping at a friend's house, by the sound of tree-boughs trailing on the roof. From the sleep within floated, suggested by the sound, these lines into the daylight: —

> "Clang closed the minster's brazen gates,
> With echoes wildly solemn;
> Arch unto arch reverberates,
> And column unto column."

These lines, to the awakening sense, seemed to come printed at once upon the sound which caused them.

XIV.

SIGHT-SEEING.

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MAN is at home in every country. While he is yet a stranger, he hourly feels his citizenship growing within him. The sky, the food, the landscape, which shape the natives of the place, he soon finds acting upon him to mould him after their pattern. His little patriotism *du clocher* melts into a larger humanity. He even contemplates his home from the outside, and notices, with secret pain, defects which he once, perhaps, held to be excellencies. His body, his mind, tired with routine, accept gratefully fruits which have a savor he never knew before, and the thoughts which seem to spring out of the earth and which his home had never suggested.

He is learning all over. Every glance of his eye is better than books: it may tell him more as he looks upon a Greek headland, with its crumbling architecture, of the people who once lived

there than could Thucydides or Grote. He not merely sees the thing, and not the words that stood for it, but he is in its atmosphere, and by subtle sympathy recreates in himself the vanished past.

And the more he knows, the more he wants to know. It is not for the locomotion of the body that he travels, though that gets unexpected good, bathing itself in foreign skies and tasting a new nourishment. It is not for his body, but for the swift flight of that wistful, curious and attentive spirit of his which moves to put itself close to the strange life which only so it can understand.

This education of the traveller is one of the marked peculiarities of the time in which we live. All the world travels now. Dr. Johnson is reported to have said that a visit to the Wall of China, in his time, gave a man a celebrity which was to his children an heirloom. This is now so changed that to gain such fame a man must have struggled with the torrid heat of central Africa, and its hourly dangers. Messrs. Speke, Livingstone, and Stanley are the only true lions of travel now. And who knows how soon railroads may not be sending a flock of cockneys through their deserts!

It is noticeable that just at the time when the world is everywhere being explored, the power of wresting from it its last secret is attained through science. The baggage of thought which accompanies the traveller is not the *impedimenta* of the old Roman, but the accumulated store of historical and geographical fact which does not encumber but help him. This double advantage of facility of access to remote places, and the power of using one's wits in investigation, furnished by reading, have quickened and multiplied the tide of travel till it overflows every border. It is the especial pleasure of our time. A lawyer's vacation suffices to follow Tyndall's footsteps amid the glaciers, and half a year, which so many can spare, gives one the circuit of the world and its remotest civilizations. Every one notices how the earth has shrunk in dimensions in these latter days. The Greeks had to fashion their philosophy from the experience of a few coasts and islands. But now every drawing-room has its Marco Polo who has feasted with the Great Khan and seen the downward-hanging heads of the Antipodes. There is no measure to express this additional gain of knowledge of our planet. Men are everywhere well informed, and

the old prejudices which fostered a dislike of those beyond their borders are forced to melt in a universal acceptance.

So common is this increased acquaintance with things, that no one boasts of it. Illustrations from Brazil or Siam get introduced in conversation without notice. Hence the specialist, to hold an advance upon the educated crowd, must submit to narrow his investigation to one thing. And there are so many of these examining minds everywhere at work that earth is honeycombed before their vision. Soon we shall all be pseudo-scientists. Not only are scientific journals found in most drawing-rooms, but the old *belles-lettres* magazine must have its corner for scientific facts. Everywhere Science is tincturing literature, dissolving theories, and driving the gods to their mountain heights. It naturally feels the insolence of its success, which time will moderate. It sweeps rubbish from its path, to plant there fresh blooms of truth and the audacious speculations which will be the commonplaces of the future. And so the mistakes and errors everywhere driven before it complain of conflict between the new and old beliefs. It is no fault of the pioneer if many a hollow trunk

goes down before his axe. As the cruel grove of the Druid made way for a laughing harvest, so the crumbling pillars in many a temple have the sky and daylight let in upon them, and the world is better for the change.

While half the world is shrinking from the conflict between religion and science, science is calmly proclaiming to its new pupils that such conflict is impossible. All the gains of truth but strengthen every other. And inasmuch as the reverential feeling has no scales in which to weigh evidence, but merely bows humbly before the best belief it has attained to, so it can only look with larger vision from the outlook of these recent gains. There is disturbance of the old landmarks, but the province of thought is carried forward to new boundaries.

One can see the receding visions of the past, one can hear the wail of departing faiths, as once before men have known the heartache which accompanied the great cry of Pan over departing Olympus from many a Grecian isle and headland. And as we still cherish dearly, as a part of the poetical store house of the world, the old mythology, so none need fear that the lofty misapprehensions of Judæa can ever become indifferent to

man. They are a part of the history of the race, and cannot be spared. When man steps to new vantage grounds he does not leave a chasm behind him, but the loved highway of human thought; and the things priceless to his fathers must still be dear to him. Philosophically, he will even love them better for encompassing them with his better knowledge; and every breath of the Past will yet remain a bubble in the amber of memory which, if not, as once, a talisman, is yet the ornamental heir-loom of the race.

Zeal is mostly in proportion to ignorance. The days of real conflict were when ignorance fought with ignorance. The torch which fired the martyr's pile can never be held by a hand over which presides the philosophic calm of wisdom. Soon the last outcry against the use of reason — man's only lantern to the dark places of thought — will be hushed in a serenity which must submit to share in the enthusiasm of universal insight. Those who have a taste for polemical reading, who relish the sharp ring of blows upon the helmets of enemies, must hasten to enjoy it, for soon a reconciliation, whose hour daily is nearer, will have taken from them the joys of such a conflict. And then, indeed, where once anger met anger,

will be a smile,—not one of mutual incredulity, but that sweeter one that shares in the sunshine of a common belief. And this is why the state of mind gained by philosophic calm, which contemplates the past without prejudice, makes the toil of the traveller a new sensation. He does not go to throw stones at Rome or Egypt, but to reverently retrace the footsteps of the fathers. He knows they knew less than he, but their infancy of mind must always remain to him worthy of reverence, for it was the father of his present thought, and without their effort to attain to something like truth he could not be where he is.

Travel has now made the world an open book. We can turn to a date and a page, and see what was the world's best and loftiest conception then. It all flows, this stream of history, winding and capricious, but between known and explored banks, and is drawn from what sources we somewhat apprehend. As the river fringed with cities, and bearing the commerce of the world, may be known for many a league, yet from what cleft of Caucasus, what mountain tarn, its first lispings fell, may be yet hidden from us. The Nile today has its Sphinx, which withheld the secret

of its source, devouring many a rash traveller who sought of it the dangerous question of its origin. And yet that enigma, that sphinx, is disappearing before the all-investigating eye. And as we shall know the fountain whence flows every river of earth, so, little by little, shall we track the historical stream of faith to its source, and know from what lofty instincts it was fed.

It is also noticeable that what was once called the grand tour, whence returned the London dandy to astonish the court of Queen Anne, does not suffice. That is no longer the grand tour. It is now the circuit of the globe, and many brave feet have made the round. It is also felt that the Old is no longer old enough. Rome seems a barbaric modern pile, and it is indeed true that he who has tasted of the hoar sublimity of Egypt, or the sunny sweetness of Greece, finds what Rome has done vulgar as well as barbaric. Long since, the world had begun to provincialize. It did not create, but borrow; and in matters of architecture such borrowing little avails. As the Greek and Egyptian temple grew out of the soil on which they stand, their forms, their architectural orders, never look at home away from

their native site. They were a part of the landscape they adorned; and were born of a marriage between man's longing and his environment. The light of their native sky alone can feed them, it alone can frame the shadows which make half their meaning. And so ancient Rome already began that patch-work of eclecticism which, receding farther and farther from its birthplace, fills the world with a beauty for ever alien and unacclimated. Something every country has won from its life, of genuineness. In each country there is an architecture with a flavor of the soil. France's old chateau, England's Elizabethan mansion, ask no odds of Italy or Egypt. We feel that they grew, and though the flower may be lustreless and of homely shape, it has the beauty of sincerity and of belonging there. It is in such growths as these, the dwellings which man framed, from the dictates of climate, for his comfort and convenience, that we may find what shall be best for the future in our architecture. In Egypt and in Greece even private dwellings were unimportant. Men had not the money to make them costly, nor was it their desire to shelter themselves, through unwieldy splendor, from a climate where all out-doors was a home to them.

All the genius of the artist, all the longing of the nation, flowed into the expression of grandeur and beauty as a fit home for the divinity. As man's idea of the Supreme Being is an ideal conception, so these temples became purely idealistic. The ceremonial, the sacrifice, the religious procession, offered no hindrance to the expression of this. They were in simple accordance with it; and to enjoy fairly the beauty of the Temple one should have seen it, with its ceremonial processions.

In Egypt, where the earth is soft with the recurring overflow, where the desert sand is shifting and unstable, man from the earliest time had known an architectural form inevitable under these conditions. The tent of the Bedouin has been ever there before his eyes. That relish of the thing we love must have given to its inclined lines for him a beauty which was as satisfying as was the broad base demanded by the nature of the soil. The Pyramids are the petrified tents of the dead. Every pylon loves to incline outward; and to-day in the mud villages of the Nile, the same form is retained in the buildings of unburnt brick, which are thus the true children of the Past.

There must be something in the human mind which almost makes a columned temple the inevitable form for a house of worship. Man's sense of variety, richness and mystery is not content with merely upright walls, either hypæthral or covered. It may be, as has been said, that the tree's trunk sustaining its roof of verdure made for him his column. How could it be otherwise? Its form is the most beautiful, and to make it square would only give him unrequited labor. At once that sense of decoration which even the savage has, must have made him painfully feel the crudeness of a mere shaft without expression at its terminations. The plinth below, the capital above, were fatally certain to be made, if only as the most modest suggestions of ornament. If there were not some sacred symbol to be wrought into the edifice, constraining its form or dictating its ornament, the things which men loved best, which had to them most of beauty or suggestion, which brought to them pleasant memories, or perfumed their lives, such things we might expect to find their models for decoration. And such in Egypt are the lotos, and the bud of the papyrus.

An Egyptian temple was the place of ceremonious worship dedicated to one of the many

forms of Pantheistic life into which their idea of a deity was broken. It was a place of reverence for the king, his officers, and his priests. All there was then of highest intellectual thought expressed itself there. It was the consummate flower of a national life; and it has been fortunate for them and for us that while it was a temple of worship it was also a national museum. Upon its walls are written the history of Egypt. The king celebrating his victory over his enemies, the majestic processions of decorated priests, with the names through their *cartouches* clearly made out, and of the long dynasty of kings, makes every stone alive. It is like a madrepore or brain-coral, with infinite details added to its infinite simplicity. There the past lives again. Where even in the immortality-giving air of Egypt outlines and colors have failed, these *intaglie* of kings and heroes breathe for ever. And while every thing is executed with unerring accuracy, with all the fulness of inventional realism there is always an air of mystery breathing from these walls. For their life was not as our life, and we cannot wholly understand what we see.

If the traveller at Pompeii with delight finds himself made a contemporary of our Saviour's

era, with far greater clearness of statement, a more direct appeal to his intelligence than there do these sculptures make him a contemporary of the immemorial Past. While Greece gives us in its Parthenon the figures of gods and heroes, while the cathedrals of the Middle Ages offer us the Deity in conjectural symbolism, or man ascetic with vigil and penitence, the temples of Egypt present us with him at his best; youthful, blooming, with a smile of triumph upon his placid features, and a look of peace and serenity which is lost to us in later times. The feeling of Hesiod that once there was a golden age, when our race was happy with youth and simplicity of living, seems to find corroboration in these sculptures; and the older they are, running back to what we might have feared would prove a period of savagery and incompleteness, the more beautiful is the form, the more sweet the smile upon the faces of these fathers of our race. In a certain sense, the sculptures at Abydos are a greater proof of the ancientness of man than any thing that Mr. Darwin has urged. And even this perfection of art, six thousand years ago, removes, as he would desire, to an infinitely distant past, the slow emergence of man from that mysterious

origin from which our imagination shrinks. And therefore these temples of Egypt, directly relating to the Europe whence we come, have a nameless charm, compounded of all that can agitate us through mystery and remoteness, while yet the desire for knowledge is satisfied through their completeness.

If the tribes who built them first came from Asia, if it be that they inhabited Africa, still they are to us Europeans, and intelligible to us. For the Asia they may have come from has always had a life remote from ours. Its architecture has a grotesqueness allied to caricature, its simplicity a childishness which at times seems semi-idiotic. Their *bizarre* and meaningless ornament is as far removed from the gravity and grace of Egyptian sculpture as is our loftiest ideal, our severest thinking, remote from the nursery fables and infantile babble of their creeds and legends.

We dwell thus with fondness upon the architecture of Egypt, for it is all that is left us to express man's longing and reverence from those grand old days when lived the prophets whose high thoughts are so interwoven into the Christian life of Europe. For Judæa leaves us nearly

nothing. Manetho tells us how cruel and unsparing was the devastation and destruction of Egyptian temples; how the priesthood was ill-treated and driven forth in the long and terrible reign of the Hyksos, and in that later conquest of the Delta for thirteen years by the Jews. Certainly these iconoclasts had no sympathy with the architectural and sculptural beauty they mangled, for the love of form is not a possession of the Semitic mind. Perhaps it is best that in the Holy Land we should not find ruins which might disappoint our reverence and faith. Enough that on every side are temples not made with hands, where breathes from austere, limestone mountain crests, or waving plains breaking in verdure over what once was the home of king and prophet, the nameless, formless essence of the Past. The soul can there deal directly with the Maker, without the intervention of human skill; and a more awful and satisfying sense of the remote comes to us from these changeless hills and valleys than could have reached us through mutilated figures and a degraded architecture. But still the walls of Jerusalem have grandeur in their hoary and Titanic blocks, the sublime spaciousness still where once was set the holy

Temple, and where, the Mahometan survivor of the glory of David, like a jewel Earth cannot allow to perish, rises from its floor the unimaginable Rock of Ages, which affects us as could nothing wrought by man. Still the sweet sunshine hovers in the misty olives round Nazareth, making us forget its filthy streets and impossible relics, and over that sea where only has the form of Man been seen to move — all these contribute something which the heart takes to itself as it never could any human work.

To our imagination there is a barrier beyond that Syrian sunshine, that Egyptian splendor, which we do not care to pass. Thither the long train of reverential pilgrims moves, till, satiated and content, they ask nothing of earth besides. They come to breathe the air which nourished the fathers of the race, to see the places where they devoutly and humbly hope their Deity is nearer to his creatures than elsewhere. Its sunshine and its sky they feel to be their own; and however pellucid may be heaven's breath, and however limpid and glittering may be the sunshine upon the Ganges, for them it is an alien

land. The pull of the heart-strings carries them not so far. The metaphysical quest of the travelling philosopher may lose itself in the labyrinth of Brahma and Vishnu, but to him whose mother has placed the sweet solitudes of Judæa beside his cradle, the farther East calls with but a cold invitation. And when in the belated spring morning the returned traveller sees through the driving snow of April some Gateway to the Dead, inclining as does the Pylon he remembers, or the silver curves of the snow add their white to the forest pillar, which mocks the lines with which Greece has dowered us, with longing heart he looks past the blinding storm to where these shivering mockeries find under the stainless azure their immortal anti-types, and where they are, he feels to be his country, almost more than the one which claims him.

For the Age of Faith in many things is past for man's intelligence. He dare not, as did the fathers, elevate the beautiful things of his own land against the sky in sacred symbols, he dare not, he cannot, feel the Nature round him flow from his heart into new forms which are immortal, because his heart and Nature's are not at one. But he lives, the venerable pensioner of a past that

has dowered him with an architecture which in alienation and ungenuineness seems to plead hourly for that forgiveness which the necessity of the time only makes possible. He must imitate the colonnade and friezes of the Parthenon, with no priestly procession to pass through it; he must mock the Pylon which led the long resounding chant through its lofty door, by giving it an office for which it was never meant, as at Mount Auburn, and bid, instead, the long train of sabled mourners pass below it.

In the impatience at this anachronism of old forms, their unsuitableness and desecration, may we hope that at some future day, nourished by the nature around it, may spring from American genius forms of grandeur and beauty all our own, unborrowed of Greece or Egypt, binding hillside and city in tender sympathy and fellowship with the sky above them, till we shall have an architectural America of the Future. South America, in its tangled jungles, hides an architecture of its own, so kindred to that of Asia that the *conquistadores* beholding it might have cried: "Behold the India we seek!" And shall our haughty native land, with all its wealth and intelligence, look with envy upon the dead artists of Yucatan,

nor live to see our own soil budding in shapes of native beauty to which Europe may come, as it cannot yet, with sentiments of admiration and reverence?

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